

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

LETTERS OF BRIGGS ADAMS

CAMP BORDEN, *October 6, 1917.*

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER, —

The weather remains unsettled, — windy and bitterly cold, — so we are working under difficulties. I made three flights this morning, of about an hour each. The clouds were low, so I had a lot of valuable practice going through them. They are veritable whirlpools of criss-cross currents. I worked in them about an hour, till I felt fairly confident. When I came down, my machine was glazed with ice from the condensed vapor freezing. I never was so cold, in spite of two sweaters, coat, and lined leather overcoat. But a sixty-mile wind below freezing-point is bound to get through anything. I honestly don't see how they can keep this place going a month longer, as they intend to, the days are getting so short and the weather so bad. I would rather have been spanked than go up again after my second trip, but I had to go just the same.

Before breakfast I went up to about 5000 feet, where there was n't a bump, — about 1000 feet above the clouds, — and I sailed along for an hour watching a glorious sunrise. The clouds looked so fleecy white, all billows and projections; and an occasional one towered up like an iceberg. It made me feel as if I might be standing at the North Pole

on a snow-covered ice floe. The place seemed to have the stillness of the North Pole; not a sound, nothing stirring the least bit. I could n't see the ground, so the illusion was complete — particularly the cold, there was no illusion about that. I spoke of the stillness, which is a fact. For the noise of the engine is smoothed into a sort of roar by the wind, and this roar being absolutely constant, you cease to notice it after a time, and it becomes a state; thus absolutely whispering silence is there in effect. But let that engine miss or slow down the least bit, and at once you hear it, just as when you hear a clock stop which you have not noticed ticking.

I went way up then, because I wanted to try some vertical banks, and whenever trying anything new, the higher you are, the safer, for it gives you more time to recover in case of trouble. A fellow was killed here to-day because he tried a stunt when only a few hundred feet over the ground. Whereas another fellow yesterday tried the same stunt, missed it the same way, and went into a nose-dive, but after 1500 feet was able to get out of it. A little time and space is all that is necessary to recover from any imaginable position. So you see I am very cautious, and I was n't even trying anything very

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difficult. The nearest example to a vertical bank that I can think of is what you may have seen at some vaudeville or circus some time, where a man gets inside of a huge barrel-shaped affair made of slats and rides a bicycle round in it. As he gains in speed he can move farther and farther up the sides till he is perpendicular to them. Ordinarily you take an easy bank or something less than 45. But when you bank steeper, you have to use your elevator as rudder and rudder as elevator. The transition came more naturally than I expected it would. But the way that nose swept round the horizon was a caution. You know, sighting along the top of the engine-cover to the radiator, you always keep your level by the horizon line. That is why, when in a cloud, you no longer can be sure she is longitudinally level. You can always see a lateral change in the machine itself.

I tried several vertical banks on each side, till I was sure I had the idea. Now I have three things I did n't have when I came up, all of the utmost value — the spiral glide, which makes a safe landing possible in case of engine failure; confidence in clouds, which often have to be traversed; and a vertical bank, of great value in avoiding a collision. That vertical bank will turn you about in a circle that must be no greater than one hundred feet in diameter; and when you consider that you are traveling in one direction in that small radius, it is *some* turning. It took me quite a while to start the first vertical bank, for, unlike making the first landing, you did n't have to make this. Something kept urging, 'Oh, go in; wait till another time; no one will ever know the difference.' And then, 'Well, you have got to do it some time or go down and be a mechanic.' So do it I did, and the doing was many times easier than the determining. And each thing I do will make it easier to do the

next, like a habit; also each accomplishment gives such a gain in confidence.

CAMP BORDEN, *October 14, 1917.*

DEAREST MOTHER, —

Now, I want to tell you something which I have n't up to this time, because I wanted to save you needless anxiety. It can't make you anxious now, for I have completed it, and shall do no more stunts. I did not expect to do any when I first came here, but finally decided I must, for I was afraid to. The fellow who had done them seemed to have more to him than I, and I am determined to be as good as any, and better than most, for only so can I expect much chance of coming back. The dubs and boneheads get picked off quickly, and likewise those who lack the nerve to do something and hesitate an instant too long in an emergency. So you see I had to get rid of every atom of fear and gain this quality, which a few others seemed to have. It is n't daredeviltry or rashness; before going up I had the mechanic look at the machine and give it a thorough inspection, so that I could be sure it would not give way. Then I talked with the officer, and found exactly what to do. First I tried a loop, and that is the easiest of all stunts, requiring a simple gain in speed by nosing down slightly and then pulling straight up until she gets up over. It is a wonderful sensation, to feel the machine rise up and up on its graceful curve as if some giant hand were tossing it; then the swoop down and out onto the level. I tried several, until I lost all sense of confusion and was perfectly aware where I was, in any position. It is ten times easier to do than the vertical bank, for that requires a reversal of the controls and use of all three. In the loop there is only one simple straight bank, the other two being neutral. Next time I went up, I tried a stall and tail-slide. That

is much the same as a loop, only having less speed. You merely go up until the machine is vertical up and down. There you lose headway, shutting off the engine, and slide tail first for the ground. And as you begin to move, the air gets under the tail and begins to lift it. The weight of the engine drops the nose, and you come out in a simple glide. It is easier even than the loop. I did it second because the sensation was rather strong.

Then we had a couple of bad days until to-day. Meanwhile, I was figuring. I asked myself what is the worst possible sensation I can get. I decided it would be the tail-slide upside down, so I worked out a way that I could do it. Starting out at a simple stall, I went slightly past top vertical; then pushed the elevator clear forward, which allowed the air when dropping to hit the top side of the tail instead of the bottom, as in the ordinary tail-slide. This got the desired motion — tail-sliding upside down; but very quickly the tail was lifted farther, the engine dropping, and the machine completed the backward somersault, coming out as usual in the simple nose-down glide, when I pulled up level.

Next I tried the so-called Immelman turn, where you nose up nearly vertical, slide down sideways, and pull up out of the nose-glide going in the opposite direction. It is a turn invented by Immelman, and is the shortest possible way of going in the opposite direction — far quicker than vertical bank turn, and a most effective manoeuvre for an aerial fighter. Having done now all possible stunts that the Curtis machine is capable of, and in addition invented a stunt of my own, I started in and just threw the machine around this way and that, letting it fall sideways, backwards, every way, chucking the controls this way, criss-crossing them, letting them go entirely; always the

weight of the engine would swing her down and straighten out in a simple nose-glide from which it is easy to pull out level.

Now I feel that I have banished every single atom of fear of this new element, air. I feel quite gratified that I have done so, for now, no matter what happens, I can't feel afraid and get rattled. Many fellows have been killed by being thrown accidentally in a bad position and getting scared and rattled. I can't be killed in flying now. You see, when I get to fighting, not having to think of my machine, I can concentrate on the fighting, and so bring down an adversary.

There are only a dozen out of the whole camp, exclusive of officers, who have done even the simplest stunts; and my rather novel stunt has caused quite a little interest, which is, naturally, fun for me. Of course it has often been done before in different machines, but it is a new one for this camp.

Now I have accomplished my purpose, I shall do no more until we get over to the other side, where the machines are built and adapted for such things. Ever so much love.

CAMP BORDEN, October 16, 1917.

This afternoon the sky was full of those great broken masses of thick, puffy white clouds, with sky appearing so clear and deep blue between them. I climbed up between some until I was on top a thousand feet; then I flew along for an hour or more, with the wheel just touching their upper surface. I could almost imagine they were turning. It seemed like riding in a mythical chariot of the gods, racing along this vast, infinitely white field, stretching off endlessly in every direction. The clear open sky above veritably is Heaven, as we imagined it in childhood. Occasionally I would pass over an opening so I could look down

and get my location direction; but except for these occasional breaks, the world was completely shut out. The celestial illusion was perfect, and it was hard to come away from it — really quite a tug. Then came the glide down — a wonderful sensation to pass through the air with engine shut off so that you really seemed to be floating, or rather swimming like a fish in water, making great sweeping spiral curves. . . . Sometimes I would drop and tear through the air like a meteor at 150 miles an hour, with the wires shrieking with the wind; then nose up again and slow down. O! I wish so much you could have been with me on that ride, for you would have enjoyed it. It was so beautiful, and to get away above the world that way — outside of it — in a heaven of absolutely unmarred beauty! . . . You seem to expand with it — where there is no measure, there are no bonds.

I went up again just before sunset and remained until the sun had gone down. I flew toward the sunset, until I was actually in those frail mists of vapor which assume such exquisite colors. When seen from the ground, they seem to be color-painted on the plane surface of the sky. Up there the different strata of color and the irregular bits of cloud seem to stand out in relief, like the figures in a picture seen through a stereoscope. Flying close to one of these wisps so intangible in substance, and yet so clothed in color, I felt the impulse to put out my hand and touch it, touch and feel color in its substanceless essence.

Tenderest love.

CAMP BORDEN, October 23, 1917.

I have felt when I was above there, with the world shut out, that I might meet Carol, for it does not seem as though I were in this life at all. The beauty and unreality and the absolute

aloneness are so totally different from any known experience in all the world's history, that you cannot feel yourself. It seems as if it was just your spirit. The grotesque fanciful shapes of cloud-projections, as you wind in and out among them, are so incomparably white, the air is so cold and so devoid of dust and moist particles, that it seems as if there were no air at all. With the illusion of absolute awful stillness, little wonder that I can feel that I might come upon her on the other side of the next cloud.

Love to all.

CAMP BORDEN, October 24, 1917.

MOTHER DEAR, —

I feel no bitterness against the Huns as individuals or as a race. It is war that I hate, and war that I am willing to give all to end as permanently as possible; for it is n't the men that war kills, it is the mother's heart which it destroys that makes it hateful to me. War personified should not be the figure of death on a body-strewn battlefield, as it so often is. It should be pictured as a loathsome male striking a woman from behind — a woman with arms tied, but eyes wide open. To kill that figure because it has struck my own mother — that is what I am exerting myself and all the will in my being to accomplish. It hurts me so to think of the ever-growing hopelessness that a mother has to bear. The impotency to do anything — just sit and wait, wait, wait. It is so immeasurably harder than to go out and risk death, or meet it, as we can. To me it seems like a great final examination in college for a degree *summa vita in mortem*, and it challenges the best in me — spurs me on to dig down for every last reserve of energy, strength, and thought. As I said in my letter to Dr. Mills, — a thought suggested by Dr. Black, — 'Death is the greatest event in life,'

and it is seldom anything is made of it. What a privilege then to be able to meet it in a manner suitable to its greatness! Once in your life to have met a crisis which required the use of every last latent capacity! It is like being able to exercise a muscle which has been in a sling for a long time. So for me the examination is comparatively easy to pass. But for you it is so much harder and the degree conferred so much more obscure.

I found it a great help to work with another fellow preparing for examinations in college, even if he knew less about the subject than I, for there were always things he could help me with, in return for something I could help him with, and just the fact that we were working together gave comfort and strength. We will buckle to it for a long 'grind' . . . and if I should complete my course before you, which means that your exam. will be even longer and harder, then don't give up; work all the harder. I think I realize how much harder it will be, but I count on you to do it. That will be your life's great opportunity, to live on when the weariness is so great that everything in you cries out for 'eternal leisure.' If that occasion arises, you must hear in it the supreme challenge, and hold up your head and respond; and then, when the time comes, you will have lived a life infinitely more worth while than mine can be at best, because it will present so much larger an opportunity. It is because, as a rule, men's lives never have such an opportunity presented, that they look to another life hereafter. But with a righteous struggle such as this, life would be complete. There would be no need for another, and if there is another, so much the better; but it can take care of itself, and there is no need to bother one way or another about it.

Deepest love and affection always.

School of A. G., FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

I am taking too much pride in my clear record thus far to let anything break it. I have never been checked up for being late on parade, dirty buttons, needing shine, or shave, as almost everyone has, one time or another. That is one reason I was picked for a corporal. There are a hundred and fifty cadets in this course, and fifteen corporals, so that puts me among the first fifteen of the bunch. That does n't mean much, and yet it is significant of what I have been aiming at in all my work — to be better than the average, that is, as in my last year at college; not only, not be in the D or E class, and not in the C or good-enough average class, but in the B and A class — better than is absolutely necessary. For considering the curve of mortality, it is drawn to fit the average and indicates a certain percentage of that average that must be killed. Being in the above-the-average class, the curve is no longer true, the percentage is far less. In the average class, say you have a fifty-fifty draw, then it is as likely to be you as the next fellow. In this class you reduce the element of chance. That, I believe, was one of Napoleon's plans. He made a plan considering all known contingencies, then, in addition, he gave it extra strength to reduce the element of chance, until its success could not be thrown in doubt even by something unforeseen. So you see it is n't any virtue in one to be trying for a good record: it is the desire to come back and enjoy my life, the family, the farm, etc., that gives the incentive. I knew I could learn to fly all right, but I was n't sure of the gunnery, for that requires a different sort of skill; but I find I am beginning to get considerable accuracy, and before I finish I shall get it good. Then let the Hun do his worst, and I will go him a point better.

This gunnery is great fun, for we

have so many different sorts of practice. The range-work consists in plain target-shooting, shooting at silhouettes of machines with aerial sights, which allow for the speed of travel, etc. — that is, learning to give the proper deflection of aim so your bullets will cross the enemy's line of flight when he is crossing the bullet's line. Then we have surprise targets, which pop up at certain intervals here and there, and you load, aim, and shoot a burst. It is a training in quickness and precision. The idea is to make shooting as much a second nature as flying. We also have shooting at toy balloons and clay pigeons. Occasionally buzzards fly over, and we all pot away at them. In the air we have the camera gun-practice, flying the machine and shooting at the same time. Then, flying with a pilot, while you stand in the rear cockpit with a gun on a swivel and shoot at a target towed by another machine, or at silhouettes of machines on the ground, getting practice in diving down within a few hundred feet, firing a burst, and soaring up again. You can see it is all very valuable and practical work, and very interesting.

Then, in addition, there is the work on the guns, the care and cleaning, and the knowledge of the action and names of parts, etc. All this I have absolutely cold, for it requires only study. We also have practice on jams, so we can quickly fix the gun, spot the trouble instantly, and know just what to do. Air-battles are a matter of seconds only, each second may mean a lifetime, so an absolute knowledge of the gun is essential. Some fellows borrow others' notes and skin through any old way, but that seems shortsighted to me.

In case you see reports of men being killed down here, — there have been three this week, — you don't need to worry about me, for in each case it has been their own fault, 'stunting' and

taking chances too close to the ground, so they did n't have a chance to get out of their trouble before they hit. And in this gunnery course there is no chance of trouble, for it is straight work and no solo work, always with an experienced pilot.

Lots of love to all the family.

January 12, 1918.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, —

I have begun flying one type of machine which is not much different from the one I learned on, and shall have no trouble at all handling the other types we must fly. Yesterday two of the machines we are to fly at the front arrived and are being put together. They are wonderfully big powerful machines, holding the altitude record for the world, some 29,000 feet, and will climb up four miles in about half an hour. They certainly will be a joy to fly. Bombing is particularly attractive to me, for, instead of aiming to kill men, as in fighting on the ground or even in scout-fighting, we aim to destroy war manufactories, material things made to kill men. Thus we are striking at the very base of war. And this is most satisfying to me. For I am not in here for the sake of international treaties or patriotism, but to make war on war, because two summers ago I learned how much worse it is than the mere killing of men.

In this branch of aviation there is not the opportunity for personal distinction that there is in the scout-fighting; but even if I do not return a hero, I guess you won't mind much, and probably my chances of returning are better. Meanwhile there is a great deal to be learned, — all about the science of bombing, navigation, and night-flying, — which will occupy two or three months; so, all in all, you have far less to worry about than we supposed when I left. Oh, that was such a perfect two

weeks, absolutely satisfying and complete in every possible way; and I live it over and over, and it helps pass the time till some more mail comes. It seems as if some must come now in a day or so, for the other fellows have been receiving American mail the last few days, so mail is being forwarded, I expect.

You would have been amused yesterday, father, at tea. One of the fellows — English he was — came in and noticed we had toast instead of plain bread. 'Oh, toast! I say, orderly, have you a few drippings, you know?' You can imagine the intonation. Instead of having butter, we use a very good grade of margarine, but in asking for it at table we say, 'Will you pass me the camouflage?' Much love to all.

January 25, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER, —

The day before yesterday they finished assembling two of the machines of the type we are to fly at the front, and one of the English fellows who has been here longest was given instruction on it all afternoon, and then put back on one of the old machines till he could make better landings. Yesterday morning I was taken up for ten minutes' instruction, made one landing, and allowed to go off solo. It is a wonderful big machine, a regular thoroughbred, as different from these other machines as a Pierce-Arrow is from a Ford. And they are very careful of them, for they represent about, I should say, twenty thousand dollars, and with a little carelessness you could wipe out in a minute the work of skilled laborers for many months. So I appreciated their confidence in me, being the first pupil in the whole squadron to fly it alone. I think I gained their confidence by the way I brought in the machine I wrote about in the letter to Wilson yesterday.

Well, I took it off and went up for a

while, to try it out in the air and get used to it. Most machines have a very limited range of speed, having to land almost as fast as they fly. But this has a device by which you can regulate the angle of a certain plane, and so make the machine fly level, hands off, or climb, or glide down at an astonishing slow speed for landing compared to what it will fly at. You can land as slow as sixty, and it will fly well over a hundred, and, with the engines which the machines are equipped with at the front, quite a bit faster. But on account of the larger size and weight, a hundred and twenty miles in these does not seem much faster than sixty in the others, unless you pass one of them in the air, or fly down to the ground. Then I made a few landings successfully, and went up about a mile and made several successive loops. The major was most delighted when I came in, for not even an instructor had stunted these machines here. But I have never seen such strength, such response to the controls, such a real engine. These are built for service, and you can have confidence in them, and it is a real joy to drive them.

After lunch I went up again and climbed to 16,000 feet — that is over three miles. I noticed not the slightest difficulty in heart or breathing, and I believe that those who do have trouble, have it mainly from apprehension. At this height it was exceedingly cold, but keeping my head in the centre behind the cowl, I was perfectly warm. I flew west over the *plains of Salisbury*, where so many famous battles of English history have taken place. Then down to Southampton, and out away over the Channel. If it had been a clear day, I could easily have seen France. On the way back I glided down a mile, going at times nearly a hundred and sixty miles an hour. Even in the air you can appreciate that that *was* traveling. I leveled off to rest my

ears a bit. Then, directly over the aerodrome, I went into a nose-spin, that is, nose and tail vertical, revolving round the axis of the body like a corkscrew. I kept in that for a mile straight down, and found it delightful and not a bit confusing. In fact, I would glance at my altitudes to see how low I was getting, look at the air speed-indicator, see to the temperature of pressure-gauges, look out on the revolving country, perfectly clear-headed and comfortable and calm in what, until it was understood, was supposed to be a fatal stunt. To come out, I merely released all the controls, and she came out and leveled off at once of her own accord. I have seen one or two loops over the aerodrome, but not a spin. Then the last mile I glided down in long graceful spirals and turns, and came in.

I found the camp, all work stopped, standing round watching. The colonel of the wing himself was there, and complimented me on my flying — 'Splendid exhibition, Adams!' He is the funny, former-actor colonel, with the monocle. He even removed it to have a look at me, for he can't see with it on. Two or three of the Canadians were asking me how she flew, and they said they were glad I had shown up some of these 'lead-swinging' Englishmen. Lead-swingers are those that stall along, doing as little as they possibly can, hoping the war will be over before they finish. There are quite a lot of them. You see the best of them are already over there or dead.

Flying this machine graduates me, so my papers are to be sent in at once, and now I shall draw full pay, plus flying pay, and get full pay not drawn since I was commissioned, made up from that date. If it goes through by the first of the month, I shall be comfortably fixed and be able to get a few things I need very badly. I have only one more hour

to fly on this machine now, a few simple ground tests in machine-guns, etc., and I shall be finished. It ought not to take more than two or three days more. Then I go to the Aerial Gunnery Squadron in Scotland, near Glasgow, I believe, for a week or two, and then I'm ready for business in France; where, I trust, I shall be able to do some creditable work, for I do feel very well prepared. With such a machine you need have little worry. I mean that.

Best love to all.

January 27, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER, —

I have now only to wait for a clear day to finish just an hour's work, and I shall be done here. I am so pleased, for I am ahead of everyone else in the squadron, regardless of how long they have been here, and have won the confidence of the instructors as well as of several fellows who have asked to go up with me. When one pupil is willing to go up with another, it is quite a mark of confidence, for generally you feel nervous unless you are with an instructor or driving the machine yourself. And when I get to France, I am determined it shall be the same way. Before I finish, I want to be the first man in the squadron. It is best that way. You know it is the last man the Huns always watch out for. But you must n't expect immediate advancement, as in the case of Oswald, for our work is done more in squadrons than as individuals; it is team-work, so I won't be winning distinction. However, if I can hold up my position in the team and play with them, I shall be content.

January 30, 1918.

DEAR BETH, —

I am feeling rather badly off to-night, in consequence of a most unfortunate accident to-day in which I was really a contributing cause, if indirectly. You

see, I was the first one in the squadron to fly one of the new machines, and I gave a pretty good exhibition to these Englishmen of what American blood can do. So another Canadian, next furthest advanced to me, naturally wanted to try the same things, and as a result, the machine collapsed, both wings falling off 4,000 feet up, and he was killed. A perfectly wonderful fellow, jolly, and liked by everyone. You would n't have felt so badly about it if he had been shot down at the front, for there is so much satisfaction in such a death; or even if he had been killed doing something foolish, or stunting close to the ground. Those accidents happen frequently, and we just shrug our shoulders and carry on. But this was absolutely no fault of his. Furthermore, it happened in the same machine I had stunted in, and while these are war-machines, built to stand anything, I feel, perhaps, I may have strained something which gave way under the stress this time. Of course I am in no way responsible, but it does bring it pretty close to me, and I feel terribly about it.

Affectionately your brother.

TURNBURY, AYRSHIRE, SCOTLAND
February 19, 1918.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, —

Reports in our papers from America are a little more optimistic in tone, but nevertheless, even though tremendous things are being done, they are awfully slow and every minute counts. But they seem to be gathering a momentum which, once started, nothing can stop, and that is what we want. We don't want to stop till the job is satisfactorily completed, but it is a big job; some of its proportions will be sure to be larger than any one conceived of, I believe, in the next few months. It is going to be great to be in on it, so tremendous that the thought fairly sweeps one off one's feet. It puts all of life on such a simple

balance; here is a tremendous bit of work to be done which completely obliterates the little things of life which always seemed so important in the past. All one has to do is to give all one's energy, just put everything in with one simple sweep, and when every one has done the same, the job will be finished; and the gain is so much bigger than what it may cost in these little things that they don't have to be even thought of. I have often wondered what we shall do when it is over and we go back to the little things. I don't think the new growth and breadth it gives will be lost in a reaction of apathy. I believe that after the war this energy will keep on and will never be lost. It will be turned toward making the little things of life bigger in each individual's case, and we shall see a rate of progress and achievement in the peaceful work of the world never before approached.

I enjoyed Mr. P——'s letter with its farm concerns. It makes one feel attached to something substantial, to know the old things are going on — getting out firewood, and pulp, and so on. So old Colonel is gone. He certainly was a good old animal and gave us lots of service. I remember how we used to alternate week by week with him and Madge and Bell in the old days when we drove to school ten years ago. It does n't seem so long as that, for that winter is so vivid to me: Miss Davy, Carol, Linc, and I together. I can even remember the toothache Carol spoke of in one of her letters to you. The work in the woods, Sid Clarke with his winter growth of beard, the daily lunches with Auntie and Uncle Dan, Grandpa Kilburn — they all are so vivid to me. I can hear their voices and see little gestures. Uncle Dan and his inevitable newspaper, Auntie with her bills at lunch, old Colonel reaching out a bit on the last stretch, coming home from school in the early twilight of the

winter months, the light of the library lamp shining out with its promise of home warmth, supper, family, content. When these things go with me as now, they are n't dead, they are immortal, living, real, and in them is such sweet satisfaction. That is why I have been so determined about living with you at Irvingcroft when I come back; so, when things begin to drop out of your lives, we will have the home running to give a basis to keep all these memories alive, and new interests ever growing to keep life ever full — our nurseries, grandchildren, reunions, etc. And if for any reason I can't be the one to help bring this about, there is all the rest of the family, and you must all keep as close together as possible and carry on the Adams family just the same, for if I am anywhere, that is where I shall be, at Irvingcroft and the farm always. But I shall see to it that I am actually there, never fear.

Deepest love to all.

February 21, 1918.

DEAR FATHER, —

In the old days of college, when a man received a high mark and mine was just passing or average, I accepted it as a matter of course, thinking that the high man received his mark because of superior inherited brain-power, and I was meant to be only average. There seemed such a distance between us that it never occurred to me to attempt to catch up to him; it was pre-ordained otherwise. And yet, ever since the double shake-up I received in the early part of last July, I began to make the effort to move out of the deadly limitations of the middle lot, and was astounded to discover, in the various phases of my training in Canada and Texas, that the high man had probably little better brain than mine. It was merely a matter of seeing that the bonds holding me in the middle class

were bonds of imagination, and it required moving one's feet to step out of the protecting but crushing crowd. So I began to be up nearer the top in various examinations, and in the flying, and found it is not a matter of superior mentality or any such thing, but merely more desire, more will. I figured that war is a risky business, but the risk is largely chance. Consequently, if I could master my particular job in all its branches, I could reduce the element of chance to a minimum. You see, I have great incentive to return, so it does n't take much will. But, all in all, I think it has been a real discovery for myself, and that I can profit by the same procedure in my work when I come back. It seems to me now that there is nothing impossible or out of reach if imagined obstacles coming from one's own mind are got rid of, and if one can stretch his imagination beyond what he supposed were the limits of his capacity, and see 'big.' Then it is a simple matter of getting up and going after it with a will.

I think my experiences have taught me to see things in a larger way than I ever could before — the bigness of the forces in this war. And searching for the good in it, and some of its fundamental causes in human nature, and its outcome in generations to come, has all stretched my mind a bit to grasp it. Then also, more concretely, the new spaces I have run from high altitudes, the new breadth which comes in moving in three dimensions, the sense of terrific force when moving through the air at such new speeds. 'Like sixty' was the idiomatic expression of speed, a limit of our previous experience. Yet I have moved at sixty and a hundred more on top of that, when, protected from the force of the air, you could feel it in the sort of bursting feeling it gives your head and the fearful roar. Then the new sense of utter abandon and

freedom in falling. We used to jump into the hay from ten to fifteen feet safely. I have let the machine fall its natural way when uncontrolled, a nose-spin, for a full mile down vertical. These new things are outside all previous experience, beyond the limiting wall which confines our vision, because we do not know we can look, till victory. These have all broken down limits in one place or another, so that, when I come back and start on other work, it should be easier to step over the apparent limits.

This is n't much of a letter as letters go; but I started out to say that I received the highest mark in the examinations of our group of eighteen today; so you can see there is sound basis when I assure you that you need not worry about my welfare. This is substantial evidence of chance. If I am better than the average here, I should be better than the average Hun as well. So you must not worry, and must only feel joy that I am having the great privilege of being in the biggest thing in the history of the world.

Affectionately.

TURNBURY, *February 23.*

MOTHER DEAR, —

I am afraid, mother, you are taking things much harder than you need — the tantalizing slowness of things at home, the bad administration, etc. It does no good to get worked up about them, for it makes one feel so impotent, and yet it makes the desire to effect some change so keen that one can't be happy, and being unhappy won't help. Many things are discouraging, and yet, if you don't look at them too closely but stand off and see them as a whole, then you can see how much has really been done, and that it is all so new and on such a scale that it can't be done all of a sudden; the men in control are not used to such dimensions, and so tem-

porarily cannot think in such large numbers; but they will grow as the work does. On such a tremendous scale, where so many complexities are involved, it would be impossible for the whole thing to be managed properly, efficiently, and swiftly all at once. But it will come about in time; it is all the time gathering up momentum which, once started, cannot be stopped. The Allies are still very strong, and can well keep going till America is completely ready. If America were nowhere in sight, the Allies might be discouraged, for, though they could not be beaten, it would be a long costly struggle. But with the sure knowledge of the ultimate unlimited power which America will furnish, the whole morale is braced; they say, 'Not only will we win, but we will win decisively.' They pluck up their courage, and can do even more than they normally would; so it will not matter if America does n't start for six months or a year; once she does, it will be with a strength that can't be resisted.

Over here, after nearly four years of experience, things are often mismanaged, and valuable time wasted, yet all in all there is always slow but certain improvement. So it will be the same there. Don't let an immediate difficulty shut out, by its narrowness, the whole truth which can be seen by standing off at a distance. Coal is short, but that is not so much present-day mismanagement as conditions brought about by bad management and financial exploitation long before the war. It is a nuisance and discomfort, but it will be straightened out in time.

You know what meat-eaters and tea-drinkers the English have always been. Then to have but a few ounces of meat per week and frequently drink their tea with little or no sugar, is bringing the sense of war pretty close; yet it really is remarkable how very little complaint

and criticism there is. You know how natural it is for people to think that everything is wrong when something close to them, a lifelong physical taste, is meddled with, even if there is no direct connection. I think the way rationing has been accepted in England is one of the most encouraging things I have found. There is enough food but none to waste, and it is very regular, so one often wishes for just one feast of something that can't be had. So the fact that the situation is accepted so well speaks volumes for the way things are going.

Of course they are more used to the idea of privations of one sort or another here; but America will get used to it in time. So when trying conditions come, and evils are revealed, you must hold them in their right value and not let them depress you. And never let things get into you personally. It is one thing to think about them, and another to get all heated up about them. I am conscious of things I don't like, or discomforts sometimes, and things I wish could be true, etc., but I won't let them get into the inside, where they hurt. If I can change them, I can do it just as well keeping them outside; and if I can't change them, well, what does it matter, it's outside. It does n't make me indifferent to things which deserve consideration, but merely insensible. You must do this; it's not hard, and you will find how much more quickly a day goes by, and after all how pleasant it is. So much for your concern about outside things.

Of course, being my mother, you feel concerned about me; but, except for just missing me, I don't want you to have another uncomfortable feeling in your heart, no worry about my health, comfort, or happiness — nothing of this sort. For any limitations of physical comfort are so ridiculously slight, especially compared with most, that it

would really be good for me if I had more. And little petty annoyances are good for one's self-control; besides, as I said, I don't let them get inside. I have never been in better health. And I am completely content, for it seems as if I was never so rich or ever hoped to be. I have absolutely nothing in the world to ask for, for myself. My friends and family have never meant so much to me, and you are all so good to me. And in addition the interest and satisfaction of my work is of such a nature that nothing that can happen matters to me. You see you have no need to feel anything but gladness for me, so no more must you have any troublesome feelings in your heart except harmless missing, which does n't hurt when you know I am happy, as I am. Don't say to yourself, 'I must n't let him see my depression or worries.' Don't even get all braced and say you *won't* let yourself feel them. Just relax and *don't* feel them. Even when I'm out there, you must n't feel any dread or worry. We get better food out there and are done with the petty things of training, and we will be right at the real work, so I shall be even happier than now. And if it should happen that I just stopped being conscious, it would n't matter, because there will be no regret and no dread, just perfect content. And you will not dread any such event, for it is not a bit likely to happen.

My examination mark has n't been reached yet by the two groups which have passed out since my group. It was 94 per cent, the average on all the tests we had, and they never give much higher. But if the event came, you may miss me, but it won't hurt, for there will be no vain regret, because I am so perfectly content. So remember, mother mine, you are going to relax, begin at once and keep it up, and people will wonder at you, that you are so serene and can do so much because

your strength is n't being wasted by groundless or ineffective troubles; and when they ask your secret, you can say that we are both so content with our situation as it is, that one can't be otherwise than serene.

You spoke of being more conscious of the grim realities than heretofore. To me the grim things somehow fade into unrealities in comparison with the realities of the heart and mind which are so vivid to me. I spend so many long happy hours with you all every day, that my heart is completely filled with them, and I am very happy. I am glad you sent the little farm album, for so many of my hours are spent over it. I often go way back to the days when we were kids, with Ned, and the Blodgetts, and Miss Noyes, over at Hilltop, and again later at the knoll, when Vincent and the Platts and the slews of kids gave plays and had picnics. There is n't one single unhappy memory anywhere in the whole review. And I often roam there in the future, planning the things I shall do and the fun it will be to show all the corners to Grace, the little trips we can take to Port River, etc. And those drives up back of Harvey Hill, and down into Ryman, etc. That wonderful ride we had with Betty and Mrs. Dodge was such fun. It does n't do any harm to live in these things at this time if I wish, so long as I do my work well, does it? You see I never realized what a happy life you had made for me till I had this chance to get away and look at it. Now when I come back I shall be able, I hope, to give some of it back to you because I think I know better how to do it. I sometimes feel as if I am taking too much good out of such a rotten thing as war. But still, if we all do, it will be worth the cost, and there must not be another because it is n't fair to mothers. You must tell me all your feelings. Don't hide them, but do abolish them.

18th Squadron,
R. F. C. B. E. F., FRANCE,
March 4, 1918.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, —

We live in a cosy little hut, and I am getting it all fixed up with the little conveniences which make for one's comfort. I dare say we shall be here perhaps permanently as long as I am in France, so I can completely unpack and feel at home. I am going to tack up the various pictures which I have of you all, and of my friends, and so I will seem actually with you all the time. We have a new piano in the mess and several fairly good players, and I shall get a lot of pleasure out of it, for I can take myself completely out of my surroundings when playing, and find lots of calm comfort in it.

18th Squadron,
R. F. C., B. E. F., FRANCE,
March 7, 1918.

DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER, —

Every morning our batman reports on the weather prospects, and when it is clear, we have to get up a bit earlier. After breakfast a conference is held, at which the purpose and objective of the trip are given, and any details arranged for. Then the men who are going put on their flying kit and go out to the machines. These have previously been rolled out of the hangars, filled up with fuel, guns loaded, bombs, cameras, etc., attached, and everything ship-shape. Each pilot gets in, the engine is started and warmed up; finally, the chocks are pulled away from the wheels, and the machines taxi out on to the aerodrome and line up ready to take off, the engine snorting and sputtering impatiently. As they wobble over the ground, the machines look so clumsy and ill at ease with tails dragging and bumping, noses up in the air. The leader takes his place on the line, his machine indicated by some streamers. There have been no

farewells or good-luck wishes; the men have started off as if they were off in a car to go to an office; it is not masked indifference, it is a simple matter of course.

All are ready and the leader, followed immediately by the others, opens out the throttle, and the machines move faster and faster, tails up now and noses low and level, like a runner stooping a bit on his run before a spring. The wheels trip along each time, touching more lightly, till with a final bound the machine is clear. What a fearful roar they make, great powerful engines unmuffled, wide open! One after another they leap into the air, and at once are transformed from ugly ducklings to beautiful swans, at home and happy in their natural element, as they arch round and round, even higher. Finally, when they are sufficiently high, they move off in their close formation in an arrow line for their objective, finally fading out of sight.

Some hours later they come in sight again, and glide in, some as fresh as when they left, others so badly cut up that you wonder how the machine could hold together. Then we hear the story told in the form of a simple report, still all as a matter of course. How they flew undisturbed to their objective, though noticing a large number of Huns in various parts of the sky as they flew along. But when they turned to come back, the Huns had gathered over thirty, counted against our four, a veritable swarm between them and home. And yet, without hesitation, our machines fly straight at them. They break up into groups and surround our machines on all sides, above, below, right and left, before, behind, all discharging their venomous sting when a good sight is obtained, darting in for a burst of shots, soaring up or diving away one after another, a continuous *mêlée*. Our machines zig-zag from time to time, but

always progress toward home unless some Hun, more persistent than others, has to be turned on.

Meanwhile our men, scarcely knowing which machine to pick out to fire at, keep sending off bursts whenever they get a good sight. When a Hun receives a burst a bit too close, he dives for home, and when a machine is hit, several others accompany it down for a way, to cool off. They are no sports, these Huns; they will never attack unless with overwhelming odds, and even then they never come across the lines; so in case of engine-failure they are sure to get safely home. Yet our few machines over hostile territory fly straight into the swarm of them, bring down six, and all return and have but one man hit. It is n't luck that they come through; it is superior shooting, due to a large steady machine, and a sporting blood in the men that makes them play the game, no matter what the odds.

Though the Hun has a decided advantage fighting over his own territory, it is a large factor in his defeat, for it is an open acknowledgment of his inferiority, and it takes but a little spirit and some cool shooting to make him sick. You see, mother, no matter what the odds, we have all the advantage; and, after all, it is seldom that they get as large a bunch as that together. For instance, on the 'show' to-day, not a single one was sighted. So at their worst, you see, you have little to worry about, and they are seldom at their worst. Also, we never fight except defensively, only when they interfere with our work or try to keep us from getting home, and then they regret it, for we are well equipped for defense.

I would n't have given all these details, if I were not sure you would extract the interest and not let the exciting features make you worry. For I want you to know all about the work,

and yet see in it the small element of danger and the very great interest, which you could n't have if I told nothing about it for fear of worrying you. There are some Hun machines which will go higher than these we use, but there is no machine made by any nation as fast at the high altitudes where we work; and speed is king.

Must get to bed now. Much love to all.

March 11, 1918.

In a very few months we are to have even better machines, the same as these, only improved. Our work is safer than others because of the machines, the height, and the fact that we don't look for trouble, but fight only when attacked; and on Wednesday last, when Haig congratulated the brigade for bringing down eighteen Huns, our one squadron, perfectly peaceable by nature, taught six out of that number that we can well defend ourselves. On that occasion, over thirty Huns attacked only four of ours, and ours all came back. But while we are on the subject, I want to caution you about a possibility. One of our machines has been reported missing a day or so ago, but it was only engine-failure, and the machine was seen to have landed safely; so the occupants are safe, but unhappily detained in Hun-land. Frequently

no word is brought from them, and no one sees what became of a machine. So you see a man may be quite all right who simply disappeared and was reported missing. The case is not likely to arise, however, as our engines, as a rule, are very reliable. It is merely a possibility, and in case it happens, I want you to know there is no need to worry — less than ever, for it would mean simply a safe but long wait for the war to end.

Love to all.

MOTHER MINE, —

This is just a little Easter greeting, to make you know I am actually close by you all the time. May it give you much cheer and happiness.

Tender love,

BRIGGS.

(Received on Easter Morning, 1918.)

[On March 14, a stormy and misty day, Briggs Adams was flying at the Front, with two or three comrades of his squadron. They missed him; and one of them, descending, found him dead in his air-plane in a field. It is not known whether he was brought down in combat or was the victim of an accident. All that is certain is that he was killed while flying on the battle-front.]

'FOR VALOR'

BY RALPH E. CROPLEY

I

ONE night, while dining at the Harvard Club with Captain Custance R.N.R., who in times of peace commanded the famous *Arcadian*, I happened to notice that the silver identification tag which he wears, welded to a thin chain on his wrist, had turned bottom-side-up. Now, for the last year, I have seen a great deal of Custance, and though he had told me that this identification tag was made out of the lace of an old admiral's coat, I never knew, until I saw it printed on the reverse side, that the British Admiralty had given Custance that tag 'For Valor.'

Custance and I have been friends for years. I am closer to him than any man in the United States; yet he was very much embarrassed that I should have found out in his presence about that tag. The yarns about him which have already appeared in the *Atlantic* (the reason for his getting the D.S.O.) seem to be but part of the story. With the help of another seaman, I gave the little man an uncomfortable time of it, as we lounged in the living-room of the Harvard Club of New York, a fit setting for tales of valor. The other seaman knew the story and told it, while Custance kept saying, 'Others have done so much more, it is not worth talking about.'

The Mingary was coming off patrol (this happened before the Warspite incident already related). The month was December. Custance picked up a wireless to the effect that, on another

patrol route, a collier, the armed patrol yacht, and a trawler, were being attacked by two U-boats and were sinking. This all occurred up around the Shetland Islands. Custance at once put on full speed for the seat of action, which was some distance away. On the way he passed a trawler, which told him she had been going to the rescue, but two immense U-boats on the surface had stood in her way and she had had to turn about. Now, the Mingary was not very heavily armed, and a submarine could readily have destroyed her with its longer-range guns; but Custance kept on, for he knew that there were men floundering in the wintry sea as they clung to wreckage. The little trawler about-faced and went on, with Custance just abreast.

Ten miles farther on, Custance came upon the two big Germans on the surface. He drove his tiny yacht at one of the beasts and his flotilla of two put up a wonderful show of fight. The Germans, not knowing what was coming, submerged and cleared out, and Custance passed on to pick up from the sea twenty-six survivors of a collier, armed yacht, and trawler. That is all of that story of sheer nerve.

One of the men picked up out of the sea was an officer of the armed yacht, who, like Custance himself, in times of peace was a merchant-ship officer. I am told that, like Custance, that officer had attacked the submarines in trying to save the collier. Six months later, Custance met him in Southampton and asked him what he was doing. 'Oh,' he

replied, 'after they let me out of the hospital, I went mine-sweeping.' And Custance says, 'Why distinguish what I've done from the rest? I've but done my duty.'

Very true, yet the knowledge of these tales makes the world a better place to live in, and bucks up Americans to equal the daring of these modest men of the sea who but do their duty.

I have just received a letter from a neutral port, telling me what a chap named Rathkens did; and I can do no better than set down the copy of the letter. It is from a merchant-ship officer who has done work in this war with the same stout heart that Rathkens showed at the sinking of the French hospital ship *Salta*.

As you know, I was for ten months on a hospital ship, making several trips a week across the Channel. The *Salta* was making Havre, as we were, with us about three minutes ahead of her. According to instructions we came straight in through the opening, but the *Salta*, for some reason or other, tried to cut in at an angle. We had just dropped our hook inside when the hospital major called my attention to the *Salta*, and to the constant screeching of the whistles of the trawlers outside. I took one look and my hair stood on end. My God, I thought, he'll be in it in a minute! Her skipper got wise too late. (Of course I won't give you details of the layout.) He tried to back her, but he was coming down before a wallowing sea and a heavy blow. As her wheels churned up the foam underneath her counter, instead of backing straight back and out of danger, the sea caught her on the quarter and swung her around. The major and I stood like pillars of salt as we watched her. Yes — she got it — good and plenty. I've seen many ships torpedoed and mined, but never so much smoke and such a volcano of water as when the *Salta* struck the edge of that mine-field. Jehosaphat, to use your American slang, it was hell! There before our eyes we saw the *Salta* go right down — pushed below the surface of the sea as you would collapse a tin drinking-

cup. In about five minutes not even her masts were showing. We were powerless to act. About a hundred and seventy were drowned on her, including her skipper, who went down on her bridge, yet was n't drowned but choked to death by his false teeth.

Rathkens, as you may recollect, was a second officer on the West Indian mailships, and after the war started, he was stationed at Bermuda for a year or so as boarding officer. On being relieved, he was given an old torpedo-boat—the P-32, as I recollect it. When the *Salta* struck, Rathkens pushed the P-32 right plumb up against her. It was a fearful risk for him to enter that mine area, but evidently he thought he could go at least as far as the *Salta* had. I bet you he never thought anything at all — simply acted. He was alongside her in two shakes — took off forty-eight from the *Salta*, mostly nursing-sisters; and then, not to be carried down by the *Salta*, had to back away.

You can imagine my sensations, standing there on the bridge. Of course I did n't know till later that it was Rathkens who had the P-32; but considering what she was, I felt that some merchant-ship man was showing the men of the world the gumption in a merchant-ship man.

Well, Rathkens backed away, but he got it — got it like the *Salta* had. Struck him amidships, and the P-32 broke in two. The after-section sank immediately, carrying down the forty-eight who had been taken off the *Salta*. Glad to say that Rathkens himself was saved.

There is a captain I know of, by the name of Willetts, who in this war has had more ships go down under him than any man I know, and yet still has his nerve with him, and goes to sea as soon as ever his company will appoint him to another ship. Until the *Moewe* bagged the *Radnorshire*, Willetts navigated the war-zone — had his days and nights of strain, and the experiences that other merchantmen have. After enjoying a spell on the *Moewe*, with other prisoners of war, he was set ashore in Brazil, and at once sailed for

England on the big *Drina*. Off the coast of Wales she was torpedoed and went down, the engine-room force on duty at the time dying at their posts. Willetts was saved and his dander was up. So they put him on a transport — the *Arcadian*, well known to us Americans. As he was without proper convoy, a submarine banged him. The loss of life was nearly two hundred and fifty; and though Willetts was on the bridge, keeping up the tradition of the sea, as she went under, he nevertheless was rescued after being in the water many hours.

Returning to England, he took command of the big *Demarra*, a ship famous for having been the first merchant vessel to punish a submarine for attacking her without warning. Of course, ever since she has been a marked ship. Under convoy, Willetts took her from Liverpool, round through the English Channel to La Pallice, and just as he was making port, a submarine got him. In spite of the fact that she was sinking under him, Willetts got her to the beach, patched her up, and brought her back to Liverpool through the danger zone again.

Last December there was a ship torpedoed, and until the British Admiralty announce it, I do not feel free to give her name. She was saved, and saved by the pluck of a British Naval Reserve captain, famous in the American passenger-carrying trade. The ship was the flagship of the convoy and had just turned over eleven American freighters to their country's destroyers, and was swinging over to lead the remainder to England, when she got it.

It was a wild sea, and even if the boats could have been got overboard safely, they would have had difficulty in living. Nothing was seen of the submarine. Nobody even saw the wake of the torpedo. The explosion took all hands unawares. As the hatch had

been battened down and made watertight, the effect of the explosion was terrific. It struck in number 5 hold, abaft the engine-room, and the gases simply blew things to smithereens. The hole made in the side of the ship was 17 feet by 34. It was mighty fortunate that the hatch-covering blew off, for the result was that the damage was all confined to number 5 hold, which was loaded with oil and Quaker Oats.

Fortunately, not a soul was in that section of the ship; so nobody was hurt. Other ships nearby took on a new form of camouflage, for they were pasted with a mixture of crude oil and cereal.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the pirate shot his bolt, and from then on till she limped into port — seventy miles distant — early next morning, the big ship gradually settled lower and lower, until finally it became a case of touch and go as to whether or not she would reach the beach. As it was, there was only two feet freeboard at the stern when she touched the shore, and she had limped the entire distance with her funnel-shaft full of water and her engineers, momentarily during the long hours, expecting that the sea would seep in and put the fires out, or that the bulkhead separating them from number 5 hold would give way and drown them like rats in a cage, as many an engine-room force has been drowned since the Huns began their piratical warfare. Do not forget that these men are merchant-ship men. Think of the stick-to-itiveness of the beggars!

And the little man on the bridge, — the little man who has safely ferried so many of us Americans about the world, — think of the strain on him, realizing everything and injecting his personality into the souls of his assistants on the bridge or in the stoke-hold, so that they would hang on! He had a Chinese crew, and as soon as the vessel was 'strafed,' they panicked, stripped off

every stitch of clothing they had, and piled into the lifeboats; and though the boats were not lowered, the Chinks sat there in their birthday suits, their teeth chattering in harmony with the surging sea, which was licking its chops at the prospect of a good-sized meal. Yes, tragic — but humorous, which frequently saves us from tragedy.

Although other skippers have recently told me that credit for saving the ship was entirely due to one man, yet that man saw to it that the Admiralty gave the credit to the officers and men under him.

And even if the Huns are escaped, the life of a merchant-ship man in these days is far removed from beer and skittles. An example of what they have to go through is furnished by the narrow squeak the Empress of Britain and the Cardiganshire had one night in the Ægean Sea. Both are big ships, and they were loaded with troops and going at full speed, — zigzagging, — not a light showing. It was one of those nights when you can hardly see your hand before you. There were no stars, no phosphorous, — nothing, — nothing but to trust to luck and the ears of the man on the bridge.

The captain of one of the ships has told me that, before he knew it, there was a ship, bow on to him, dead ahead. Of course, the first impulse was to shift his helm; but if he did so, the danger would be of one ship giving the other a glancing blow. Fortunately, the other skipper appreciated this, also. Their nerve, in spite of several years of war zone work, was still equal to the occasion. It all happened in the twinkling of an eye, and they passed safely though there had been less than fifty feet separating the ships, and their out-swung lifeboats nearly scraped. The captain of the Cardiganshire, though he could not see him, heard the captain of the Empress of Britain, above the noises of

the sea — heard him yell, 'For God's sake, old man, don't shift your helm!' so close were they on their respective bridges high above the sea.

Instances of this kind, which try men's souls, nightly occur, and quite frequently there are collisions and tragedies in the pitch-dark. The only way that the two ships identified themselves was ten days later, at Saloniki, when the captain of the Cardiganshire heard the skipper of the Empress of Britain asking a friend if he knew what ship he nearly bumped on a certain night. I am sorry to report that the captain of the Empress of Britain lost his life in the Halifax explosion, while doing hospital work.

II

But the story of the unlucky Sundays of the Cephalonia takes the palm for varieties of valor.

Of course, Cephalonia is not the ship's name, as military expediency requires me to protect her, and, until she appeared here in July, 1917, with the shell-holes in her sides temporarily covered by patches as if they were her *croix de guerre*, I had not seen the vessel since the Admiralty commandeered her at the beginning of the war. She's a queer-looking craft, with four stumpy masts and stocky funnel all planted perpendicularly rather than at a sheer, to make her look more like a lady and less like a washerwoman. She has forty-two derricks and twenty-nine winches, and a stern which no ship afloat can equal in ugliness. Beauty is certainly not her long suit, yet her vast holds have meant more to the Allies the past few years than scores of graceful Mauretania's.

Captain Weller, — not his name, of course, — Sammy, as I call him, has been in command of her during her war work. Sammy is a little runt of a man, whose rule of life seems to have

been that to be simple and natural and kind is to find the real music of the living life. His face has an expression of perpetual alertness, and there is a funny little twist to his head when he listens, something like a curious puppy. He is a most companionable man, always wanting to do something for you, and possessed of a devotion to his wife and kiddies which is equaled in magnitude only by his desire to punish Germany for the cruel things the U-boats have done to human beings.

Last July he told me how for six months a hoodoo had hung over the Cephalonia; but the details of his own part during the fires and the U-boat attacks I had to get from his junior officers or from Fong, his Chinese servant. We were yarning away in his cabin, like the old pals we were, when the sudden whirr of a winch just outside brought Sammy to his feet with a jump, and he peered through a port to see what was up. Satisfied that it was but the work of the ship, he sat down again, with a whimsical smile. Finally he blew a cloud of smoke which merged with the fog of fumes already in the cabin, and began speaking, almost as if to himself, and the angle of his thoughts was most mystifying, for he said, —

'When death comes in dark places there is a certain congruity about it. But when the days are all gold, the sun alight in the heavens, nature showing her beauty, and gladness is in our hearts — to see death come quickly before one's eyes, surely that is the most incongruous thing in the world. That winch out there has been my nemesis these many months. It killed a man before my eyes one Sunday. Sunday! Everything happened on a Sunday: this last voyage to Vladivostock, even the submarine, and that was on Easter at that!'

The voyage began at London one Sunday in October, 1916, Sammy told

me. The Cephalonia was deeply loaded with shells, and her chill-rooms were filled with T.N.T. for the Italian army. She had been ready to go to sea since Thursday, when she was warped out of the Albert Dock; and it had chafed all hands to swing idly round a hook in midstream less than a quarter of a mile off shore, with tiny cottages arrayed before their eyes, bringing thoughts of home. Sammy said it was damnable, especially at night, for he could not display a riding-light, and he did not know but what any minute a destroyer or some blighter of a tug would come crashing into him, and the Cephalonia would vanish from human sight, as the Mont Blanc did at Halifax, and wipe out of existence all those pretty little cottages, where by day he saw kiddies in bright pinafores playing, as he knew his kiddies were playing at home in Southampton.

It was Sunday morning when Admiralty orders came to up hook and join a convoy outward bound. The Cephalonia was well in the midst of the convoy proceeding down the Thames, and had just passed beyond the submarine net, when a thin pencil of smoke was seen to rise from the corner of number 1 hatch. It happened to catch the third officer's eye first, and he called Sammy's attention to it. In a minute another pencil came, and then another, and another.

In two shakes Sammy had sounded four blasts on the siren, and a flag fluttered from the yard-arm, which caused all other ships to give him a wide berth, as the propeller of the Cephalonia churned up the sea in her frantic effort to back and turn as if to return to London. A ship on fire should return to port, but Sammy, with a cargo of T.N.T. was n't the kind of a skipper to risk blowing cottages and kiddies into the next world in an effort to save his own skin. No he turned the Cepha-

lonia till her stern was head to the breeze, and slowly kept her backing seaward to restrain the fire, if possible, from spreading aft to his chambers of T.N.T.; backed her away from port and other ships, so that, if she did blow up, the military loss would be confined to the Cephalaria alone. And all the while he was wondering what moment a U-boat would pop up and send a torpedo into him, or he would strike a drifting mine.

It was only about three hours before the fire was out, and the Cephalaria could in safety put back to port. But those three hours at the beginning of a voyage — sure to be telling on any skipper's nerve, even in times of peace — were a hell which I fail to find words to express. The repairs took only a matter of a day or so, and the Cephalaria made another start for the open sea. But during her delay Fritz's 'tin fishes' had got busy again, and off the Goodwin Sands she was forced to anchor till another Sunday came round and the Admiralty thought it safe to proceed.

No sooner was the hook up from the mud and a white bone of action beginning to show at the Cephalaria's prow, than a fog descended on her and the scores of ships in her vicinity. To blow the whistle would attract Fritz; not to blow meant possible collision; and to anchor meant a good chance of being rammed and of both ships going to Kingdom-come, as the Cephalaria exploded. Realizing that the God of Chance frequently favored the nervy, Sammy silently drove on at full speed. Really he had to do it, for a big P. & O. mail-ship was just astern of him, loaded with women and children, and a collision with her would be the worst of tragedies.

As suddenly as it fell, the fog lifted, and as it did so, just half a mile off to port, a tower of water shot up over the

big Maine of the Atlantic Transport Line. The Cephalaria shook from stem to stern, and Sammy said he prayed to God that his cans of T.N.T. would behave themselves, as he turned the Cephalaria's nose for shallow water where a U-boat could not operate. A little Danish ship went to the rescue of the sinking Maine, as the Admiralty records will show. But the tender-hearted Dane never got there. The Hun banged her, and she disappeared from sight in exactly two minutes.

Sammy saw red then. It was the first time during the war that he really admitted having murder in his heart; but, until the Admiralty decided that it was safe to proceed, the Cephalaria hung round at anchor in shallow water.

He was hugging the Spanish shore, making in for Gibraltar, when he came across a lifeboat. Being in neutral as well as shallow water, he risked a visit from Fritz by stopping the Cephalaria and rescuing the boat-load, who turned out to be all that were left of the crew of a Q-boat. And the story of those Q-boat men I believe I can best tell by quoting from a letter I received about nine months after Sammy told me his experience. The letter is not from Sammy, but from another one of my commanders.

I know you have heard about them and probably saw some of them as you came through the danger zone; and I feel sure I am doing no wrong in writing about them. We've had a type of boat — war boat — known as the 'Q' type. They look like old crooks, and go out looking for Fritz with a vengeance. And they've got a lot of Fritzies, for the work they did is this. Fritz would show himself and shell them, and then the merchant crew would abandon the Q-boat and row away. Fritz would close up. Then the Q-boat would drop her fake topsides and have a go at him. You see, the point was to get Fritz close in by making him think the Q-boat had been abandoned. Well, Fritz got on to it after a bit, and the

German Admiralty warned the Naval Reserve men who man the Q-boats, as to just what would happen. So a man going out in a Q-boat took his life in his hands.

Some time ago, when entering port, I met one of your old friends, now a lieutenant-commander in the Reserve, and he told me the cheerful news that Fritz had bagged four Q-boats that week and done what he said he'd do. Judas! Can you imagine this in a civilized (?) day, to lash men to the rail of a submarine, pour paraffine over them, and set them on fire? No — neither could I. But that is what Fritz did to all the Q-boat crews, with the exception of one boat-load whom he made stand by while he did it, and then sent them into port to tell their story. Of course the object is, by terrorism, to do away with the Q-boats; but, bless my soul! the more of such stuff Fritz does, the more men of England there are to volunteer for Q-boats. Yes, Fritz lashed the crews of the Q-boats to the railing of his submarine — oiled them well — lighted them, and to make sure they'd burn steamed around in a circle, — steamed around the lifeboat-load of men he sent into port to tell the tale. Since Ernest told me the tale, I've heard it in many quarters, and it's true — true as I'm a living being. Everybody knows about the Belgian Prince and the Westminster, and I feel the world should know of this.

Sammy, on that peaceful Sabbath off the coast of Spain, did not see the actual offering that the Germans burned to their pagan God of War. He was spared that horrible experience, thank God!

It was a British Naval captain who told me a story which has come out in the British press, of a chap — a junior officer on an Atlantic liner in peacetimes — who acted like the famous Spartan youth with the fox. All hands were lying flat on deck as the German 'sub' began shelling the Q-boat. A shot passed into the latter's hold, and set her on fire. The merchant-ship officer was lying flat on top of the hatch, above the fire. If he got off, it would give the

Q-boat game away to the submarine; so the man lay there as the smoke came up around him, knowing full well that there was ammunition in the hold, that there would be an explosion, and that his chances of living were very slim. The explosion came; but, as luck would have it, the man on top of the hatch was not killed, simply horribly mutilated, especially in the face.

The day he got out of the hospital he was ordered to report, just as he was, at the Admiralty in London. He had on an oil-skin coat and looked much the worse for wear. It was a Sunday, and the Admiralty at once dispatched him, in spite of his protests, to Sandringham, where the King's carriage met him at the station and took him to His Majesty. And, wearing an oil-skin coat, he received the Victoria Cross from George V, after which the King and Queen showed themselves the democrats they are by treating the embarrassed merchant officer as human beings in ordinary life treat each other. And not only that, but His Majesty refused to let him return to London that night, and lent him a pair of his pyjamas.

Until after he got rid of that blessed cargo of T.N.T. at Genoa; had reached Alexandria, with three Sundays passing and nothing happening outside the ordinary humdrum of ship life; had nosed through the Suez Canal, and was well on his way down the Red Sea toward Aden, Sammy said he did n't draw a free breath or appreciate that God was still in his heaven.

It was on Sunday, while he was preparing to sail from Colombo for Hong Kong, that the big Warwickshire passed him, her decks lined with passengers. Half an hour later she had struck a mine laid by a Swede the night before.

And the following Sunday, as the Cephalonia was making Hong Kong

and the chief was getting his gear ready to work cargo in the morning, the intermittent whirring of the winch outside his cabin door attracted Sammy's attention. He had just dressed himself in a clean set of 'whites,' to meet the boarding officials. As the winch continued its song in a manner not quite in accordance with the usual tune of a well-oiled winch, Sammy stepped out on deck to satisfy his curiosity. As he did so, he felt a drop of what he supposed to be rain strike him in the face, and then another and another. He thought it kind of queer, for there was not a cloud in the sky. Suddenly he noticed that his 'whites' were covered with red spots. His foot struck something. He saw it was a heart, and looking at the winch — well, Sammy said he simply stepped over to it and shut it off.

Some nerve, believe me; for it was what he saw on the drum of that winch which had made him say to me at the beginning of this story, that 'to see death come quickly before one's eyes, surely that is the most incongruous thing in the world.'

Before his eyes a poor blighter of a coolie had gone to his happy hunting-ground, while the sun was alight in the heavens and nature showing her beauty in the dazzling spray, always moving, always catching the sunbeams and dazzling everything with color.

III

From Hong Kong the Cephalaria went to Shanghai, and then on to Yokohama and up to Vladivostok; and Sundays — four — came and went peacefully. The only incident out of the ordinary was, that at Vladivostok Sammy had to dig deep into the ship's chest for the wherewithal to buy trousers for his Lascars, as Vladivostok was cold as Greenland. And when I think of

what he told me about Vladivostok and what has happened in Russia since, I can well understand why the Japanese and British have landed troops there. For Vladivostok, as far back as January, 1917, was a veritable gold mine of war-supplies. The docks and warehouses were bulging with them, and for miles back of the town were mountains of goods, ever increasing in number and height as ship after ship unloaded. And for Germany to bring her diabolical efficiency to the management of the Trans-Siberian Railroad and get that war-material, would be a world-calamity indeed.

From Vladivostok the Cephalaria dropped south to Manila, and two months of Sundays had passed with nothing happening except the worry in the hearts of her crew that something would. And when the Sunday came that that something did happen, it cost the lives of two men — her carpenter and the mate of the hold, who bunked together.

Sammy was in his cabin, putting his soul in the letter to his missus that he hoped to get off from Colombo by the homeward-bound mail-ship, when the chief officer reported that the chief steward had gone down to the chill-room and had not come up again. Now, Sammy had been having trouble with ammonia fumes in that chill-room, and he and the chief officer looked at each other blankly for a moment and then their eyes involuntarily turned to the calendar on the wall. 'Sunday, March 11, 1917,' branded itself on their souls. With the shrug of the shoulders which is typical of an Englishman when he is about to perform an unpleasant duty which might cost him life itself, Sammy rose and followed the chief out on deck and along to number 5 hatch.

Matters had gone from bad to worse, for not only the carpenter and the mate of the hold, but the chief engineer, had

gone after the chief steward, and none of them had returned. Sammy's first order was to whip off the hatch-cover. A mist of ammonia fumes drove all hands away from the edge. A derrick was speedily swung over the opening, and, planting himself in a bo's'n's chair, Sammy was lowered into the bowels of his ship. There were any number of volunteers to go in his place; but the little man preferred to take all the risk himself. As they lowered him, the ammonia fumes were blinding, and before his feet touched bottom he was in agony. Yet he groped along toward the entrance to the chill-room, till he stumbled over a body. Grabbing it, he signaled to the men above to hoist away, and soon appeared with the chief engineer, whose life he had saved by about two minutes. Two trips more Sammy made into the depths; but he brought up only dead bodies, as the carpenter and mate of the hold had succumbed. And still there was the chief steward to be accounted for.

Realizing that the man must be in the chill-room itself, on his next trip Sammy swung himself clear of the bo's'n's chair, and on his stomach, his nose to the floor where the fumes were less pungent, he wormed his way into the room, and in the stinging darkness of that icy chamber felt about for the steward. Each second must have been torture to him, wondering, if he wondered at all in the intensity of the situation, whether the next second would find him still alive. Yet the next did, and, with the indomitable courage of the Anglo-Saxon which German terrorism cannot quell, Sammy fought on till he had got his man and dragged him to the outer hold, where somehow he tied a rope round him, and then lost consciousness himself as the limp body of the chief steward was hoisted upwards.

It was Lancaster, the second officer,

who rescued Sammy himself; and as Fong, his Chinese boy, told me, exactly one hour later Sammy was at his desk again, writing his missus as if nothing had happened to mar the gloriousness of a Sabbath at sea. There's the Englishman for you! Now, if Sammy had worn the uniform of the Navy, no doubt he would have been gazetted and have got the V.C. But being only a simple merchant-skipper, who had done nothing more than transport troops overseas and dodge submarines in order that England should not starve, his risking his life as he did in number 5 hold was not glorious enough to be publicly recorded.

After leaving Colombo, the secret orders that Sammy opened once he was outside, lengthened his voyage home by sending him to Durban, Natal, for coal, and round the Cape of Good Hope rather than *via* Suez. And on Easter Sunday, 1917, in the English Channel, the *Cephalonia* had one of those fights with a submarine which only a merchant skipper on a poorly armed ship seems to know how to carry on. It was a two-hour fight, and, heavily laden with foodstuffs as the *Cephalonia* was, it was a case of touch and go with her, as she had only one gun aft and that but a 4.7, which was outranged by the gun on the U-boat. Furthermore, there was no naval crew on board except two youthful gunners who had to depend on the orders of a merchant-ship chief officer and the untrained assistance of the other officers.

The *Cephalonia* was in the Chops of the Channel, and all hands expected that, ere the sun had set on Easter, they would be safely tied to a dock, and that some of them would get a chance of going to church with their wives that evening.

It was Lancaster, leaning over the starboard side of the bridge-rail and scanning the white-capped sea, who

first spotted Fritz's periscope; and it was Sammy who had the Cephalonia turning toward that stovepipe inside of twenty-five seconds. If Fritz had had but another two minutes, the Cephalonia would have been abreast of him and he would have got her. As it was, he had to come to the surface to save himself from being rammed.

And then the fun began in earnest. The U-boat encircled Sammy, trying to get in a position to launch a torpedo, at the same time firing solid shells into the ship. But with every fibre in his body alert, every corpuscle in his veins fighting mad, Sammy kept swinging the sluggish Cephalonia about, so that her bow was always pointed toward his enemy; and he took the shelling until Fritz had got himself into a position where Sammy could safely swing around and give his gun-crew a chance to go into action. And zigzagging over the sea sparkling in the glory of the morning sun, running the risk of being cornered by a second or third U-boat, the Cephalonia put up such a fight that her antagonist was forced to get out of range of the 4.7 on her stern.

Yet Fritz could still reach her with his shots, which tore gaping wounds in her steel sides. Sammy took his punishment, and as his fire became less, the

U-boat got more daring and ventured closer, only to be driven out of range again. As Sammy said, with a laugh, that gun crew of his were 'damned poor marksmen.' They should have sunk the blighter, and no doubt would have, if anybody had had brains enough to give merchant-ship crews a little gun instruction.

Finding that he could not get near the Cephalonia or stop her with solid shells, Fritz began to give an exhibition of *Kultur* by peppering her with shrapnel. It fell about her like hail, embedding itself in her decks, puncturing ventilators, tearing awnings into ribbons; and a piece lodged in Sammy's leg. He was the only one hit on the ship, and though he stood there on the bridge, with a pool of blood about him, the little man sent his ship this way and that for half an hour, until the Hun gave it up and made off after a tanker which had appeared on the horizon — a victim that he got, for Sammy heard the bang and saw the tower of water shoot up over her.

And this is all that happened to the Cephalonia. She made port in the dusk of Easter evening, and ten days later, although he limped badly, Sammy took her to sea again for another voyage to Genoa with T.N.T.

THE NON-COMBATANT'S MANUAL OF ARMS

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

I

In the 'Character of a Happy Warrior' Wordsworth made the ultimate answer to his own question, —

Who is he

That every man in arms should wish to be ?

Though the poem deals quite as much with the warfare of life itself as with that of the battle-field, it stands as the classic statement of the terms on which a warrior may attain to happiness. In these days it is not an entirely simple matter for anyone but a warrior to be happy. Military duty is clear and uncomplicated — 'to do or die,' and in a cause, if it be that of the Allies, in which either doing or dying is an enviable fate. Unless the soldier be among the few upon whom rest the responsibilities of supreme decisions, his daily, his hourly task is plainly set before him. None of the distractions of domestic, professional, or business life can draw his attention from the matter in hand. They are all pushed and locked outside the doors of his consciousness. The influences which supplant them are those that go under the general and heartening terms of *esprit de corps* and morale — the common feeling of a body of men devoted to a single high purpose. So, at least, the happy lot of the warrior appears to the non-combatant, who stands so often where he does, outside the organized, concrete service of his country and of the civilized world, simply because he must.

Think of the vast number of the condemned to non-combatancy — the

whole army of women, the multitudes of men who are both beyond the age of military usefulness and within the circle inescapably marked for carrying on the processes of peace, and of all the others rendered inactive through physical disabilities; think, too, of the impatient band of those whose hearts are in the fight on the issues of which all the security and satisfaction of their fulfilled manhood depend, whose souls are at their quickest to respond to the call of great adventure, but whose bodies and judgments are not yet counted ripe for the enterprise! It is a host with powers well-nigh illimitable in scope. They have not gone all unemployed in this country of ours; else there would have been no such records as those of the Liberty Loans, the Red Cross and Y.M.C.A. campaigns, the multifarious work of committees, the far-reaching agencies of mercy, the industrial and administrative achievements wrought by the hands of civilians. But with all credit for their performance, it may still leave one thinking, 'When ye shall have done all these things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.'

It is not through such things as these, such payment of notes on demand, that a people acquires merit, at least of the highest order. In the manual of arms these things, for the non-combatant, are the counterpart of the setting-up drill for the soldier. They are the preliminaries, the test and exercise of fibre. When it is well hardened,

when every muscle makes its instant, instinctive response to the command of the moment, then, your soldier will tell you, the foundations are laid for the morale on which victory is built. For the non-combatant there is no less need for a kindred drill of the spirit, a training of the mind and heart to the end of fortifying them to meet the conditions of a world abruptly torn from its settled courses, and, as it were, beginning life over again.

Of course we are not committed permanently to the present state of affairs. Peace will be restored, perhaps sooner than the wisest can foretell, — stranger things have happened, — perhaps at a far more distant day than even a rational optimist can imagine; and of all men, it should be for him especially to realize that the end is not hastened but deferred by permitting any temporary advantage over the enemy to obscure the necessity of effort, unremitting, cumulative, crescendo, until the victory is won. But whether it come soon or late, the world will not go back at a single jump into its familiar ways: the enemy, at least in the form of the principles he has represented, will still be a force to reckon with; there will still be a government to criticize; the ideas for which the fight is waging will remain to be firmly established among the real and controlling desires of mankind. The manual of arms in which the non-combatant must make himself proficient will therefore still be needed; and he who gives thought to the purpose and practice of this drill may reasonably feel that his effort is not merely for the immediate day, or month, or year.

II

What is the true place of the principle of hatred in the non-combatant's spiritual exercise? In the present death-grapple with such a foe as Ger-

many has proved herself unequivocally to be, the injunction to love your enemies cannot be urged with any approach to literalness. The simplest word in its favor must be surrounded with all the perils of juggling with terms, of dealing in humiliating compromises and accommodations. Instead of discussing the matter at all, it is more profitable for the non-combatant to consider, as honestly as he can, where a whole-hearted — that is to say, a German — acceptance of the 'hate your enemies' principle will land him. It is the Germans who have established themselves as the masters of this weapon of warfare. It is they whose children are taught to lift their voices in a hymn of hate. It is the commanders of their submarines who so hate their enemies that, after a mockery of rescue, after extending to them a doubtful sanctuary on the wave-swept decks of their vessels, they do their perfect work by submerging and leaving their victims to the tenderer mercies of the sea.

There are other German victories than those of arms — and their possibilities are legion. There is a deadly victory of the spirit. When American non-combatants are heard, for example, to complain that their government is too lenient to aliens of an enmity quite unproved, and to urge the severest courses toward them by asking in a tone of finality, 'What would happen to an American in Germany in corresponding circumstances?' there is grave reason to fear that this victory of the spirit has been won. What would happen in Germany is precisely what should not happen in America, if our purposes in this war are what we know them to be; and the unconquered in spirit must be brave enough to say so.

Is the non-combatant, then, to go his ways in a mollifying mist of benevolence toward the foes of his country, leaving to its soldiers and sailors, whose

business it is to slay and slay until the brute force of the enemy is subdued, this practice of the very negation of the gentler principle? A thousand times, no! While the soldier is killing a man, he must not stay his hand by loving him. He can love righteousness, and hate iniquity, with all his heart; and for the sake of establishing the one and overthrowing the other, he can, and must, perform deeds which at any other moment of his life would be impossible for him. But it is not the business of the non-combatant to slay. His good fortune is that he may make some discriminations in his hatreds. He may, and should, separate, in some measure, the personal from the universal, the petty from the immense. With all the intensity of which he is capable, let him hate, with a righteous, ennobling wrath, the evil thing which men of good-will on earth have joined themselves to destroy. Even while the bitter fight is on, we cannot tell ourselves too often, what we know in our hearts, that when it is over we shall look back with less satisfaction on the smaller personal hatreds it has engendered, than on that large and truly righteous indignation which imparts strength to the fighting arm.

If the principle of hatred must be kept in its place, so too must that of generosity. Its exercise is chiefly to be found in direct connection with the exercise of criticism — that function of the non-combatant which may be turned with equal force to the purposes of help and of hindrance. In the combatant it is a function which every military law suppresses. An order is a thing to be carried out, not to be weighed, questioned, and perchance rejected. The voice of authority demands and receives un murmuring obedience. The non-combatant is under no duress of discipline to hold him from the contrary course. Indeed, in a democracy, the

opinion of the people must be sought and heard. When things are clearly going wrong, somebody should say so; and the utterance of a generous criticism has its great and obvious uses. Only let it be generous. The fatally easy thing is to see, and to say, how much better this, that, or the other might have been, if only — the sentence may be completed with any one of a hundred phrases. Seeming to have no comrades-in-arms, no superior officers, the non-combatant is nevertheless surrounded by millions of fellow-citizens for whom the conduct of the war is just as vital a matter as it is for himself, and, more specifically, by those authorities of an elected government who are intrusted with its direction. It is conceivable that the authorities, from the President down, are less high-minded, sagacious, and capable than any single critic of their conduct and motives; it is conceivable, but, in the vast majority of cases, it is highly improbable. It is, on the other hand, a matter of virtual certainty that in any given occasion for deciding upon a course of national policy or conduct, the authorities have an enormous advantage over their critics through the possession of the facts, and some knowledge of all the circumstances, in the light of which a decision must be reached. How can the critics be persuaded to remember this, and, while it is in their minds, perhaps not to suspend judgment, — that would be too much to ask, — but at least to impose a sentence with some recommendation to mercy?

This is the minimum demand of generosity. It is the fashion to separate criticism into two varieties, constructive and destructive. The average citizen is not confronted with frequent opportunities to use either of these in matters of universal moment. There is, however, a third variety — obstructive criticism — which he can practise

with palpable effect. Far too many of us are constantly employing it. The homely American adage, 'Don't shoot the pianist — he is doing his best,' expresses the national reprobation of the obstructively critical habit of mind. It is a habit which in time of war leads to consequences peculiarly dangerous. It would so wreck the discipline of an army that the first symptoms of it call for the rigorous measures by which infectious diseases are stamped out. In the host of non-combatants it must be dealt with chiefly through self-discipline; and the civilian can propose no more fruitful drill for his spirit than that which will put in the place of obstructive criticism a genuine desire to give his government credit for seeking and achieving high ends, whenever it does so, and 'getting behind' it in this effort at every opportunity. Of course he will not invariably feel that this can be done; but the raker of muck and the pilgrim to a celestial city are, in general, those who find what they are looking for.

III

What, indeed, are we looking for at the end of the road on which, as a people, we have now been traveling these many toilsome months — the same road of blood and death along which the peoples of Europe whose cause has always been ours have fared so much longer? The true objects of the war as a national enterprise have been stated again and again so clearly and completely that in this place it is needed only to consider the personal relation of the non-combatant to them. Their attainment must include many details of international arrangement; but when all is said and done, the core of the matter lies in the possibility of improving individual human conditions. It is a war for the individual, his rights and aspirations, as against the horrid doc-

trine that a state and its autocratic rulers are supreme in human affairs. The soldier understands this with entire clearness, and realizes its importance to his own and subsequent generations, even to the extent of staking his life that his conception of the truth, his certainty of it, may prevail on earth. It is all-important that the non-combatant should exercise his spirit in the same conception, the same certainty. The nation is fighting the war — not only the men at the front, still less exclusively the people at home; but the object toward which they are both striving is precisely one and the same. Each can help the other by keeping the simple outlines of that object unblurred and shining. From the countries that have been longer than we in the active fight comes the message that the original watchwords of the conflict are in danger of losing their potency as incentives after years of currency — just as the image, even of Liberty, on a coin that has passed too long from hand to hand, loses its first distinctness. On the youngest brother in the family of comrades-in-arms there rests peculiarly the obligation to hold the inmost purpose of the war steady and inviolate in all his thoughts. Through so doing, the non-combatant, in a thousand radiations of influence, may feel that he is doing his best toward becoming what the army designates so accurately as 'an effective.'

This unity of feeling between the fighting force and the helping, animating force behind it is indeed a matter of the utmost consequence. Though it is one of the things which are spiritual, and are therefore unseen, it must have, like all those things, its outward token, its temporal, or seen, expression. On every hand the opportunity for such expression presents itself. There is the personal pocket-book, standing in the closest possible relation to the national.

There are taxes to be paid without complaint. There are, besides, the numberless occasions for thrift arising in the daily life of everybody. Production for the purposes of war must be matched by those individual economies which make their enormous contribution to the resources of a nation. A constant revision of one's own parallel lists of luxuries and necessities tends to the increase of the one and the reduction of the other — a tendency that favors eliminations from the longer list. (To the vanishing train of physical indulgences, might not the luxury of grumbling at inconveniences, never before so trivial in comparison with the realities of pain in the world, be joined?) Then there are the inhibitions, as of alcohol, to which the soldier and sailor must submit under the pressure of law or necessity, and in which many civilians find themselves wishing to share, if only that they may come a little nearer to standing on a common footing of sacrifice. On any comparison of these matters there seems so pitifully little for the non-combatant to do that none will grudge him his drill of the spirit in seeking and finding his own occasions to go beyond the letter of the sumptuary law.

IV

When the end shall come, it will be in reality a great beginning. It has already been suggested that the manual of arms in which the non-combatant has exercised himself will still have its practical uses. There will be many personal continuations of new adjustments to new conditions. The relation between the civilian population and the millions now engaged in military, naval, and auxiliary activities, who must be reabsorbed into the civil body politic, will raise problems truly revealing the quality of the national

character. The facts of this relation are for the present highly, and inevitably, colored with sentiment. The sentiment will not perish, but the facts must yet be dealt with face to face. What we now partially realize in theory must be met in practice — the signal fact that the war is now sifting out and testing the men who, when it is done, are bound to be our leaders in all the more active branches of the national life. The history of the presidency through the decades that followed the Civil War affords a sufficiently clear illustration of what may be expected. This precedent, as we are realizing all too soon, has its tragic corollary of heroic deaths, cutting short many a living leadership, to be carried on, as best it may, through the inspiration of noble memories. With those who return, to become our future leaders, we shall have to deal; and everything that the non-combatant can now do to strengthen the sympathy and enlarge the mutual understanding between him and them will work to the ultimate profit of this our land.

From the present into the future will be carried, also, some of what may be called the bettered utilities of existence. If a war like this one was needed to show us what may be done with a newly utilized hour of daylight, surely we shall not let peace take such a benefit away from us. Nor can we part with the utter discrediting of idleness. The present status of the long school and college vacation provides a notable instance of what has happened in this regard. Our spirited youth, even below the military age, are now ashamed to stand as summer do-nothings. The institutions to which they are attached have commendably employed their resources for redeeming the time of summer, with varied provisions for training that will help, in one way or another, to win the war. It is all so much better than the old practice of long-extended

idleness, that it, too, when peace shall bring its new problems, must be cherished as a saved hour of educational daylight.

Still another unrelinquishable gain has come with the proof — for which the non-combatant has been the *corpus vile* of experiment — that, even short of 'giving till it hurts,' there has been hitherto a vast unexercised force of giving which does not hurt at all. This force has lain comparatively idle in the hands of those who are now finding themselves content with a smaller annual surplus, and of that immensely greater number who have learned to extend the area of their own self-denials. The proof has been merely a part of the sorely needed lesson that the individual service of the common good can be immeasurably increased. It is not taught otherwise than by the constant drilling of the civilian population; but through its means 'the great society,' 'the kingdom of heaven,' — call it what you will, — may some day be established among men.

v

This, truly, is a quintessential object of the war. Its attainment has become possible only at the terrific cost the world is now paying for it; but the end is so supremely worth winning that the cost must be paid. There is just one thought, a thought of the cynical non-combatant, and combatant, mind, that quenches the liveliest zeal for a conclusion of the whole prodigious business. It is a thought which finds expression in the sinister phrases: 'Man always has been and always will be a

fighting animal; this war will be followed by others so long as the race endures.' If that, beyond question, is the fact, no manual of arms will avail either the fighting or the helping force anything but the satisfaction of exhibition drills. One peace would be nearly as good as another; for, whatever its terms, it would be nothing but a truce. If the toll paid and still payable is exacted without a compensating hope, or faith, that nothing like it will ever again be asked of man, then indeed it is all an infinitely vain thing.

Only omniscience can pronounce the sinister saying positively false; but until it is proved true, — and there again omniscience is needed, — it is for finite minds to reject the ignominy of its acceptance. The horizon of the hopes of man is never quite so clear that the exact moment of sunrise or of sunset may be marked. But a great millennial hope is none the less to be treasured as the goal of all striving. Just when its object will be reached — if that object be an enduring peace, and if the means for securing it be that perpetual alliance of free nations which now appears to embody the most promising plan yet devised for its attainment — none may certainly declare. But whatever methods may be pursued to this end, the hope behind it, and the confidence that it is a reasonable and righteous hope, are the highest justifications for everything that everybody can do to achieve the victory of the Allies with whom our nation is joined. There is no weapon in the spiritual armor of the non-combatant that needs more constantly to be kept bright.

THE DUTY OF HATRED

BY HORACE J. BRIDGES

To live above the battle, in a private shrine of serenity and peace; to pray without discrimination that finely discriminating prayer of Christ for his enemies; to censure the raging resentment of the victims of outrages that we have not suffered, and of the witnesses of atrocities that have not offended our eyes; to set haloes on 'conscientious objectors' to the struggle that is saving our lives and the freedom of our land; to prate of pardoning the distant sinner against others, without confessing to ourselves how we should feel if his sins were committed against us: all this is feebleness and folly, or else moral treason. It is immorality using the Sermon on the Mount for smoke-screen; it is spiritual cowardice wearing the airs of Christian heroism; it is surpliced impiety and sanctimonious blasphemy. 'The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines.' Now, if ever, is the time for every heart to vibrate to that iron string.

Forgiveness is for unwitting or repented sins; not for sins conscious, deliberate, unrepented. It is the recognition that the sinner knew not what he did, with the clearly implied condition that, had he known, he would not have done it. Or it is the recognition that a professed contrition is sincere, and that an incipient amendment of life is to be lasting. Forgiveness is the highest and holiest attribute of man. It is an office that each must exercise, for all men need it at their fellows' hands. Among the radiations of soul into soul wherein

our truest life consists, the most glorious rays are those that shed pardon, and the peace of pardon, and the new faith in himself that our faith in the penitent sinner engenders. Whose sins we remit, they are *pro tanto* remitted; whose sins we retain, they are, *quâ* us, and *quâ* the sinner's kindly or resentful regard for us, retained. Like so many of the Christian sayings, the force of this one is due to its human truth, its universal applicability.

But because the doctrine of the remission of sins by human pardon is so important, it is not less important that we understand it aright, that we may know when and where it is our duty to practise it, and when and why it is wrong to forgive — or pretend to forgive. And in my judgment there really is a duty of hatred, an imperative of conscience prescribing resentment, as unconditional as the very law of love itself; nay, the law of resentment is the necessary complement of the law of love and pardon. Is not this one of the 'high things' that the 'high song' taught to Thalassius? —

He that loves life overmuch shall die
The dog's death, utterly;
But he that much less loves it than he *hates*
All wrongdoing that is done
Anywhere, always, underneath the sun,
Shall live a mightier life than Time's or Fate's.

That wrongdoing is to be hated is self-evident, and denied by none. Nobody professes to love treachery, or murder, or the exploitation of the weak by the strong. Even the German U-boat commander, who sank a ship of

ours in the Atlantic the other day, had the grace to admit that he hated the dastardly deed he had to do. Any condonation of the illegal and inhuman savageries committed by our enemies in this war would be intolerable. But many counselors are reminding us of the old Church maxim, that, while we hate the sin, we should love the sinner; and because I agree with this saying in its true meaning, I am concerned to see that it is interpreted in a rational sense, and not used sentimentally as a justification for a weak-kneed and immoral attitude. What, then, does it rightly mean?

It means loving the sinner, not as he is, but as he has it in him to become. It means that one should regard the inexhaustible potentialities of repentance and spiritual transformation in him, and order one's bearing and action so as to give to these deeply interred potentialities the maximum chance of release and actualization. It does not and cannot mean loving the sinner in so far as he is still identified in will with his sin, and with the end to which his sin is the means. The sin is the outward expression of an inward and spiritual perversion; it is not severable in moral estimate from the mental or spiritual aberration that prompts it. And the hatred rightly directed against the sin cannot be, and ought not to be, deflected from the personality of the sinner, in so far as this embodies itself in the censured deed.

It is strange that Christian ethics, the most inward and spiritual portion of our ancient ethical tradition, should have been used to justify a sunderance between will and deed which is in fact impossible, and which could not be justified, even if it were possible. We live only in our deeds and in the energies which release themselves therein; and it is precisely the teaching of Christ which lodges the sin in the heart's-root

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B

of the sinner, and so justifies the belief that hatred due to an evil act is due also to the evil disposition in which the act is conceived and born. 'That which comes from within a man defiles him'; and, in so far as he is the source of this defilement, identifies himself with it, persists in it and justifies it, I am to hate him as I hate it.

There is a noteworthy discrimination concerning the dying prayer of Christ in one of the wisest studies of the Christian ethic ever made: the *Ecce Homo* of Seeley. Noting the condition attached to Christ's plea for the forgiveness of his enemies, Seeley has the courage to conclude that Christ did not forgive the enemies who *knew* what they did. The ignorant Roman soldiers, in whose eyes He was a common malefactor, and who could make no distinction between Him and the criminals at his side, were, *for that reason alone*, to be forgiven. But the traitors who had consciously handed over their innocent fellow countryman to the agents of a foreign tyranny, who acted in deliberate malice and rejoiced in their success, are not forgiven by Christ, nor does He even pray for God's forgiveness to them. The omission, it can scarcely be doubted, was deliberate and intentional; and it was unquestionably right, for to forgive the impenitent is to condone their sin, and therefore to minimize it, if not actually to identify one's self with it.

I cannot hate the act of torpedoing a hospital ship without hating the men who order it to be done. I may not, it is true, forget the possibility that those men may some day come to hate their deed as I hate it now; but it is also true that, only after this miracle has been worked, will it be right for anybody to forgive them. If I am not to share their guilt, I must both feel and express the detestation inspired in me by their deed, and by themselves so long

as they remain identified in will with their deed.

The identification of the criminal with the unrepented crime, which I am here insisting upon, is in truth an identification that everybody recognizes in the case of good deeds and of artistic achievements. Nobody proposes to love the good act without loving the actor, in so far as he is expressed in, and identified with it. In these cases, we always see the man in the deed, the poet in the poem, the artist in the picture.

Of course, we rightly reserve consideration of the latent possibilities of evil in the doer of a good deed, just as we are bound to reserve consideration of the good potencies in the wrongdoer. But it is as wrong to pretend to love the impenitent and unpurged criminal while hating his sin, as it would be to hate the doer of a deed of love while loving the deed itself.

The bearing of this brief analysis on the great moral problem of the war scarcely needs explication. Hatred, within the limits of the purpose of ending this war and all war, — hatred for the very sake of the better nature buried under the demonism of the enemy, — is not merely tolerable, but is our bounden duty. For the circumstances are such that our only chance of contributing to the release of the true and better self of our enemies is to make manifest to them the immitigable anger

provoked in us by their deeds and by themselves as authors of those deeds. Such hatred is quite distinct from the blind lust of revenge, for the reason that its end is not the mere infliction upon the enemy of such savageries as he has perpetrated upon others, nor is it his annihilation. The end is such a physical victory over him as will render him impotent to pursue the course that has fired the world with a just hatred; and, to this end, the infliction upon him of so much injury as that end itself necessitates.

When the wild beast has been caged so that he can no longer burn, poison, rape, and destroy, his own reflections upon the universal detestation he has provoked, his own perception of the impossibility of his being readmitted to the fellowship of nations while he remains identified with the seven devils that possess him, will be the necessary prelude to the change of heart that would make forgiveness and restoration possible. In this process of the spiritual redemption of Germany, hatred of the wrong and the wrongdoers is a necessary factor.

The impossible pretence of loving the spirit which is expressed and embodied in the deeds we hate is a sickly and sickening sentimentality; it is, to return to Emerson's phrase, 'the gospel of love puling and whining,' and therefore it needs to be counteracted by the doctrine of a just hatred.

THE STORY OF SAPPHIRE

A TALE OF THE POLYGAMOUS CITY

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

WHEN I entered the hospital at half-past twelve, Sapphire, in white garments, was standing by the three cypress trees, in the shaded brick walk leading in from the gate. The moment I got inside the walls of the hospital garden, I began singing the song that had been in my heart all morning. I could not sing in the streets, for, in our city, even to hum is to arouse suspicion. People wonder what a woman can have to sing about, except something forbidden. And Sapphire was wondering the same thing, apparently, for, as I went up to her, she asked, —

‘Miss Sahib, what you singing for?’

‘Because I want to,’ I replied. ‘For joy, child, joy!’ I nearly added, ‘Not for men and money.’ But after all, it was not Sapphire’s fault that she had been born to her work of charming men with music, of making them stark mad, if they were rich enough to deserve the effort.

‘Joy?’ said Sapphire. Her voice was bitter — or wistful. ‘Joy? What’s the joy?’

A question, to be sure. It made me daring.

‘Something not found in your calling, I believe,’ I answered.

‘Miss Sahib,’ cried my friend eagerly, ‘come home with me for a while. You never come to see me nowadays, though I tell Flower every day to ask you to.

You’ve nothing to do now. Come with me!’

‘Sapphire,’ I said, ‘I’ve been teaching since six this morning, and I’m late getting home, as it is. The doctor will be annoyed that I’ve stayed out so long in the heat. I haven’t had lunch yet. I’m tired.’

‘Ah,’ she replied, ‘you tire so soon of us! You want a darkened house and a cool room to rest in, where there are no Indians.’

Her answer was so true that it hurt me. Of course she did not realize that talking a half-acquired language for hours might be a strain; neither did noise and dirt and heat and glare tire her. But still I could not let her say exactly what she did. I answered indignantly, —

‘I’m *never* tired of you. I’m tired working. You’d be, too.’

‘You can rest at my house,’ she argued. ‘I’ll cook you a good lunch myself. The house is quiet, too. Please come!’

So I went, because I was thinking of Flower. I hated walking through the city with Sapphire, and I was ashamed of myself for hating it, for, as I told myself, I should have been thinking of something else, not of the fact that some who saw us together would say, ‘Two of a kind,’ because we were both dressed in white, and unveiled, and unmarried. But we walked almost the length of the city, down the broad

street which writhed in the white heat, without meeting a soul. Everyone had taken refuge from the sun behind closed doors. Turning into a narrow street, we came to a substantial brick house in a good neighborhood, entered the curtained door of the women's apartments, and were secure.

Now, Sapphire was a *conjuri*. It is a less hard word than its English equivalent, and one in common use. Mothers, seeing their wee daughters learning baby accomplishments, hug them up joyfully, crying, 'Oh, sweet little *conjuri*!' And schoolgirls, playing, call to each other, 'Conjuri, you!' on such occasions as used to make us exclaim, 'You horrid thing!'

Sapphire was not beautiful, but she had a fresh pink color, and a very quizzical smile which kept many people interested in it. Her father was a real gentleman, I have been assured. He lived as a gentleman should; his fathers before him had taught him to live on the wages of his daughters. His wife kept more strict *purdah* than did any woman in the city — that is, she lived in more perfect seclusion. From the day she had been brought into the house, a bride of good birth, to produce daughters, until the day of her death, she never left the high walls of the women's quarters. She had three daughters, of whom Sapphire was the eldest, — the youngest was but eight, — whose work it was to fill the outer wing of the house, where they nightly held court, with such mirth as amused their admirers.

Sapphire had learned her cunning as a child, from her aunts, who used to keep dozens of women in the house. Her indignant neighbors said that it was no half-developed art with which she charmed her victims. 'She takes the very motion songs that you teach Flower in your school,' they said, 'and she turns them into the songs which we

hear all night from our roofs, and sings them so that men have no sense at all left.'

'You ought to give her credit for being more decent than her aunts,' I replied in her defense.

But I could not justify her. When from a distance I would see her walking, gaudily attired, through crowded bazaars, with brazen pleasure, I disliked her immensely. But when she was with me, and there were no women about to stimulate the defiant superiority which she always assumed in their company, her pathetic incessant appeal for my respect made me tender-hearted toward her.

I had met her first in the home of a respectable neighbor, where the women seemed to like her, and certainly to envy her her freedom. I believe she was delighted to find someone who, she supposed, was ignorant of her caste, and her manner begged my friendship. Had she not learned to read in the mission school? Was not Flower's regular attendance there, which she enforced, most commendable? She showed me her embroidery, which was unusually well done. She talked of the things that pleased me, and I never heard an indecent word from her, which was more than I could say for most of the women I knew. I lavished respect upon her. And afterwards, when she knew that I understood, she warded off any mention of her manner of life, which I imagined she loathed. When I suggested the possibility of such a thing to her merciless neighbors, they laughed wisely. But one day a bitter cry of humiliation showed me that I was right.

'Everyone despises us — they abhor us. What are such women as we in the world?' I remembered her words the day she asked, 'What's joy?'

The court we sat in, on low cots, was brick-paved, perhaps twelve feet square, and was surrounded by wide verandahs,

behind which were living-rooms. Sapphire brought me in gayly, and her mother and sisters received me most cordially, with many reproofs for not coming oftener. Sapphire cooked my lunch — the most delicious omelet I ever ate, flavored with mint and Indian spices. It was great kindness on her part, for she was almost too lazy to order her servants about. When the women, much pleased that I enjoyed their food, removed the tray from the chair on which they had placed it in front of me, I picked up an Indian doll, most cleverly fashioned by hand from white muslin, well colored, and gorgeously dressed.

'Who made this?' I asked in surprise.

'I did,' said the second sister, a red-lipped girl, extremely thin and graceful, who at fourteen was well launched in her career. 'That's nothing. I've made nicer ones than her. Shall I show them to you?'

'Do,' I said.

'You want to see mine?' asked Flower, the youngest.

She spoke shyly, as sweet little girls sometimes do.

'Of course I do,' I assured her.

In a moment both the girls were spreading out on the cot boxes full of dolls of many sizes and nationalities, and alas, alas! they were all dressed in wedding clothes, and wore the jewelry of brides.

'Are they *all* newly married?' I asked the little black-eyed child.

'Yes,' she said, 'my dollies are all married. We play they may be.'

Sapphire turned away abruptly. I could have wept. For it is only to women of their caste that marriage is denied in our city. I examined the childish stitches in the dolls' small garments, wondering that at eight one should have felt the sting of shame. We talked of everything, but the thing we were all thinking of.

But as I left that day, when Sapphire was standing in the outer door, talking nervously, I said to her, though I knew it hurt her, —

'Sapphire, give that little thing to me. I'll take her away from this, and put her in a boarding-school, and she'll forget about this. I'll marry her well. She shall be my own sister.'

'We're going to marry her ourselves,' she answered, though she knew I did not believe her. 'And anyway I can't give her to you. You know that. They would n't let her get away. They'd say you'd make a Christian of her.'

'You know you would n't care if I did,' I replied. 'Would you now?'

'No, I would n't,' she said. 'Anything would be better than this. It would be better to be a pig,' she added, because in her exhaustive vocabulary she had no word which to her seemed stronger. 'What can I do about it? It's too hot for you to be standing here. I must n't keep you.'

II

Afterwards I reflected that perhaps it had been too hot that afternoon, or perhaps it was the omelet, or other similar indiscretions. For I had two weeks of fever soon after, and was sent to the hills for the vacation that I had planned to take later. One noon after I returned, the bearer told me a servant of Judge Faiz Ali had waited a long time for me and had promised to return in the evening. When I inquired who the judge was, I was told that he was a newly appointed district official who had lately married a woman I knew. Her name was Sapphire.

I was delighted that my friend had attained so boldly the respectability she longed for. When I asked the doctor about it, she said that the city had been full of gossip about the marriage, because the men of Sapphire's family,

outraged by her unfilial conduct, had gone to law to regain possession of her. But the judge, who was a man of influence, had laughed at his relatives-in-law, and won the case.

Next day I went to congratulate Sapphire, who had done all a woman of her caste could do to put away her shame, and more than most women dared to do. But when I got within the decorous seclusion of her new home, the bubble of my gratification burst. She was sitting idly on a low cot, beneath a tree, whose branches spread to make a roof for the paved court. Richly and plainly dressed, with flowers in her gold earrings, she was stringing jasmine flowers for a wreath. In the veranda beyond, two beautiful women were sitting, sewing. Never have I been regarded with such contemptuous disapproval as that which they bestowed upon me for a moment, until they turned and went into the room behind the veranda. But Sapphire made up for their lack of cordiality.

'Don't mind her,' she said. 'I don't. She's the judge's other wife. The younger one is her daughter visiting her. Yes, I'm very happy here. He's *very* good to me. And he has the sweetest little son, just starting to school. I help him with his lessons. And I keep well here. I think this house will agree with me. The only thing is, I seldom see Flower.'

'Does n't she ever come to see you?' I asked.

'She just runs in for a minute, on her way to school. My father would be furious if he knew it. But I *have* to see her once in a while. I want her to know how happy I am. You must come to see me often, now that I live so near.'

Whenever I went to see her afterwards, she seemed eminently satisfied with herself and her circumstances. But I saw what the other wife hoped in vain to see: that Sapphire resented

bitterly the snubbings which the older woman never failed to make as painful as possible. One day when we were alone she said to me angrily, —

'Why does she put on such airs? Has he not a right to marry whom he will? I'm his wife as much as she is. And the little lad loves me. She ought to be glad that I don't insist on the judge taking another house for himself and the child and me, and leaving her here alone. I will do it, if she is n't decent. She knows perfectly well I can do it. He never thinks of her, since he's known me, unless I remind him of her. And he's always kind to her. She has nothing to complain of.'

'I don't know about that,' I said. 'Just suppose someone should win him away from you. How would you like that?'

Sapphire laughed. 'Let anyone try it who wants to,' she said. 'I'm not afraid. And anyway, if I'd lived comfortably all my life, I would n't grudge another woman a little bit of comfort.'

Just then the fat little son, in fine white pajamas and shirt and a blue silk vest, with a gold-embroidered cap on his head, which was closely shaven except for a fringe of soft bangs, came in from school. He went straight to Sapphire's arms. She caressed him, and made him open his book and recite his lesson to me. This he did in shy haste, scarcely waiting to draw breath. When he finished, I praised him, and looking up, saw his mother in the doorway of her room, smiling on him with pride and tenderness unspeakable.

'Akhbar,' she said gently, 'why will you wipe your inky fingers on your shirt. You were so nice and clean this morning, and look at you now! You're so hot. Come and have lunch.'

'Akhbar,' said Sapphire deliberately, untying some coins from the end of her veil, 'take this, and go and get the Miss Sahib some lemonade.'

The boy looked at his mother.

'Send a servant,' she said shortly to Sapphire. 'Can't you see he's too hot?'

Sapphire gave the child a caress. 'Run along, king that you are,' she said lovingly.

The boy went, and the mother turned away into her room.

'Sapphire,' I said quietly, 'you needn't think I'm going to drink that lemonade. It's downright wicked of you to act that way!'

'Oh, it is, is it?' she retorted. 'I suppose it's my fault I have n't a son. Perhaps it was wrong to destroy mine, for fear they'd be girls. I suppose it's wicked to make the little son love me — mighty wicked, is n't it?'

'I'm awfully sorry you have n't a son of your own,' I replied gently. 'But that's no reason why you should torment the boy's mother as you did then.'

'One thing I know,' continued Sapphire vehemently. 'One thing I am sure of. Flower is not going to live through what I've lived through. She's like my own child. I'll —'

'What will you do?' I asked as she hesitated. 'By the time she is old enough to choose for herself legally, it will be too late.'

'Legally!' she exclaimed. 'Who said legally? I'm not English!'

But she would say no more. I was sorry that I had been so sharp with her. So I drank the lemonade which the child brought in bottles, and when I left she was mollified, and even gay. But that was because the older woman was watching her.

III

What Sapphire said about Flower stayed in my mind, for every day, as I saw the little child in school during the next three years, the problem of her future rose up and smote me. She was

growing quickly into a wonderfully beautiful woman. She was slender and straight; her wavy hair, which, like her eyes, was perfectly black, made a braid thicker than her thin arm, and at her temples curled into soft ringlets. Her face, except in moments of excitement, when her cheeks grew vividly pink, was a clear ivory color, and had the fascinating fluency of expression that seems peculiarly Indian. Her girlish delight, or laughter, or annoyance, any sudden thought she had, flowed across her dimpled face as clear water flows over stones in sunlit brooks. There was no child in school who could compare with her for beauty. Watching her, I used to plan all sorts of futile schemes. And suddenly one morning, when she was about eleven, she was not to be found.

Naturally they rose late at Flower's home. Her mother, seeing the child's bed empty, supposed she had slept in the other sister's rooms, and sent her son to awaken his sister for school. But the sister, angry at being awakened, declared that Flower had not been with her since the day before.

'She will have gone to the roof,' said the mother. 'Call her down.'

But there was no bed on the roof.

'Well, she's somewhere,' the mother said, annoyed, as she began searching. Not finding her, she aroused the house.

'She must have gone to school without her breakfast,' her father conjectured.

So the brother was sent running to school, only to find that they knew nothing of her. They searched at the neighbors, vainly. A servant was sent to Sapphire, who asked haughtily why anyone supposed she knew anything about Flower. The sister came to the hospital to question us. The search spread, and continued frantically. The police were called in. They examined the wells round about. The mother wailed and fainted, and the neighbors

discussed the misfortune in anxious little groups.

The next morning, when I went to inquire if the child had been found, they told me she had not, and moreover they were angry with me. I must have stolen her away. I protested that I had done no such thing. They insisted that I must have.

'Do you think I'm lying?' I asked.

'You know you wanted her,' cried the sister.

'I *did* want her,' I acknowledged. 'I wish I had her this minute. But I have n't. Some of the men who were here last night must know something about it.'

They agreed that it was possible, and assured me the police were making investigation. They seemed to think she would be found with Sapphire or me. The inspector, however, accepted my statement, when I told him I was innocent, and Sapphire's husband refused to have her questioned. She swore to me, weeping, as she had done to her father, by the Most High God, by the Koran, by her father's beard, by her husband's honor, by her hopes of heaven, that she knew nothing about Flower.

Days and weeks passed, and Flower was not found. The excitement died away. People generally believed that the child had been kidnapped by soldiers leaving the city for the frontier. But the mother was still crying herself blind, and the father's anger was only a degree less ardent, when, a month after Flower's disappearance, Sapphire, very much dejected, and wretchedly worried about the child, returned home to stay. The Judge, she said, had grown tired of her. They had quarreled, and he had divorced her.

The fact that her home-coming comforted her mother and pacified her father did not relieve the repugnance she felt against living at home. She cried

for hours together, and coughed painfully, and grew so irritable that even her father had to be careful of the tone in which he addressed her. She may have sung and danced by night, but certainly by day she was not lovely. One morning, when she came wearily to the hospital for her medicine, she answered me very sharply, and at once begged my pardon.

'Don't mind my being so cross,' she said; 'I'm miserable at home now, and I'm ill.'

'Why did n't you stay where you were?' I questioned. 'You were better there. I don't believe for a moment that the Judge divorced you.'

'Don't you?' she asked, greatly pleased. 'You knew I could manage him, did n't you? I suppose you think as the others do, that I came back to my people for love of the life!'

'I'm not judging you,' I said.

But afterwards I saw that I had been thinking that, after all, she was just a common conjuri. My interest in her rather flagged, without Flower to sustain it, and I was kept busy in the school.

IV

Three or four years after Sapphire's divorce, she came as an in-patient to the hospital, that the doctor might try a new cure for tuberculosis. She was put in the tubercular ward, which was really two stories of open-roofed verandas, sterilized daily by the sun, and sheltered by sliding screens, where I visited her daily.

The doctor, who had believed Sapphire would respond to the treatment, was much disappointed to see her weakness daily growing more painful. We were discussing her case one afternoon at tea, when our mail was brought in. There was a letter for me, an envelope addressed in English, containing a post-card covered with the scrawling writing

of an Indian child. It said, after greetings and prayers for my prosperity, 'Please tell Sapphire I have a son. I am very well. The child loves her exceedingly. Our Sahib's Memsahib made him a little shirt with her own hands. Don't let anyone but Sapphire know.'

Oh, but I was glad when I realized what it meant. I could scarcely wait until the time of evening prayers, when every patient who had strength enough even to creep hastened to join the group of women who gathered round the doctor, to hear her songs, and her very proper prayers for their recovery, and to see her beam upon them as they told her of their ailments and their improvements.

Sapphire was too weak to join the gathering of the blessed ones who could walk. But when she saw me coming up the stairs, she tried to sit up on her cot. I made her lie down, and took the fan out of her weak yellow hand. I wondered if joy would hurt her.

'I've got good news for you,' I said, smiling.

'It's from Flower,' she said; 'let me see it.'

She had risen on her elbow. She took the letter and read it three times, without looking at me. Her drawn face grew pitifully sweet.

'Flower has a son,' she said softly. 'She has a son. Is n't it sweet?' she repeated. 'A little son. It was worth it.'

'It's perfectly lovely,' I said. There was a pause. 'You don't seem surprised.'

'She wrote me a few months ago,' Sapphire said; and when she had finished coughing, she added, 'And oh, Miss Sahib, that letter came so near betraying her that I wrote her to write to you for me when she must write, and to have her husband post the letter at a distance. You don't object, do you?'

'I'm delighted,' I said. 'Would you

mind telling me how you managed it?'

'I'd have told you before,' she said, 'But I knew you could n't lie well in an emergency. I decided I'd tell you before I —'

'I understand,' I said.

Sapphire seemed to be getting great pleasure out of her thoughts in the pause. Presently she began.

'When I was living in the Judge's house, I was always planning for her — was she not lovely? You remember the time I went to Amritsar with him? There was a young cousin of his in the house in which we visited there, such a nice lad, who was about to leave for his post in the forestry department away across India. He was not married. I, being his aunt, questioned him discreetly. I told him I would give him a wife lovelier than the sunrise, on condition that he kept his marriage secret. Of course he agreed. The night he passed through, I took Flower to the station — at one in the morning. She had no wedding garments, but the best veils the Judge had bought me, I gave her. In the moonlight, there where the logs were piled in the vacant lot by the station, I put on her a lavender one embroidered in gold. I kissed her much. Ah, but she was brave! She went away like a woman. I put her in the women's compartment. No one knew us — we were safely veiled. The next morning they were to get out at Delhi. I had told them how to know each other. He promised to marry her in that city.' Sapphire smiled. 'Of course I did n't believe he'd do it because he said he would, but because of his joy when Flower lifted her outer veil. Can't you imagine how she'd look — all blushing, and the gold next her hair?'

'I can imagine,' I replied.

'It must have been sweet,' she said; and she sighed.

The rest was not so pleasant.

'I got back to the house without

anyone knowing I had gone. But it was fate: the servant of that other wife had returned by the train that I sent Flower on. Next morning early, she said to her mistress, —

“That old servant of the Judge’s uncle came last night on the train I came on. He’ll be here presently, most likely. Wonder why they could have sent him here?”

‘But the servant never came, and at evening the other wife told the Judge that his uncle’s servant had come to town by the night train, but had not come to the house all day. The Judge answered that the old servant had merely been passing through with the nephew, with whom he had been sent to the forestry station. And somehow, Miss Sahib, that fiend of a woman *guessed* that Flower had gone with the young man. She had n’t a sign of evidence. She simply guessed it. And she was so sure, that she sent her old servant all that distance to spy Flower out, and bring her word. And when the servant returned, after seeing Flower, that woman said to me, —

“You leave this house in one month, or I tell your father where Flower is. As you put the charm on my husband, you take it off. I give you one month to make him hate you.”

‘She had won. I did n’t want to kill her. “I’ll go in two weeks,” I told her. “And if you or your servant tell what you know, I’ll win the Judge back, and I’ll live in a separate house with him and your son, and my sister will live in a separate house with your daughter’s husband.”’

‘She knew I meant it. I went home. It killed me to let a silly deserted woman like her triumph over me. But what could I do? Flower was so little,

I could n’t let her be brought back.’ Apologetically she explained away her sacrifice. ‘You know how it is with women. They’re always saying to their children, “Ah, that I might take your pain, and give you my joy! Would that I might suffer in your place!” I had to do it, even if I was beginning to hope for a son of my own in those days. It might have been, for I was well. But now *she* has a son!’

The hatred died out of her face as she contemplated that glory.

‘Sapphire,’ I began. But Hindustani failed me. I knew there were tears in my eyes.

‘Oh, it’s all right now,’ she said, ‘now that it’s over. Will you write her for me, and say that I’ve never been so happy as I am to-day, lying on this bed panting. You’d better tell her how it was. I don’t think either she or her husband knows I’m divorced. Perhaps something will go wrong with her. He may marry again, or divorce her. What does one know of the future? And if she knows I returned home, naturally she’d return, too. But if you tell her what I did to save her, she’ll never come back. I think you can make a good letter about it.’

‘I think myself that I can,’ I said.

‘But you must n’t let it hurt her too much. She’s a tenderhearted little thing.’ She considered a while, and added, ‘But perhaps you’d better tell her I was hoping for a son. There come great temptations.’ She paused again, then chuckled weakly. ‘And when I’m not here to frighten her, the Judge’s wife won’t dare to tell, because she’d be afraid of getting the nephew tried for kidnapping. Flower is safe, and she has a son. It was worth while. It’s very sweet.’

SEA-WRACK

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

SUSPENDED in the naked air eight thousand feet above New York, I look down and see the city and its inhabitants merged into one. From this height the metropolis is less interesting, and is hardly more noticeable than many tropical ants' nests which have come under my observation. Circling slowly earthward, I have watched the city split apart into its cañon streets, and have finally distinguished the caterpillars which I knew were trains, and the black beetles which must be automobiles. Last, and apparently least, were resolved a multitude of tiny specks, weird beings all hats and legs, which were undoubtedly the makers and owners of these beetles and worms and cañons.

In many similar bird's-eye views of the city, one phase of activity always amuses and thrills. Circling as low as I dare, bumped and jolted by the surging uprush of invisible spouts of warm air, I head, like a frigate-bird, straight into the teeth of the wind, and hang for a time parallel with the streaming lines of gray and white smoke. Near the margin of the city, where the glittering water reaches long fingers in between the wharves, a crowd of people push, antwise, down to the brink. Many burdened individuals pass and repass over slender bridges or gang-planks, for all the world like leaf-cutting ants transporting their booty over twigs and grass-stems. Then comes a frantic waving of antennæ (or are they handker-

chiefs), and finally part of the wharf detaches itself and is slowly separated from the city. Now I can mount higher to a less dangerous altitude, and watch the ship become a drifting leaf, then a floating mote, to vanish at last over the curve of the world.

I cease chuckling into the roar of my motor; my amusement becomes all thrill. The gods shift and change: Yoharneth-Lahai leaves me, and in his place comes Slid, with the hand of Roon beside mine on the wheel. I hasten hangerwards with the gulls which are beating toward their roosting sands of far Long Island beaches.

On some future day, I, in my turn, scurry up a gang-plank laden with my own particular bundles, following days of haste and nights of planning. I go out on the upper deck of the vessel, look upward at a gull, and think of the amusing side of all the fuss of preparation, the farewells, the departure, which sufficient perspective gives. And then I look ahead, out toward the blue-black ocean, and up again to the passing gulls, and the old, yet ever new thrill of travel, of exploration, possesses me. Even if now the thrill is shared by none other, if I must stand alone at the rail watching the bow dip to the first swell outside the harbor, I am yet glad to be one of the ants which has escaped from the turmoil of the great nest, to drift for a while on this tossing leaf.

At the earnest of winter — whether biting frost or flurry of snowflakes — a woodchuck mounts his little moraine of trampled earth, looks about upon

the saddening world, disapproves, and descends to his long winter's sleep. An exact parallel may be observed in the average passenger. As the close perspective of home, of streets, of terrestrial society, slips away, and his timid eyes gaze upon the unwonted sight of a horizon, — a level horizon, unobstructed by any obstacle of man's devising, — mental and physical activity desert him. He hibernates. He swathes himself, larva-like, in many wrappings, and encases himself in the angular cocoons furnished for the purpose, at one dollar each, by the deck-steward; or he haunts the smoking-room, and under the stimulus of unaccustomed beverages, enters into arguments at levels of intelligence and logic which would hardly tax the powers of Pithecanthropus or a Bushman.

From the moment of sailing I am always impressed with the amusing terrestrial instincts of most human beings. They leave their fellows and the very wharf itself with regret, and no sooner are they surrounded by old ocean than their desires fly ahead to the day of freedom from this transitory aquatic prison. *En route*, every thought, every worry, every hope is centripetal. The littlenesses of ship-life are magnified to subjects of vital importance; and so perennial and enthusiastic are these discussions, that it seems as if the neighbor's accent, the daily dessert, the sempiternal post-mortem of the bridge game, the home-life of the stewardess, must contain elements of greatness and goodness. With a few phonograph records, it would not be a difficult matter to dictate in advance a satisfactory part in the average conversation at the captain's table. The subjects, almost without exception, are capable of prediction, the remarks and points of view may be anticipated.

Occasionally a passenger detaches his mind from the ship and its doings long

enough to take note of something happening beyond the rail — some cosmic phenomenon which he indicates with unerring finger as a beautiful sunset; frequently reassuring himself of our recognition by a careful enumeration of his conception of the colors. Or a school of dolphins undulates through two mediums, and is announced, in a commendably Adam-like, but quite inaccurate spirit, as porpoises or young whales. Mercury, setting laggardly in the west, is gilded anew by our informant as a lightship, or some *phare* off Cape Imagination. We shall draw a veil, or go below, when an 'average citizen' begins to expound the stars and constellations.

All this is only amusing, and with the limited interest in the ship and the trip which the usual passenger permits himself, he still derives an amazing amount of pleasure from it all. It is a wonderful childlike joy, whether of convincingly misnaming stars, enthusiastically playing an atrocious game of shuffle-board, or estimating the ship's log with methods of cunning mathematical accuracy, but hopeless financial results. All these things I have done, and shall doubtless continue to do on future voyages; but there is an additional joy of striving to break with precedent, to concentrate on the alluring possibilities of new experiences, new discoveries, on board ship.

If the vessel is an oasis in a desert, — or in a 'waste of waters,' as is usually announced at table about the second or third day out, — then I am a true Arab, or, to follow more closely the dinner simile, a Jonah of sorts, for my interest is so much more with the said waste, or the things in it and above it, than with my swathed, hibernating fellow mortals.

Precedent on board ship is not easily to be broken, and much depends on the personality of the captain. If he has dipped into little-known places all over

the world with which you are familiar, or if you show appreciation of a captain's point of view, the battle is won. A few remarks about the difficulty of navigation of Nippon's Inland Sea; a rebuke of some thoughtless idiot at table who hopes for a storm — such things soon draw forth casual inquiries on his side; and when a captain begins to ask questions, the freedom of the chart-room is yours, and your unheard-of requests, which only a naturalist could invent or desire, will not fail of fulfillment.

II

I am off on a voyage of two weeks to British Guiana, and I begin to ponder the solution of my first problem. The vessel ploughs along at a ten-knot rate, through waters teeming with interesting life, and stopping at islands where every moment ashore is of thrilling scientific possibility. By what means can I achieve the impossible and study the life of this great ocean as we slip rapidly through it — an ocean so all-encompassing, yet, to a passenger, so inaccessible?

Day after day I scan the surface for momentary glimpses of cetaceans, and the air for passing seabirds. Even the rigging, at certain seasons, is worth watching as a resting-place for migrating birds. The extreme bow is one of the best points of vantage; but the spot of all spots for an observer is the appropriately named crow's nest, high up on the foremast. You have indeed won the captain over to your bizarre activities when he accords permission to climb the swaying ratlines and heave yourself into that wonderful place. It is tame enough when compared with piloting a plane among the clouds, but it presents an enormous expanse of ocean compared with the humble deck view. Here you can follow the small whales or blackfish down and down

long after they have sounded; with your binoculars you can see every detail of the great floating turtles. And when the sun sinks in glory which is terrible in its grandeur, you may let it fill your senses with wordless ecstasy, without fear of interpretive interruption. Save for the other match-stick mast and the spider-web ratlines, the horizon is unbroken.

Many years ago I spent a night in the torch of the Statue of Liberty, and each time I dozed, the twenty-odd inch arch through which the lofty structure swayed awoke me again and again, being changed, behind one's closed lids, into a single motion, apparently that of a gradually accelerated fall to earth. In the crow's nest, when the ship is rolling, I can often conjure up the same feeling when my eyes are shut; but now I react to a new stimulus, and instinctively reach for a steering-rod, as the sensation is that of a wing-slip, consequent upon too slow progress of an aeroplane.

Among the luggage which I take on board is always a large, eight-pronged iron grapple, with a long coil of rope. These the stewards eye askance when they place them in my cabin, and hold whispered consultations as to their possible use. It is by no accident or chance that, before the third day, I have won the attention and a certain amount of interest of the captain, and have obtained permission to put his vessel to a novel use.

About the fourth day, from the upper deck or the ship's bow, I begin to see floating patches of seaweed — gulfweed, or sargasso, as it is called. For the most part, this appears as single stems or in small rounded heads, yellow-brown or olive-green, awash with the surface. But, as we proceed southward, larger masses appear, and with my assistant, I get my crude apparatus ready. We fasten one end of the coil of

rope to the rail of the lowest open deck forward, and then I mount the rail, securing a good grip with legs and feet. As a cowboy on a fractious horse gathers the loops of his lariat for the throw, so I estimate my distance and balance myself for the propitious moment.

Now, if not before, the audience gathers. It is flattering to see how quickly my performance will empty the smoking-room, put an end to bridge games, and fill the deck-chairs with deserted, outspread yellow backs. As dangerous rival attractions, I admit only boat-drill and the dinner-gong!

My whole object is, of course, to secure as much as possible of the sargasso-weed, together with its strange inhabitants; and to this end I have tramped the decks of steamers with the patience of the pedestrian of Chillon. I have learned the exact portion of the ship where the strain is the least, and where the water, out-flung from the bow, is redrawn most closely to the vessel's side. I have had over-heavy grapples dragged from my hand, and have barely escaped following the lost instrument. I have seen too-light irons skip along the surface, touching only the high spots of the waves. As one drops one's aerial bomb well in advance of the object aimed at, so I have had to learn to adjust the advance of my cast to the speed of the ship.

I make throw after throw in vain, and my audience is beginning to jeer and to threaten to return to the unfinished no trumps, or the final chapter of 'The Lure of Love.' Near the water-level as I am, I can yet see ahead a big 'slick' of golden brown, and I wait. But the bow dips farther and farther away, and I almost give up hope. Then I look up appealingly to the bridge and catch a twinkle in the captain's eye. Even as I look, he motions to the wheelman, and the second succeeding dip of the bow slews it nearer the aquatic

golden field. Still more it swings to starboard, and at last crashes down into the very heart of the dense mass of weed. The frothing water alongside is thick with the tangle of floating vegetation, and it is impossible to miss. I throw and lean far over, dragging the grapple until its arms are packed full. Then, with all my strength I draw up, hand over hand, leaning far out so that it will not bang against the side, and dump the dripping mass on the deck. My helper instantly frees the prongs, and I make a second cast and get another rich haul before the last of the field of weed drifts astern and tarnishes the emerald foam of the propeller-churned wake.

For a few minutes there is wild excitement. My audience dances and shouts with enthusiasm from the upper rails, members of the crew appear and help me pursue agile crabs and flopping³ fish about the deck. Even the surly old mate roars down news of another batch of weed ahead, and I curb my curiosity and again mount my precarious roost.

In the course of several days I acquire a wonderful sunburn, considerable accuracy in flinging my octodont, and finally a series of tumblers of very interesting specimens, which furnish me with many new facts, and my fellow passengers with the means to kill much of that embarrassing concomitant of ocean voyages — time.

An amazing amount of fiction and nonsense has been written about the sargasso-weed, but the truth is actually more unbelievable. Though we see it in such immense patches, and although for days the ocean may be flecked with the scattered heads of the weed, yet it is no more at home in mid-ocean, than the falling leaves in autumn may claim as their place of abode the breeze which whirls them about, or the moss upon which at last they come to rest. Along

the coast of Central America the sargasso-weed grows, clinging, as is the way with seaweeds, to coral and rock and shell, and flowering and fruiting after its lowly fashion. The berry-like bladders with which the stems are strung are filled with gas, and enable the plants to maintain their position regardless of the state of the tide. Vast quantities are torn away by the waves and drift out to sea, and these stray masses are what we see on every trip south, which, caught in the great mid-ocean eddy, form the so-called Sargasso Sea.

Just as the unending fall of dead leaves has brought about a forest-loving clique of brown and russet-colored small folk, — frogs, crickets, lizards, and birds, which spend much of their life hiding beneath or living upon the brown dead leaves, — so this never-ending drift of weed has evolved about it a little world of life, a microcosmos of great intimacy, striving by imitation of frond and berry and color to avoid some of the host of enemies forever on the lookout.

It is possible to place a bit of weed in a tumbler of salt water, and have a dozen people examine it without seeing anything but a yellowish-brown frond, with many long, narrow leaves and a number of berry-like structures. Here and there are patches of shiny ivory-white shells — tiny whorls glued closely to the surface of the leaves. Yet on this same small piece of weed there may be several good-sized crabs, slug-like creatures, shrimps, and a fish two or three inches in length. Until they move, the eye is powerless to detach them. No two are alike: the little frog-fish is mottled and striped, with many small flabby filaments, and apparently ragged fins, with curious hand-like fore limbs which clutch the fronds closely; the pipe-fish and sea-horses are draped and ragged, and splashed with yellow and

brown; the slugs are simply flaccid stems or leaves, and the crabs are beyond belief, living bits of weed. Some are clear yellow, others are mottled, others again have white enameled spots like the small masses of tiny shells. The little shrimps are mere ghosts of life, transparent, yielding to every movement of the water — altogether marvelous. Then there are other beings, blue like the sea, white like the foam, or translucent bits of disembodied organs. This is all absorbingly wonderful; but the unreality of this little world's existence, the remembrance of its instability, is always present, and the tragedy of the immediate future looms large.

The weed along the coast is honest growth, with promise of permanence. The great floating Sargasso Sea is permanent only in appearance; and when finally the big masses drift, with all their lesser attendant freight, into the Gulf Stream, then life becomes a sham. There can be no more fruiting or sustained development of gas-filled berries. No eggs of fish or crabs will hatch, no new generation of sea-horses or mollusks appear among the stems. Bravely the fronds float along; day by day the hundred little lives breathe and feed and cling to their drifting home. But soon the gas-berries decay, and the frond sinks lower and lower; as the current flows northward, and the water becomes colder, the crabs move less rapidly, the fish nibble less eagerly at the bits of passing food. Soon a sea-horse lets go and falls slowly downward, to be snapped up at once, or to sink steadily into the eternal dusk and black night of deeper fathoms. Soon the plant follows and, like all its chilled pensioners, dies. The supply from the Sargasso Sea seems unending, but one's sympathies are touched by these little assemblages, so teeming with the hope of life, all doomed by the current which

is at once their support, their breath, and their kismet.

But all these creatures, interesting as they are, form but a tithe of the life existing around and beneath the ship. Night after night I lean over the bow and watch the phosphorescence flare and flash beneath the surface, the disturbance of the steamer's approach springing a myriad of these floating mines, whose explosions, gentler than those of human make, merely vibrate into a splendor of visibility. How to capture these tiny beings which the eye can scarcely resolve is a matter far more difficult than the netting of the seaweed. I try to plan, then give it up, then walk restlessly over the vessel, seeking some method. But, as is often the case, Nature had fairly to force the solution upon me. Thoreau says somewhere, 'A trout in the milk is pretty good circumstantial evidence'; and in similar guise I saw the light.

Early one morning I was paddling in my salt-water bath, thinking of the coming week, when I should be able to dive into island harbors from the deck, when I sat up suddenly at the sight of a tiny fish disporting himself with me in the tub. At least I needed no further hint, and as I scooped up the little being, my plan was made. By exhaustive inquiry among the feminine portion of the passengers, I obtained possession of a small square of a very fine-meshed fabric something like bolting-cloth. In the evening, with the assurance of a small monetary liaison with the bath-steward, I tied this bit of cloth over the salt-water nozzle, and carefully set the faucet so that a dribble of water trickled forth. In the morning the cloth-strainer contained a small blob of grayish jelly. This I dropped into a tumbler and saw the water cloud with an opalescent mist of a myriad motes, and I knew that my plan was successful. No matter how tempestuous the sea, or at

what speed the ship throbbed through the water, I would always be able to gather any amount of the wonderful floating life of the ocean — the phosphorescent *plankton* — for my microscope.

Again, aside from my own edification, I was able to give some thrills to my fellow passengers; and I have had twenty or more lined up for a glimpse at the weird things of the open sea. In spite of my reassurances, there was reported to be less enthusiasm for the daily bath, and much suspicious inspection of the clear ocean tub-water as a result of glimpses of the concentrated cosmos in my tumblers.

I can recall many similar diversions and discoveries of new possibilities of life and action on board ship, but one brings memories of especial delight.

Next to the crow's nest the bow is, for me, the place of greatest joy — the spot where each moment one's eyes reach forward into a trackless, unexplored field of view. Long had I pondered the possibility of getting nearer the fascinating bit of unbroken water just ahead. At last a scheme unfolded itself; but not until a following trip, when I had made all preparations, did I venture to ask permission of the captain. For I knew better than to wish to add anything to the responsibility of this official. When he had become used to my eccentric use of the deck and the bath-tubs, I unfolded my new plan, and, thanks to my preparation, met with no opposition. I had a waistcoat made of stout leather straps, with a heavy ring behind to which I attached a strong rope. This, tethered to the rail, in the extreme bow, enabled me to swarm safely down until I reached the flukes of the great anchor. Seating myself comfortably, I lashed my leather straps fast, and was ready for work, with glass or net or camera. Of course this was possible only on compara-

tively calm days; but when the sea was mirror-like, with only the low, heaving swells bending its surface, and the flying fish flushed before us in schools, then I had days of good sport.

III

This novel method of anchor-perching led indirectly to the solution of a very different puzzle. I had been thinking and talking of the congested turmoil of the great city far below the horizon to the north. Looking back on a year in its midst, memory, aroused by present contrasts, registered sham, insincerity, deceit, illusion, veneer, as dominant notes in civilization. In an argument one evening I had held that deceit or illusion was not of necessity evil, nor, when unconsciously self-imposed, even reprehensible.

The next day, I had instanced a very apparent example. Our very knowledge, our mental mastery, leads us to false sensory assertions, which become so universal that they seem apparent truisms. Only by a distinct effort may we summon them to consciousness and correctly place them. It is not without a wrench that we set aside the evidence of our senses, and realize the proof which physics offers. We watch the glorious 'sunset,' and to disillusion our minds require to repeat again and again that it is the earth which is heaving upward, the horizon which is eclipsing the sun and the sky of day. I once persuaded a group of passengers to speak only of the evening's 'earth-rise,' and in three or four days this term had become reasonable, and had almost lost its strangeness.

One finds numerous examples of these sensory deceptions at sea; our senses are at fault in every direction. The wind flutters the fins of the flying fish and we think they actually fly. The tropic sea, under the palest of green skies, is sat-

urated ultramarine, save where the propellers churn it to pea-green, yet in our bath the water is clear and colorless.

My most interesting oceanic illusion was a personal one, a result of memory. I looked about the ship and felt that this at least was wholly sincere; it was made to fulfill every function and it achieved its destiny day by day, finally and completely. I had never sailed on a vessel of this name before, the Yamaro, and yet at certain moments an oblique glance brought a flash of memory, of a familiar hatchway, a rail which fitted snugly under one's elbows, a stretch of open deck which seemed too much of a known path for these few days' acquaintance. As I talked with the Trinidad negro lookout on the forward deck, I saw a brass coolie plate roll out of the galley, and I wondered. There were only negroes among the crew. Then one day I donned my leather waistcoat and climbed down to my anchor-flukes, and my mystery was solved. In clear new letters the name of the vessel appeared along the side of the bow above me; but a second glance showed me something else: a palimpsest of old corroded sites of four letters, painted out, which once had sent their message to so many inquiring eyes — SEBU.

Long ago, on trips of unalloyed happiness, I had traveled between Colombo and Rangoon on this self-same steamer, which now, caught in some unusual stress of distant demand of war, had with her sister ships been taken from her route in the Far East and settled to her new routine.

So even the ship beneath me was not what she had seemed; and yet her deceit and illusion were harmless, wholly without guile, and I began to wonder whether my unfriendly thoughts of the great city behind me were quite fair.

The carved Wodens and Brünnhildes, who guarded the fortunes of old Viking

ships, watched the icy Arctic waters forever cleft beneath them, and felt the sting of flying splinters of ice; the figureheads of Gloucester merchantmen of old, with flying draperies and pious hands, counted the daily and monthly growth of barnacles, and noted the lengthening of the green fronds on the hull below. One day I lay in the great arms of an anchor, beneath a prosaic bow; myself the only figurehead, peering gargoyle-wise over the new-painted steel. Far below, in place of wooden virgin or muscled Neptune, there appeared only four numbers — 2, 3, 4, and 25. Even these, however, yielded to imagination when I remembered that the light cargo which made them visible was due to the need of sugar by soldiers in far-distant trenches.

The great unlovely bow rose and reached forward and settled, until, as I lay face-downward, our speed seemed increased many-fold. And I wondered if the set wooden expression which always marked the figure-head ladies and gods had not its origin in the hypnotic joy of forever watching the molten cobalt crash into alabaster, this into emerald, then to merge again into the blue, which is a hue born of depth and space and not of pigment. And now I forgot the plunging bow beneath and the schools of toy biplanes, the strange little grasshopper-like fish which burst from the ultramarine, unstained, full-finned, and banked sharply outward for their brief span of flight. I looked up and saw pale-green shallows, a thread of silver surf, and the rounded mountains of a tropical island. And I frowned with impatience, — something that more reliable figureheads never did, — for the island, burning with interests, with exciting birds, and fascinating people, had been spoiled for me. Force of circumstance had shuffled me inextricably into a pack (I use the simile advisedly) of insufferable tourists. Ef-

feminate men, childish women, and spoiled children diluted or wholly eclipsed every possible scene. The obvious was made blatant, the superficial was imagined subtle, the glories of silent appreciation were shattered by garrulous Nothings. At the thought of such fellow countrymen, I hid my face and strove hard to obliterate the remembrance. Soothed by the rise and thrust of the great ship's bow, and the intermittent roar of the steel-born breaker beneath, I rested motionless.

When at last I roused, it was with a start at the altered scene. It seemed as if my thought — Buddha-powerful — had actually wrought the magic of widespread change. The alabaster breaker was there, but oxidized, dulled; the cobalt had become gray-black, and by the self-same alchemy the emerald shallows were reset with a mosaic of age-dimmed jade. Most of all was the island changed. From strand to cloud-capped peak, the tone was purple. In high lights it toned to dull silver-gray; in the shadows it deadened to utter black. Rugged and sheer Mont Pelee drew upwards, its head in cloud, its feet in the sea — the shadow-gray sea. My eye strove to penetrate the cloud, and picked from its heart a thread of black among the gray lava, which, dropping downward, enlarged to a ribbon and then to a gully. In ugly angles and sharp, unreasonable bends, it zig-zaged down the shoulder of the great cinderous mountain. Before I realized it, my gully became a gorge and ended at the edge of the dark waters, as black and as mysterious as it had begun.

Idly I lay and watched the silver shuttle of breakers weaving the warp of the rising tide along the whole length of shore. This seemed the only bit of land in the whole world. Was it the first — or the last — to appear above the waters? It might have been either; until, suddenly I saw a movement

among what I had taken for huge, crater-spewed boulders, but which I now knew for the weathered remains of houses. From between two walls of this city of the dead came slowly into view the last human being in the world — or so the surroundings suggested. Yet a second glance belied this, for her mission was fraught with hope. Even at this distance I could discern her stately carriage, swinging and free, her black countenance, and her heavy burden. At the very edge of the water she stopped, lifted down the basket piled with black volcanic *débris*, and emptied it. She stood up, looked steadily out at the passing steamer, and vanished among the shadows of the ruins.

It was startlingly like the first grain of sand which an ant brings out after a passing heel has crushed its nest. But, however vivid the simile, the dominant thought was hope. At least one ant had faith in a new ant-nest of the future, and the sombre picture of the negress, her basket of black lava poured into the equally black waters, was suddenly framed in high relief by the thought of a new St. Pierre. The great mountain still rumbled and smoked. One at least believed in a home in its very shadows.

But the end was not yet. The island had been for me unhappily visited; its passing had been a sudden, wonderfully dynamic vision. And now I shut my eyes again to strive to interpret and to fix indelibly in mind this vision and all the network of thoughts it wove. Again the roar from below and the gentle rise and forward surge calmed and rested me. And the thought of the unhappy morning had become dim and carried no resentment.

Ten minutes later I looked up, and again found all changed — no ruthless, startling shift of values, but a subtle,

all-wonderful transformation. Pelee should still have loomed high; the craters and gullies were but a short distance away, and indeed all were faintly discernible. A faint veil of azure had intervened. There was no wind; it had neither drifted in from the sea, nor frayed from the edges of the dense cloud which enveloped the peak. So evanescent, so delicate, was this still-born haze, that the crater cloud was only softened, not eclipsed. From the strong sweep and stroke and virile outline of a Brangwyn, or the gnomesque possibilities of a Rackham, the great mountain softened to the ethereal air-castle of a Parrish. Between winks, as imperceptibly as the coming of twilight to a cloudless sky, the vision changed to a veritable Isle of Death. This seemed too evanescent, too ethereally fragile to endure, and yet for moment after moment it held and held; and then the mountain, — which was yet but the shadow of the mountain, — this itself dissolved, and over the gently heaving sea were neither lava-flows nor cinders, gorges nor ruins, but only a faint pearly-white mist, translucent, permeable, floating softly between sea and sky. Martinique had vanished — had dissolved; there was no longer any land above the waters.

Dusk settled quickly, and the vision remained unbroken. All my sensory reflections with the world seemed inverted. My actual contact with the island had passed into happy forgetfulness; the coastal vision was more vivid and real; and now, the essence of memory, the vital, tangible retrospect, was forever bound up in the final vanishing, the very evaporation of this island, lapped by the sea, — the sea which to-morrow's sun would fill with the glorious hue of sapphires, — the sapphires of Kashmir.

'THE EDUCATION OF HENRY ADAMS'

BY HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

I

LITTLE will be said of Henry Adams that he would not have deprecated. It is not easy to avoid misinterpretation and perversity of speech touching one who was always puzzling over life, and presenting himself, as well as the Universe, for a puzzle to his friends. Perhaps he was less of an enigma to his nieces, by blood or adoption, upon whom in his latter years he leaned so charmingly for sympathy and care. He confided in the wisdom of women, generalizing from an elder sister's happy adjustment of a plan of travel in his youth: 'It was his first experiment in giving the reins to a woman, and he was so much pleased with the results that he never wanted to take them back. In after life he made a general law of experience — no woman had ever driven him wrong, no man had ever driven him right.'

The same whimsical admiration seems to inspire his delightful appreciation of the Virgin's rôle in mediæval culture presented in his *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*, and is returned to, *con amore*, in the volume giving the title to this article. But mere man, though he feel the affection of an old pupil, must at least be honest when writing about Mr. Adams; for no member of the Adams family could endure a dishonest word spoken of him, or even of the way in which he may have posed before himself and the world.

Perhaps no other American has left such a mass of clever writing, evolved through a life of thoughtful research and curious reflection, and has died so unrecognized by the public, educated or otherwise. It was not long after the death of his brother Charles Francis, that Henry Adams said to me at his home in Washington, 'The cab-drivers point out this house as the residence of the late Charles Francis Adams!'

Is it because the serious study of American history — other than local — has so few votaries that such a work as Henry Adams's nine-volumed *History of the United States, 1807-1817*, with its ancillary lives of *Albert Gallatin* and *John Randolph*, and publication of *Documents*, should have drawn so small attention to the writer? And to one who had written admirably in the reviews, and had edited the *North American*? At all events, with the publication of these works, he abandoned the political history of the United States for the more succulent æsthetic and human values recoverable from the European Middle Ages. But Mr. Adams no longer 'published': he merely 'printed,' in order to obtain, as he said, the criticism of his friends upon the *Mont St. Michel* and the *Education*. He made no effort to be read. Did he care? He says not, in a letter: 'I am satisfied that it is immaterial whether one man or a thousand or a hundred thousand read one's books. The author is as safe as the seventeenth-century cler-

gyman who printed his Sermon on Righteousness.'

A born 'intellectual,' Henry Adams was a virtuoso in writing, caring always for form, and possessing an in-born or sedulously acquired aptitude for the phrase and for the artistic and effective paragraph. There is little more perfect in American literature than the opening chapter of the *Education*, telling of his childhood's summers passed in Quincy at his grandfather's, who did not die till Henry was ten years old.

The house was on the hill . . . with a far view eastward over Quincy Bay, and northward over Boston. Till his twelfth year, the child passed his summers there, and his pleasures of childhood mostly centred in it. Of education he had as yet little to complain. Country schools were not very serious. Nothing stuck to the mind except home impressions, and the sharpest were those of kindred children; but as influences that warped a mind, none compared with the mere effect of the back of the President's bald head, as he sat in his pew on Sundays, in line with that of President Quincy, who, though some ten years younger, seemed to children about the same age. Before railways entered the New England town, every parish church showed half-a-dozen of these leading citizens, with gray hair, who sat on the main aisle in the best pews, and had sat there, or in some equivalent dignity, since the time of St. Augustine, if not since the glacial epoch. It was unusual for boys to sit behind a President grandfather, and to read over his head the tablet in memory of a President great-grandfather, who had 'pledged his life, his fortune, and his sacred honor' to secure the independence of his country, and so forth; but boys naturally supposed, without much reasoning, that other boys had the equivalent of President grandfathers, and that churches would always go on, with the baldheaded leading citizens on the main aisle, and Presidents or their equivalents on the walls. The Irish gardener once said to the child: 'You'll be thinkin' you'll be President too!' The casualty of the remark made so strong an im-

pression on his mind that he never forgot it. He could not remember ever to have thought on the subject; to him, that there should be a doubt of his being President was a new idea. What had been would continue to be. He doubted neither about Presidents nor about Churches, and no one suggested at that time a doubt whether a system of society which had lasted since Adam would outlast one Adams more.

The portrait of his grandmother is a marvel of finesse and tenderness:—

The Madam was a little more remote than the President, but more decorative. She stayed much in her own room with the Dutch tiles, looking out on her garden with the box walks, and seemed a fragile creature to a boy who sometimes brought her a note or a message, and took distinct pleasure in looking at her delicate face under what seemed to him very becoming caps. He liked her refined figure; her gentle voice and manner; her vague effect of not belonging there, but to Washington or to Europe, like her furniture, and writing-desk with little glass doors above and little eighteenth-century volumes in old binding, labelled Peregrine Pickle or Tom Jones or Hannah More.

Try as she might, the Madam could never be Bostonian, and it was her cross in life, but to the boy it was her charm. Even at that age, he felt drawn to it. The Madam's life had been in truth far from Boston. She was born in London in 1775, daughter of Joshua Johnson, an American merchant, brother of Governor Thomas Johnson of Maryland, and Catherine Nuth, of an English family in London. Driven from England by the revolutionary war, Joshua Johnson took his family to Nantes, where they remained till the peace. The girl Louisa Catherine was nearly ten years old when brought back to London, and her sense of nationality must have been confused; but the influence of the Johnsons and the services of Joshua obtained for him from President Washington the appointment of Consul in London on the organization of the government in 1790.

In 1794 President Washington appointed John Quincy Adams minister to the Hague.

He was twenty-seven years old when he returned to London, and found the Consul's house a very agreeable haunt. Louisa was then twenty.

At that time, and long afterwards, the Consul's house, far more than the Minister's, was the centre of contact for travelling Americans, either official or other. The Legation was a shifting point, between 1785 and 1815; but the Consulate, far down in the City, near the Tower, was convenient and inviting; so inviting that it proved fatal to young Adams. Louisa was charming, like a Romney portrait, but among her many charms that of being a New England woman was not one. The defect was serious. Her future mother-in-law, Abigail, a famous New England woman whose authority over her turbulent husband, the second President, was hardly so great as that which she exercised over her son, the sixth to be, was troubled by the fear that Louisa might not be made of stuff stern enough, or brought up in conditions severe enough, to suit a New England climate, or to make an efficient wife for her paragon son, and Abigail was right on that point, as on most others where sound judgment was involved; but sound judgment is sometimes a source of weakness rather than of force, and John Quincy already had reason to think that his mother held sound judgments on the subject of daughters-in-law, which human nature, since the fall of Eve, made Adams helpless to realise.

Being three thousand miles away from his mother, and equally far in love, he married Louisa in London, July 26, 1797, and took her to Berlin to be the head of the United States Legation. During three or four exciting years, the young bride lived in Berlin; whether she was happy or not, whether she was content or not, whether she was socially successful or not, her descendants did not surely know; but in any case she could by no chance have become educated there for a life in Quincy or Boston.

In 1801 the overthrow of the Federalist party drove her and her husband to America, and she became at last a member of the Quincy household; but by that time her children needed all her attention, and she remained there, with occasional winters in

Boston and Washington, till 1809. Her husband was made Senator in 1803, and in 1809 was appointed Minister to Russia. She went with him to St. Petersburg, taking her baby, Charles Francis, born in 1807; but broken-hearted at having to leave her two older boys behind. The life at St. Petersburg was hardly gay for her; they were far too poor to shine in that extravagant society; but she survived it, though her little girl baby did not, and in the winter of 1814-15, alone with the boy of seven years old, crossed Europe from St. Petersburg to Paris, in her travelling-carriage, passing through the armies, and reaching Paris in the *Cent Jours* after Napoleon's return from Elba. Her husband next went to England as Minister, and she was for two years at the Court of the Regent.

In 1817 her husband came home to be Secretary of State, and she lived for eight years in F Street, doing her work of entertainer for President Monroe's administration. Next she lived four miserable years in the White House. When that chapter was closed in 1829, she had earned the right to be tired and delicate, but she still had fifteen years to serve as wife of a Member of the House, after her husband went back to Congress in 1833. Then it was that the little Henry, her grandson, first remembered her, from 1843 to 1848, sitting in her panelled room, at breakfast, with her heavy silver tea-pot and sugar-bowl and cream-jug, which came afterwards to him and still exist somewhere as an heirloom of the modern safety-vault. By that time she was seventy years old or more, and thoroughly weary of being beaten about a stormy world. To the boy she seemed singularly peaceful, a vision of silver gray, presiding over her old President and her Queen Anne mahogany; an exotic, like her Sèvres china; an object of deference to every one, and of great affection to her son Charles; but hardly more Bostonian than she had been fifty years before, on her wedding-day, in the shadow of the Tower of London.

This portrait of an exquisite grandmother is a parallel to the writer's appreciation of the mediæval Virgin. There was never a touch of cynicism or disillusionment in anything he had to

say of symbolical or dead women, any more than in his conversation with their living daughters. Men were less convincingly admirable; yet penetrating and subtle sketches of men follow through this book, surpassing in charm and psychological quality those which make the oases in Lord Morley's recent volumes of *Reminiscences*. The elucidation of the character and mentality of his father, Charles Francis Adams, Senior, is very careful and quite different from the characterization of him in the writings of another son, Charles Francis. Henry writes: —

His father's character was therefore the larger part of his education, as far as any single person affected it, and for that reason, if for no other, the son was always a much interested critic of his father's mind and temper. Long after his death as an old man of eighty, his sons continued to discuss this subject with a good deal of difference in their points of view. To his son Henry, the quality that distinguished his father from all the other figures in the family group, was that, in his opinion, Charles Francis Adams possessed the only perfectly balanced mind that ever existed in the name. For a hundred years, every newspaper scribbler had, with more or less obvious excuse, derided or abused the older Adamses for their want of judgment. They abused Charles Francis for his judgment. Naturally they never attempted to assign values to either; that was the children's affair; but the traits were real. Charles Francis Adams was singular for mental poise, — absence of self-assertion or self-consciousness, — the faculty of standing apart without seeming aware that he was alone, — a balance of mind and temper that neither challenged nor avoided notice, nor admitted question of superiority or inferiority, of jealousy, of personal motives, from any source, even under great pressure. This unusual poise of judgment and temper, ripened by age, became the more striking to his son Henry as he learned to measure the mental faculties themselves, which were in no way exceptional either

for depth or range. Charles Francis Adams's memory was hardly above the average; his mind was not bold like his grandfather's or restless like his father's, or imaginative or oratorical — still less mathematical; but it worked with singular perfection, admirable self-restraint, and instinctive mastery of form. Within its range it was a model.

II

Evidently the foil to his father's personality in Henry Adams's mind, was the more resplendent figure of Charles Sumner, the object of the youth's loving, but passing admiration. According to the analysis in the *Education*, Sumner's friendship for the elder C. F. Adams seems to have rather worse than tottered when President Lincoln, in April, 1861, appointed Adams Minister to England. Ignoring or ignorant of Sumner's disapproval, Mr. Adams accepted the appointment, and took with him his son Henry as private secretary. Years of preëminent service were now to follow, rendered by the father to his country, while for the son of twenty-three they made the chief obvious episode of a life. His impression of their events is given in a tense and dramatic narrative, which, as he protests, 'is not a story of the diplomatic adventures of Charles Francis Adams, but of his son Henry's adventures in search of an education.' Yet the temperamental presentation does but enhance the master-interest of the diplomatic parable.

It opens with humorous pathos, the minister on his voyage recalling how his grandfather had sailed in 1778 'on a diplomacy of adventure,' taking his son John Quincy, then eleven years of age; how his father, that same John Quincy, again had sailed for Russia in 1809, with himself a baby, 'almost as much of an adventurer as John Adams before him, and almost as successful. He thought it natural that the gov-

ernment should send him out as an adventurer also, with a twenty-three-year-old son.'

This final private secretary had learned reticence, and not to grumble, by the time 'the party landed at Liverpool, May 13, 1861, and went straight up to London: a family of early Christian martyrs about to be flung into an arena of lions, under the glad eyes of Tiberius Palmerston.'

Lord Palmerston had arranged the ceremony, the immolation — consisting in the official announcement that England recognized the belligerency of the Confederacy. Whatever his father felt and concealed, the thud produced a dulness of comprehension in the son. He had all his thinking to reverse, and now must learn that nobody in England

doubted that Jefferson Davis had made or would make a nation, and nearly all were glad of it, though not often saying so. They mostly imitated Palmerston, who, according to Mr. Gladstone, 'desired the severance as a diminution of a dangerous power, but prudently held his tongue.' The sentiment of anti-slavery had disappeared. Lord John Russell, as Foreign Secretary, had received the rebel emissaries, and had decided to recognise their belligerency before the arrival of Mr. Adams, in order to fix the position of the British Government in advance. The recognition of independence would then become an understood policy; a matter of time and occasion.

It may be as well to remark here that the passage just quoted looks upon English sentiment from a London standpoint, and ignores the friendliness of other parts of England — of the Lancashire cotton-spinners for example, who, against their palpable interests and with ruin staring them in the face, upheld the Union cause. The private secretary stranded in London was not likely to learn of this. Officially obliged to go wherever his father

or mother needed escort, the young man keenly felt his social isolation, which might also be some comfort to him as, at the end of his first season, 'he hugged himself in his solitude when the story of the battle of Bull Run appeared in the *Times*.' The minister's continuance in London seemed precarious enough. 'For the next year they went on only from week to week, ready to leave England at once, and never assuming more than three months for their limit. Europe was waiting to see them go.'

This was not to be. Even the affair of Mason and Slidell was weathered. The minister was lucky in his opponents—Mr. Mason for example. His own position in London gradually improved. At least he was not open to ridicule. Society took on the habit of accepting him, of treating him cordially 'as, by birth and manners, one of themselves.' Friends, strong and useful, began to show themselves—Monckton Milnes and William E. Forster, whose portraits are duly given. 'Milnes was the good-nature of London; the Gargantuan type of its refinement and coarseness; the most universal figure of May Fair.'

And then, those pillars of defense and engines of offense as well, John Bright and Richard Cobden. These last two 'took bluntly the side of the Union against Palmerston, whom they hated. Strangers to London society, they were at home in the American Legation, delightful dinner-company, talking always with reckless freedom.' They were friendly with the young man, who also began to make friends of his own. But he longed to break away — to go home!

'Of the year 1862 Henry Adams could never think without a shudder.' There in London he did not hate the rebels: he hated the British government — its Palmerston, and its Lord

John Russell, whose 'form of defense,' for example, in the matter of the sailing of the Alabama from Liverpool, 'covered intent to kill.' Through a mordant analysis of facts, the book shows the persistently hostile conduct of Lord John, scarcely veiled in an obliquity of statement, which Gladstone threw to the winds in his famous, subsequently apologized for, indiscretion of October 7, 1862.

Obviously Minister Adams had need of all his friends and all his collectedness to maintain himself in the face of hostile sentiment and unfriendly action. Very tense are these pages, through which may be traced the painful amelioration of the situation. We feel the anxiousness of the Minister's contention with Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, the stiffening of his support from Secretary Seward; we note the sending over of efficient Americans, like Thurlow Weed, to aid his efforts, the reaction within the British Cabinet, the resounding blows of Bright, the strengthening news of Vicksburg and Gettysburg — all of which enabled Minister Adams to win 'the battle of the rams,' and prevent the sailing, from the Lairds' yards at Birkenhead, of the two armored cruisers intended to break the blockade of the Southern coast. The crisis was past, and the four-years' tension of nerve relaxed.

III

Much could be quoted from these pages giving the turns of the diplomatic drama, and the diversions of the private secretary in the company of an increasing number of attractive friends. But the story of his further intellectual fortunes draws us on, the story of an Education, which the book professes to be.

The lessons of diplomacy had inter-

jected queer disturbing elements into the vacuum of Bostonian adolescence. It was all unsatisfactory. The writer's frequent reiteration of his failure to get this education need not intrigue us; for the education which Henry Adams was to seek through experience of men and the reading of many books meant, not only personal enlightenment, but a rational explanation of the World. This becomes more evidently the theme of the latter half of the book, where nothing correspondingly concrete succeeds the exciting diplomatic narrative and the idyllic picture of a childhood. One may recall how the Voltairean wanderings of the second part of the *Roman de la Rose* follow the *precieux* but lovely idyl with which the poem opens.

Sir Charles Lyell was intimate at the Legation, and Henry, impelled by admiration for the great geologist, reviewed the new edition of Lyell's *Principles of Geology*, in an article for the *North American*. He became absorbed in Darwinism, which he professes not to have understood. Yet he drew the stimuli of its facts and inductions into his own perplexed thinking upon humanity. Perils attend the lay endeavor to read the concepts and principles of physical science into the lessons of human experience; they are bravely incurred by Mr. Adams. 'At the very outset Adams struck on Sir Charles's Glacial Theory or theories. He was ignorant enough to think that the glacial epoch looked like a chasm between him and a uniformitarian world. If the glacial period was uniformity, what was catastrophe?' In later life Henry Adams was to become the close friend of another geologist, Clarence King, whose memory and *mots* are still green. He does not give in his *Education* the frivolous explanation of the Boston climate offered by his friend: 'Boston was 1,387,453 years

under the ice; and then the Adamsses came.'

It is well to remember that the mental progress or intellectual bafflings recorded here are given as they returned to the writer when he was an old man. Thus they came to him in retrospection when he was writing *The Education of Henry Adams: a Study of Twentieth Century Multiplicity*. He set them down as they appeared to him through the transforming distance, as he looked back upon his earlier self wandering through that faded labyrinth of fact and lucubration, seeking some light of universal, or at least rational, purpose. In the later time heart-breaking domestic affliction goaded him to the quest, yet held too sad a barrier to his eyes. The real refuge was to be consideration, and whatever else is shadowed in that St. Gaudens statue in the Rock Hill Cemetery in Washington — at the foot of which now Henry Adams also lies.

But more tangible labors had actually filled out his life and ministered to its content. For Adams was a man of industry, always doing more work than he confessed to. With him all facts had to be inter-related into meaning and significance. 'For facts as such I have a profound contempt,' he said one day in his classroom; just as in his *Education* he remarks that, 'nothing in education is so astonishing as the amount of ignorance it accumulates in the form of inert facts.' He taught history at Harvard from 1870 to 1877, at the latter date intimating to me, disappointed of his teaching for my coming senior year, that he had been professor as long as one ought to be. He says in his book that he left with a sense of failure; but it certainly was far from that in the convictions of his students. He was the first teacher of history at Harvard to discard the textbook, and put his students to work for themselves.

Clarence King, John La Farge, and John Hay were the chief friends and outer luminaries of Mr. Adams's later life. They made a rare quartette.

Of all the men who had deeply affected their friends since 1850 John La Farge was certainly the foremost, and for Henry Adams, who had sat at his feet since 1872, the question how much he owed La Farge could be answered only by admitting that he had no standard to measure it by. Of all his friends La Farge alone owned a mind complex enough to contrast against the commonplaces of American uniformity.

Arcades ambo! No one ever thought of plumbing John La Farge, or Henry Adams either. But the former — artist always, and wonderful discourser — 'repulsed argument.' On a trip to the South Seas taken by the two together, La Farge in the warm Tahiti nights, would tell his companion, 'Adams, you reason too much.' One night, after an argument, La Farge dreamed that he was disturbed by the *mind* of Henry Adams rattling around the room. It turned out to be a rat. Apropos of this dream and of certain chapters in our book, we may say that the Universe is so big that one's mind is sure to rattle round it, unless thought encyst itself in some strayed fragment, which it can never quite correlate with the whole. Nearer the La Fargean vein is a bit of an old man's funny letter written by Mr. Adams in April two years go: —

DEAR INFANT . . . Yesterday I walked in the spring woods, and met a fly. To that fly I said: 'Fly! do you want me to tell you the truth about yourself?' And that fly winked at me — carefully — and said: 'You be damned.' — They have told me that just seventy-eight times. They are not tired, but I am.

But the latter part of the book does not lack a potent coherency, given it by the deft union of two connected themes, both of them prophetic of the

present position and function of the United States. In 1884 Adams and his friend Hay built themselves adjoining houses on Lafayette Square in Washington, and spent there the greater part of the years still falling to them. Mr. Adams was always intimate with men who guided events in Washington, if not with the 'best-sellers' there. From these surroundings, but more distinctly from the vantage-ground of his own study and reflection, he lays before us the progressing grades of self-consciousness through which the United States came to recognize itself as a world-power and undertook to act accordingly. This theme weaves itself around an affectionate exposition — glorification, indeed — of the career of John Hay as Ambassador to England and afterwards as Secretary of State.

Even then, twenty years ago, it was the 'sudden appearance of Germany as the grizzly terror' which 'frightened England into America's arms.' 'For the first time in his life,' says Mr. Adams, 'he felt a sense of possible purpose working itself out in history.' This was also the time of the Spanish War.

Next came the summer of 1900, with its fantastic doings at Peking, followed by the astoundingly successful moves of Hay — and purpose continued to shine through history. Incidentally the work was killing Hay; but was worth it.

So the diplomatic tale progresses. America learns, and so does Henry Adams, although geology and evolution still fail to solve the riddle of the World. Indeed, the Virgin, with St. Thomas Aquinas, offers more genial comfort. Adams in two of his last

chapters reaches some solution in 'a dynamic theory of history,' with 'a law of acceleration' as its pivot. 'To evolutionists may be left the processes of evolution; to historians the single interest is the law of reaction between force and force, — between mind and nature, — the law of progress.' The United States offers, to-day, a portentous example of this acceleration of the self-consciousness of national power and world-function.

Henry Adams lived to see this, but made no attempt to include it in his *Education*. That ends with the death of Hay. Life, in thought, had never been easy to him. He enjoyed taking it very hard and then lapsing into an intellectual *laissez-faire*. The latter became usual with him in the closing years. He died in his sleep. The time was that of the shattering opening of the German offensive at the end of March last. There was then warrant for what he said to his companion the day before his death: 'Life has become almost intolerable.'

Henry Adams is an example, so extraordinary as to be almost unique, of a New Englander who had perhaps over-considered the matter of his thought; a sophisticated mind, yet scarcely as disillusioned as it sought to think itself; nevertheless, a mind conscientiously posing as the spirit of a New England Montaigne. He avoided recognition willfully, not merely from the thoughtless, but from the sincerely thoughtful; and purposely he carried obliteration to a grave which has no stone to mark his name. None the less, the lack of recognition of Henry Adams throws a sort of faint sidelight on the culture of his country.

HALLOWE'EN BIRTH

BY KATHARINE BUTLER

ALL night against the window
Ran sweet, impetuous rain;
And with the dark morning
Still streams the pane.

The thin gold grape-leaves
And black grapes cling,
While, soaring and descending,
The strong winds sing.

Will souls walk to-night
Over watery, strewn leaves?
Shall we hear them sighing
Amid the pale corn-sheaves?

O Wanderer, will you come,
Who are younger than they,
Chosen and desired? —
For this is your day.

All souls will moan outside,
Fulfilling their long doom,
While you shall break importunate
Into our room.

Comes the early evening,
For you the fire is warm
On the four close walls
Against the threshing storm.

O child of golden leaves,
With rain-drops for your song,
Your nearing step is shy and still,
Mysteries among.

Here are three or four young cronies
Who know you well by name,
Who laugh and talk forever —
Oh, you'll be glad you came!

THE MARRYING TIME

BY HEARTY EARL BROWN

IN Green Valley time is not money, and there are no 'Do It Now' mottoes on the desks of the local capitalists. Land is money, and blooded stock is money, and kinship is sometimes money; but time is everybody's property in abundance and can hardly be reckoned as a business asset. Spring comes, and comes again, and three times a day in the interval the state of the weather and the reading of the thermometer are set down in the fat little red book which lies on the stand under the clock in old Mrs. Flagg's sitting-room. The faded ink entries record the drizzling days and the blooming ones of half a century, and formed the basis of flourishing weather prognostications before the government put forth rival claims at Washington.

So all Green Valley knows that the years do go on, but there are always felt to be many more to come; and if potatoes have the blight some fall, or wheat the smut, or if the Democrats

smuggle in a president, these things are borne lightly as being but temporary ills.

Occasionally, however, there is a real convulsion of nature which sets a date from which the other smooth gray years are measured. The year the post-office burned was one, and the summer Miss Abbie Barnes and Mary Sellers and Ella Flagg and a couple of the other Green Valley girls went abroad was another. In January it was noised about that they were going with a party, and it took Green Valley several weeks to be sure it approved. Ella Flagg and Mary Sellers could afford the trip, everyone knew, but Abbie Barnes had not been left well fixed, and there was more or less, head-shaking, until it was discovered that a distant cousin was sending her.

After that was settled, everybody strolled around to see the route — red-inked with pins stuck in to show the principal cities; and the Reading Cir-

cles stopped reading George Barr McCutcheon and his brother worthies, and started a fat tome called *Modern European History*. The circulating library sent away for illustrated art-books — *The Louvre* and *Early Italian Art*; and everybody who owned a friend or a relative who had crossed wrote him to send on his *Baedekers*.

Altogether it was a very busy time, and when the question of wardrobe, which had to be condensed into one suitcase and one small bag each, came up, Green Valley buzzed with interest and ideas. As small a matter as soap would seem to be, proved not small at all, for there was the whole question of the quality of the water-supply in different European cities to be considered. At the last moment, word came from the conductor to put in heavy knit sweaters to wear under coats, and that meant turning out the tinned beef.

It was fortunate that the planning began so long beforehand, because the last few weeks were full of tea-parties and sewing bees; and Isa Rann, who had led the Presbyterian choir for years, gave a musical evening at which everybody talked of the music the girls would hear in dear old Germany, until Nathan Flagg blew his nose loudly and turned the conversation to the coöperative creamery.

The last evening old Mrs. Flagg moved restlessly about her daughter's room up in the old brick house.

'Ain't you through yet?' she asked irritably. 'Goodness knows I should think you could get that little mess packed up!'

Her daughter looked up, biting her pencil.

'I was just making a diagram so I'd know where everything was if I was sick and had to ask folks to get things. I'm just about done now.'

Mrs. Flagg pulled absently at the gold watch-chain which lay heavily

about her neck and connected with the big old-fashioned watch at her belt.

'Ellar,' she said, 'has Nathan been over to say good-bye to Mary Sellers?'

'I don't know, mother. Why?'

'You *know* why,' her mother answered shortly.

Her daughter followed the gaunt old figure into the hall.

'Mother, it's been a long time you've felt that way, but I don't believe Nathan's got any notion of marrying Mary, or she him. You've got to remember we're all getting past the marrying-time.'

Her mother stepped cautiously down the first step of the steep flight, one thin hand holding the polished rail tightly.

'There ain't any marrying-time,' she threw back over her shoulder.

She stopped in the doorway of the sitting-room — like all the rooms of the house, high-ceilinged and square and large. Then she shoved up her heavy spectacles and, unobstructed, centred her piercing black eyes on the middle-aged back of her son, who sat reading the evening paper, his feet comfortably crossed on the little sofa in front of him. She said no word, but after a moment or so her son shifted uneasily.

'Want anything, mother?'

'No,' she asserted; but she did not stir.

Nathan turned the page noisily, and bent his head lower. One long shutter creaked in the little breeze, and they could hear Ella stepping, stepping, moving from bag to dresser, and from dresser to bag. Presently Nathan folded his paper deliberately and slowly took down his legs. He faced about to his mother, yawning a little.

'Half-past seven.'

'Yes,' she said in a significant tone.

'Guess I'll go down and see if the mail's in,' he offered, with calculated carelessness.

Old Mrs. Flagg looked at her son with faintly veiled disgust.

'I want you should go say good-bye to Mary Sellers.'

'I said good-bye to her at the Reading Circle last night, but I can do it again if you say so. If it'll make you feel any better.'

Standing on the front steps, she watched his stooped figure down the walk. A big July moon shone through the fringe of maple trees, and lit the place—the cube-like brick house which Dr. Flagg had built so long before in exact conformity with his boyish ideal of architectural beauty; and the yard, — square like a city block, — dotted with dabs of dark foliage, a honeysuckle here, a Judas tree there, and a little mound of myrtle somewhere else. Mrs. Flagg breathed in the soft air.

'It'd be a pretty night to take a little walk, — Nathan and Mary, — but Nathan'd never think of it.'

She credited her son with too little susceptibility. He walked slowly down the street. Heavy farm horses, partially unharnessed, trotted home untended through the shadows, and an occasional late wagon squeaked protestingly over the crosswalks. All the way house-doors stood open and pleasant supper smells mingled with the cool fragrance of late roses and flowering currants. With an odd recurring rhythm Mary Sellers drifted into the pattern of Nathan's thoughts and made a little rosy spot in his musings.

Mary Sellers was younger than the other girls, having reached only her forty-first birthday, and she would always be *young* and soft and influenced. She was of a frail prettiness, too, with gently graying hair, and a little-girl habit of blushing. Her grandfather had been old Judge Sellers over Colton way, whose large tract of fertile prairie-land adjoined the Flaggs' at one end.

'What more would a man want?' Mrs. Flagg was wont to ask herself; and sometimes she gave a little gesture of castigation involving the palm of her right hand, as she thought of her son.

In an odd little corner of his brain Nathan kept the consciousness that some time he would probably ask Mary to marry him; and he knew too that, if his mother had been less emphatic in her expression of opinion, he might have done it long ago. Years before, when the other boys were walking home with girls after church, his mother had jealously guarded him, insisting that he was too young for such nonsense; and he had acquired then an obstinate contradictoriness which expressed itself in silent opposition to any of her plans for his welfare. To-night, however, he forgot his mother and remembered only that a huge gray ocean would presently cut Mary off from Green Valley. Ella too — but Ella did not worry him. For the first time he wondered if there was plenty of time for everything; and he thought of a little round bald spot which it taxed his ingenuity to cover. 'Guess I'll ask Mary to walk down the Lane,' he said to himself with a little thumping of the heart; for there were no two ways about it when a couple strolled down the Lane. The Lane was a seductive willow alley, full of soft breezes and gentle shadows which walked one straight into matrimony, in Green Valley.

Nathan rang Mary's bell with a fierce burst of courage which brought her mother quickly to the door.

'Why, no, she is n't here. She's gone down to Abbie Barnes's. You can catch her coming back, I guess.'

Nathan plunged down the steps and turned homeward, with a great feeling of relief; then he brought himself to, and swung round toward Abbie Barnes's. There were two ways, — down the street and over, or over and down, — and

Nathan chose the one he honestly thought Mary would take, feeling that the issue lay with fate. He did not meet her, and Abbie Barnes's house lay dark and silent. Then he went home to bed.

The old Grand Trunk station was a very gay place next morning, with all Green Valley down to see the girls off. Every few minutes Art Fisher's hack reeled up with another passenger and more bags, and there was a line of buggies and sprawling little automobiles picketed in the outlying trees. The girls — beveled beyond recognition — formed the centres of three or four groups which exchanged greetings hilariously.

'Say, Abbie, take a look at the Leaning Tower for me.' — 'And oh, yes, remember me to the Pope. I have n't had time to answer his last letter.' — 'And oh, Mary, don't forget to kiss the Blarney Stone.'

A line of small boys and girls perched on the baggage truck, started up, 'My Country, 't is of Thee,' and the whole crowd joined in fervently. At this one or two of the travelers showed symptoms of breaking down. Europe and its environs seemed very far away from the sweet land of liberty. A thin line of smoke to the west saved the day. Everybody kissed everybody else, and the crowd swarmed to the last car.

'Good-bye! Good-bye! Write to us everywhere you stop.' — 'Have you got your gum for the boat?'

The engine grunted and chugged; the wheels revolved faster; there was a wild waving of handkerchiefs; they were off.

Two weeks later, Green Valley — only a few hours after the rest of the world, because the morning papers were late — heard that there was war over there in that dim region where their girls were. Little knots of women in kitchen aprons gathered all down the streets, and all the men who were not out harvesting met by chance at the

post-office. They did not talk of the international situation, or of the responsibility of Germany, nor did they even glance at the editorials. The question was, how to get the girls home. At last, the town banker said importantly that he would cable; they must have landed only a day or two. Where he was going to cable, or what, Green Valley did not know, — or the banker, — but it seemed a promising step. Three or four days later somebody got a message. The party was returning.

Nathan Flagg felt a warm glow of relief and satisfaction. There had been time for everything after all, then. The girls were coming back and all would go comfortably as it had before — the Reading Circle and the Euchre Club and the pleasant daily round. Some day — when the skies smiled and his mother stopped badgering him — he would take Mary down the Lane; but there was no hurry and he was glad he had not met her the night before she went away. He was comfortable and Mary was comfortable, and it wasn't as if they did n't both have good homes of their own.

'The King of France and — how many men was it? — marched up the hill and then marched down again,' Miss Abbie sallied, as she stood on the platform of the car and waited for the porter to pull down all the bags and suitcases which had had so short a period of usefulness. The waiting group laughed back at her, and absorbed her gleefully as she climbed down to earth. The others followed, a bit grimy from traveling, their hats generally askew, and their noses red from exposure on deck; but all exceedingly glad to be safe at home, where one could sleep without fear of being chased by gray monsters of the deep.

Last of all came Mary Sellers, wearing a great corsage bouquet of violets and lilies of the valley, almost as big as

she was, pinned on her sedate gray traveling coat. Her eyes were very bright and her cheeks like a little girl's who has been caught stealing her mother's jam. Isa Rann declared afterwards that right then she felt it in her bones.

After the travelers got to their several homes, and had told of the fearful time they had had engaging passage back, and how they had had to sleep half the time in chairs on deck, and how lucky they were to get those, many very wealthy people having to go steerage, little by little it oozed out. There had been a Denver lawyer in the party — not very old, 'about our age' — who turned out to be a distant connection of Mary's sister-in-law's aunt. That made them feel acquainted with him at once. He was taken with Mary right away, — they were all agreed on that, — but he had been most kind to all of them. He was the sort of man who could be depended on to do things, — to stir people up when they were dull, — and he had looked after them all beautifully. But Mary — well, nothing was too good for her. He had bought candy enough to make them all sick, and flowers for her every day as long as he could get them; and they had walked the deck in the moonlight until Ella Flagg had thought she ought to interfere. Mary had not said a word, but it must be as good as settled, and he had a great deal of money, it was clear.

For a week letters arrived from New York for Mary every morning, — everyone knew, — and flowers, sent from the nearest big town, came on the afternoon train. Besides that, special deliveries came slipping along at all sorts of times, and even a telegram or two, until Mary's mother was scandalized at the waste. Green Valley re-

newed its romantic youth — this wooing was unlike anything outside of the novels, but it made them reminiscent just the same.

At last the man from Denver came himself, and everybody agreed that he had a way with him. Mrs. Sellers was reported to have given her consent.

'He sort of takes me off my feet and I say yes to everything that he and Mary want,' she said. 'He is bound to be married in a month, and I expect that settles it. Anyway, he certainly could n't think more of Mary.'

Driving in from his farm one day, when the gold and rose tints of sundown were becoming the lavenders and grays of evening, Nathan Flagg met Mary and the stranger just turning into the Lane.

'Good evening, Nathan,' Mary said; and her voice reminded him of a little bird he had just passed down the road, trilling his high clear song defiantly into the heart of the sunset.

Nathan asked himself how he would be feeling if it were he instead of the stranger who was taking Mary down the Lane. He wondered if fate had tricked him, or preserved him; and he was sure that he would never know, although there would be many quiet evenings like this when he might ponder the question peacefully. There were other nice girls in Green Valley if he were set on marrying: Abbie Barnes, — one could never be blue with Abbie, — or Isa Rann even. Then he remembered the round bald spot which was beginning to show, and the sleepiness which came on him after supper.

'I guess I've got past the marrying-time,' he said aloud, smiling a little meditatively, 'or maybe I never got to it.'

DO ONE AND ONE MAKE TWO?

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

It is now, doubtless, too late to hope, even by our improved historical methods, to recover the name of the clever individual who, perhaps in the Stone Age or earlier, arrived at the principle that one and one make two. It is evidently too late to correct him, or even to blame him adequately; and with a handicap of seventy or more centuries, one can hardly hope to undo the mischief he has done. Yet futile as the effort may prove, it is the purpose of these paragraphs to point out the shallow and delusive character of this hoary axiom, and the precarious nature of most of what has been built upon it.

Our cave-dweller Newton may have based his epoch-making equation upon that even more erroneous formula, one equals one, which had doubtless been invented — I will not say discovered — ages before his time. If not, he could have arrived at it by the simple device of subtracting one from each side of his own discovery — an easy achievement for a mind so original and profound as his. Such a performance, indeed, assumes its result before arriving at it; but that is true of not a few of our most logical processes. And it may be true, speaking quite abstractly, that one equals one. That is, one wholly imaginary unit, of a given size and sort, equals one just such unit, of just such a sort and size, under identical conditions. This is what the mathematicians mean. It is only just to them to say so. The danger is that one will forget that one is playing with imaginary values and try to deal with real units on this prin-

ciple. The cavern professor can have made no such blunder. He knew that one wife was not equal to another, or one weapon to another, or one enemy to another. If he did not know this, his life was neither long nor happy.

Not that his formula had not a certain limited value. It might help him to keep count of his game, his children, or his day's journeys. But it had no such value as it claimed. It was too broadly and loosely put. Even now, when men have been trying for millenniums to believe in it and make it true, its range of valid applicability is still very limited. For it carries with it a fictitious standardization of units, which breeds a host of misconceptions. In fact, it is precisely as one reduces the application of this equation to narrower and narrower limits that one attains wisdom, culture, and character.

Scarcely had I reached this point in my reflections, when the porter came to remind me that the time changed at Buffalo, and that, if I wished to wake at seven, I must do so at six. So false is it that six and one make seven. But of course the equation is valid only if one remains stationary. It is a survival from man's immobile, semi-vegetable period.

I was confiding these heresies to a skeptical friend, as we were passing a potato-field. He challenged me at once: did not one potato and one potato make two potatoes? But suppose one potato to be sweet and sound and large, and the other to be small and wilted and Irish. They are numerically, in-

deed, two potatoes, but only for arithmetical, not for culinary purposes. And who cares for the arithmetical value of a potato?

But if one and one make two, we have at once to ask, two what? Two of whatever one is, doubtless. But which one? This is the heart of the error. One acre plus one acre makes two acres. But suppose one acre is the Isola Bella and the other is selected from the Île du Diable. Or buildings. The Pennsylvania station and the Philadelphia city hall make two — large buildings. This forgets that one exhibits genius as well as magnitude. Or statues: the Adams monument and the Bacchante — two statues certainly, perhaps two masterpieces; but that is not all, or even half. The things are incommensurable, and the sum-total is a delusion. It has no meaning or worth unless we are counting pieces for museum vigilance, or in preparation for shipment.

Even money, the final type of standardized unit evolved by our race in a last convulsive effort to make the old adage true, for all its failures — even money is not equal to the task. There is a man in California (of course he would be in California) who has to go every quarter to the bank and deposit a dividend of three hundred and fifty dollars, because once, to help a friend, he put five hundred dollars into that friend's mine. Is the five hundred dollars I lost when my bank failed four years ago equal to his five hundred, and how much are they together? Yet my dollars were just as real and just as numerous as his. There was another five hundred dollars which was not in the bank but long since invested in another mine. Yet that sum in mining stock never sends me toiling to the bank to deposit a quarterly dividend of three hundred and fifty dollars. Indeed it does not function in my daily life at all, except to illustrate poign-

antly the disparity of dollars and of mining stocks.

But financiers will say that this is comparing dead dollars with living ones. Then let us deal fairly with both. Does the first five dollars I earned for teaching (tutoring a fellow student in Assyrian, may Heaven forgive me!) only equal the five dollars the bank occasionally allows me on an abandoned savings deposit? The former was a bow or promise, radiant harbinger of salary checks to come. The latter was a mere nothing, parsimoniously doled out to me by a soulless financial institution, which had not yet failed. Not even dead and departed dollars are equal each to each. The dollar or two you leave behind you in the dining-car is not equal to the same amount spent on witnessing a play of Bernard Shaw's. When I was a boy, I found a ten-cent piece under a bench in a deserted picnic ground. Let no one say that any other dime in my financial history equals that one. It was a symbol, not merely of value, but of romance, of which the finding of lost treasure is one of the classical types.

Dr. John Clifford once remarked, — and as he does not recall saying it, I may appropriate it without scruple, — that the difference between one man and another is very little, but that little is of very great importance. It is just that most important little that the equation loses sight of. It assumes that one man equals another, which is surely the dullest of human blunders. As soon as we identify our units, the equation's absurdity appears. What is the sum of Mr. Hoover and Von Tirpitz? We can only say, Mr. Hoover and Von Tirpitz make two literate male human beings. But this is false, for each is more than a literate male human being. What we have been forced to do is to reduce both units to their common terms; and our equation ought, if it is to be true, to

read, 'Mr. Hoover and Von Tirpitz make two literate male human beings, plus all the elements that distinguish each of them from the other.'

There are actually people so convinced that one experience is like another, that they have lost that exquisite thing, the capacity for surprise, and go through life in a state of virtual insensibility. Some of us, who beguile our wartime evenings by appearing in moving-picture theatres disguised as those prophets of publicity, the Four-Minute Men, know that no two of these adventures are alike. Though all managers be polite and audiences patient, yet something always marks the evening with distinction. (I do not of course refer to our speaking.) It would be a pity to grow callous and lose one's sense for the variety of these new Arabian Nights.

I went into them, indeed, with my senses sharpened by a remark of our publicity chairman: 'If any of you gets heckled or shot,' said he, 'notify the Publicity Committee.' This personal interest in my fate on the part of a perfect stranger I found very moving. About the same time the *London Times* gladdened us by reporting, with pardonable exaggeration, that the Four-Minute Men were each to make ten speeches daily! The powers of the American speechmaker are fully recognized abroad; he is the automatic among orators.

I shall not soon forget my emotions as I presented myself at my first appointment and sought the manager's face. From the darkness of the spacious interior I caught the music of an organ playing a dirge, and I gained the impression that a funeral was in progress. On entering, I perceived that it was in prospect only, for the action of the drama seemed to be moving inevitably toward one. I sat down close to the screen, upon which a hungry and rest-

less lion alternated with a toothsome child of the softer sex, in tropic garb. I became at once so absorbed in trying to comprehend the situation that I straightway forgot the four heads into which my speech, like the River of Eden, was divided.

A flash uncompromisingly labeled 'The End' awoke me to the realization that I, and not the toothsome child, was the victim of the occasion; and with the first letters of 'The United States Government Presents' — I was mounting the narrow stair and facing the terrible public. They did not at once attack me, and with a conciliatory sentence I began. Scarce was I embarked upon my first river when a star-shell gracefully ascended from the first balcony and I knew no more. They had turned the spot-light on me. I forgot my second head and desperately snatched up Hiddekel to replace it, trembling to recall that I had promised them four: four heads in four minutes. What if I had lost number 2 forever? No, it comes back to me: Gihon! What matters the transposition? War remakes geography; and so, on to Euphrates and my closing volley. Even now the lion did not attack, but spared me, rubbing his paws together in satisfaction. Such was my first escape.

I found myself one winter night pushing my way into a theatre from which an acolyte was expelling a recreant boy. A crowd of people standing before the doors showed that the house was already full. It had room for six hundred spectators and they were all there. Five hundred of them seemed to be little boys, and one hundred of these had their caps on. Little boys compose the one element in an audience which will not brook neglect. If they are present, they insist upon your addressing your remarks to them. I had learned this, and acted accordingly. Little boys are not ungrateful, and they

are in a position to acknowledge a kindness, for they are masters of the art of applause. These five hundred little boys recompensed me handsomely for my brevity, with a storm of cheers and piercing whistles. How different would have been my fate had I overlooked their highnesses and addressed my remarks to the grown-ups; or had I, like a certain Four-Minute Man I wot of, protracted my discourse to nine minutes! I shudder to think what those little boys would have done to me.

We were talking ships that week, and to my great satisfaction I had two inquirers after the meeting was over. One was a mechanic who wished to enter a shipyard. The other wanted some inside information on whether the following Monday would be heatless, as reported.

Yet ours is a Spartan discipline. The other night I descended from the platform with the warm consciousness of having done my best. In the foyer I met the courteous manager. 'I want you to meet Mr. Bumper,' said he genially. 'Mr. Bumper is one of your men.'

Mr. Bumper greeted me without enthusiasm. 'You spoke six and a half minutes,' said he reproachfully.

The manager came to my relief. 'Well, he put it over,' said he comfortingly. 'No man, I don't care who he is, can tell to a minute how long he's talking. But when they talk for nine minutes, I tell you, I lose money.'

I withdrew, crestfallen. They could not realize what an achievement it is for a professor to close in six and a half minutes.

Sometimes we are permitted to speak in theatres of the 'legit' type, and as I was about to appear in one of the largest of these, I asked the obliging doorman about the distribution of his audience. He assured me that they were all over the house, but that the calisthenics were so good that speaking in it was

easy. This left me in some doubt as to what might be required of me in the acrobatic line. A picturesque youth, in a caftan and afghan, or some such casual arabesques, conveyed me across the stage to a wicket-gate in the steel curtain, through which I was propelled into the presence of the astonished public for my brief act. You remember Denry making his first speech: how hundreds and hundreds of eyes were fixed piercingly upon him, and after what seemed hours he heard some one talking. It was himself.

There is a third form of dramatic art to which in the plenitude of my powers I finally attained. It is Vaudeville. With some anxiety I looked over the bill in the evening paper, to see what the competition would be, and noted with the greatest interest that it included Jenks's Mules. Solicitous friends warned me not to get behind these animals; but when I arrived in the wings, they were stamping and rolling about the stage, and no sooner had the curtain fallen upon their antics, than the stage manager cried sharply, 'Come on; this way! You're next!'

I perceived that he was addressing me, so, while he escorted my predecessors downstairs, I set about entertaining his public; and I confess to a certain inward exultation when I saw that the really elegant audience gave me the same polite and absorbed attention they had given to Mr. Jenks's protégés. It is something to know that one can hold the pace even for four minutes with such accomplished quadrupeds. But could I have matched their Elberfeld cousins as successfully in square root?

At our weekly luncheons we exchange adventures in eloquence and accumulate courage for the week's engagements. One of our most imperturbable comrades was recently speaking in a down-town theatre when he

noticed that the audience seemed to be looking past him at the curtain behind and above his head. They next began to point to it, and finally a friend in the audience cried out, 'Look out, Jim!' He did so, and became aware that the steel curtain had been silently descending like the bed-canopy in Conrad's story, and had stopped only a few inches above his head. It reminded me of a service on shipboard, when the minister's white tie broke from its moorings and worked gradually up toward the top of his collar, while we were all dreading the moment when it should pass the summit and dangle about his neck. The point of resemblance is perhaps slight. It must be the speaker's unconsciousness of a peril which all his hearers saw but were powerless to avert.

Publicity is, of course, the very breath of our nostrils, and the other day the talk turned upon reaching the magazines. A youthful comrade across the table caught at the suggestion. 'If you will get the names of some that will take our material,' said he eagerly, 'I will write the articles myself.' I really did not know how to thank him.

One of our recent subjects was binoculars, which we asked everybody to turn in for the use of the navy. We also requested the loan of telescopes, spy-glasses, and sextants. In response to these appeals countless binoculars flowed in to the appointed dépôt, and with them a mysterious instrument which our civilian authorities turned over to the chief optician of the city for diagnosis. He unhesitatingly pronounced it a genuine sea-going sextant. So true it is that we do not always recognize the answer to our prayers.

One and one make two! It has a mathematical sound, but we have in this case dragged mathematics whither it would not. It tacitly reduces all men and events to their lowest common terms and, disregarding their differ-

entia, tranquilly proceeds with its meaningless computation. It is the formula of the inexact, the index of

All the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb.

The old vulgar effort to reduce all men to a dead level of uninterest, and all experiences to a dead level of commonplace, finds its justification here. We must not lose the varied flavors of life. Above all, we must not lose discrimination of personality. That would be sacrilege. We have snatched up a mathematical abstraction, true in its limited sphere, and applied it far beyond its proper field, to our own misleading.

The truth is, we must count less. Counting seems a short way to reality. It has its place. But the deeper values of life are not so glibly determined. To this is perhaps due the widespread suspicion of statistics. We distrust these large figures because we know that from every unit covered by them there have been clipped off its distinctive traits, which are not always unessential to the problem. At the bottom of all statistics lies an illusion: that one and one make two.

It is precisely when they are combined that this fundamental unlikeness of units has its most far-reaching consequences. Chemically, one and one may make an explosion. Socially, one and one may make a scene. Spiritually, one and one may make a salvation. Who was it said, 'A skin for a skin'? He thought that one man was like another, and that one and one made two.

Hitherto I have reasoned. Let me appeal to authority. The commander of the fortress of Verdun was entertaining some literary visitors. The talk turned upon the Germans. 'Ah! the Germans!' said he. 'They are not like us. They think that one and one make two.'

HUMANISM AND FICTION

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

THERE are doubtless to be found, even now, persons who instinctively regard the novel as an insidious agency of the world, the flesh, and the devil; and, especially in English-speaking countries, the general suspicion of imaginative art held off the encroachments of modernism to a time within living memories. But, on the whole, fiction is a completely respectable institution at last, and those few who still decry it, on moral and religious grounds, have the air of incredibly quaint survivals. What they are survivals from is, of course, the Puritan rigor; and that in turn, in its hostility to the arts, was an exact survival from Hebraism, with its hatred and fear of the graven image. Both Hebraism and Puritanism, in the economy of ages, have been assimilated into everything else, so far as they were assimilable; and for the first time, as one consequence, the arts are left comparatively free to be themselves — among them the fine art of telling tales.

But it is, after all, no more than a comparative freedom into which they have entered. They are liberated in one way, only to become enslaved in another; escaping from the repressive Puritan idealism, they have fallen under the dominion of an equally, if not so tyrannously, repressive anti-Puritan materialism. And — of fiction, at least — it might almost be said that the latter state of art is worse than the former. From Puritanism the novel did at least

try to escape, through sentimentalism and a sentimentalized romance. To the modern materialism, on the other hand, it obediently submits itself, with the gesture of docility which we name 'realism.' The novel has been given wings, on condition that it keep its feet on the ground; and it has not yet learned better than to plume itself on having exchanged the one inhibition for the other.

Let us try to see in some detail what has actually happened, and then, more adventurously, what force must triumph if the art of fiction is eventually to realize its wings.

Succinctly, the two philosophical forces most hostile to art have struggled together for mastery, and in the attendant confusion art has ceased to be the property of the vanquished and become that of the victor. One of those two forces is supernaturalism, of which the Puritan spirit is the great logical expression in Anglo-Saxondom; the other is naturalism, child of science, parent of efficiency, and almost undisputed tyrant of our modern life and mind. Naturalism has delivered the arts from supernaturalism, under which they atrophy; what shall deliver them from naturalism?

The answer is, in one word, Humanism; and the question, so asked and so answered, has the merit of reducing a whole span of literary history to such shapeliness as can be traced only from the outside and in perspective. Humanism is the *continuum*, the true thought, in art, the one art-making intellectual

force; a spirit sufficient unto itself, armored against every attack from every quarter; one and the same, from Homer to Mr. Hardy; a sure guide from the past to the remotest future. It alone, of the possible ways of thinking about the universe, puts its centre of interest where art must put its centre — in the here, the now, the immediate and objective; in man and his tangled life of flesh and soul. Supernaturalism affirms that man is only a caprice of the will of God, on probation for eternity and ludicrously insecure in his tenure of this world; naturalism makes man a trivial footnote to the rest of creation. In the supernaturalist's view, cause and eventual outcome are alone of supreme import; time is a nothing, a parenthesis of unreality, in the midst of eternal reality. To the naturalist, only processes and relations are momentous; man in himself is but an incident in the whole of nature. Both deny or ignore the significance of all that is most significant to the artist. Humanism alone finds its fulcrum in the instinct to affirm that a part is greater than the whole; that man is the most important thing in the cosmos — to man. And that instinct is necessarily the fulcrum of art, too; so that the triumph of humanism is the triumph of art, and the suppression of humanism is the death of art.

It may indeed be true, as I have just hinted, that of the two art-destroying philosophies, supernaturalism is ultimately the less corrosive. The conclusion is not, perhaps, one to flatter our modern self-esteem; but it is supported by a pretty decisive consideration in fact. The fiction being produced under naturalism expresses faithfully the sense and the implications of naturalism, whereas the elder fiction evaded and belied the supernaturalism to which it was nominally accountable. In other words, the elder novel was

humanistic in its fundamental truth and excellence, and supernaturalistic only in the protective coloration of its superficial defects; but the new novel is honestly naturalistic all through, and seeks no escape from the philosophy which circumscribes it. The Georgian and Victorian novelists are half saved by the fact that they do not really believe in their belief. The post-Victorian is damned because he does believe, almost devoutly, in his unbelief.

This contrast is worth a moment's amplification. In specific terms, the weakness of literature aforesaid was precisely the weakness of a great deal of collective and individual action: the clash between faith and temperament, between the actual and the nominal reasons for every form of human effort. The novel was written, and read, by persons who understood intuitively that a good story, like any other form of beauty, was its own excuse for being, but who were forced by the pressure of great impersonal forces to invent quite other and irrelevant excuses for the good story's existence. There really was this clash between the received theology and the trade of story-telling. Here was the artist proceeding on the assumption that our temporal life is the most important of all things, that it ought to seem so to us, and that the fortunes of mere men and women are enthralling beyond every other concern; and here was the preacher reducing that assumption to a hollow pretense in the white light of eternity. All pure art produced under a popular supernaturalism must have tacitly the nature of mere diversion or beguilement, meet at best for hours of 'moral holiday,' but inherently devoid of moral dignity, wantonly and impiously contravening the laws of the universe in the midst of which it is conceived, and imperiling the soul which dares take it seriously.

The inevitable result was that no pure art was produced; for the novelist overlaid his story with moralism, rendered lip-service to theology, and circumvented the hostility of the pulpit by making his novel ostensibly a sermon. From Lyly to Thackeray, all the Sir George Mackenzies who wrote stories insisted that the 'choicest pearls in the jewel-house of Moral Philosophy . . . were set off to the best advantage, and appeared with the greatest lustre, when they were laced upon a Romance'; all the scandal-mongers of fiction, the Aphra Behns and Mrs. Haywoods and Mary Manleys, masked their licence as instruction by horrible example; all the Johnsons who wrote criticism worried themselves over a Shakespeare who was 'more careful to please than to instruct.' The novel was prone to purchase any cheapest sanction, if only that it might succeed in the struggle to survive at all.

'It is also believed,' says the Preface of *Alonzo and Melissa*, an 'American tale' published in 1831, 'that the story contains no indecorous stimulants.' The book is further described as 'not unfriendly to religion and virtue. . . . One thing was aimed to be shown, that a firm reliance on Providence, however the affections might be at war with its dispensations, is the only source of consolation in the gloomy hours of affliction; and that generally such dependence, though crossed by difficulties and perplexities, will be crowned with victory at last.' The greatest fiction of the century and a half after 1700 feels the moralistic impulse with less sincerity, and expresses it with more skill; but the apologetic tone is as characteristic of masterpieces as of this forgotten pious tale belonging to the outlawed underworld of sentimentalism.

All this didacticism was indisputably bad for both letters and religion. It bred unconscious hypocrisy in the

writer, and furtiveness in the reader. Both traits certainly impaired the dignity of fiction — and it is notoriously bad for law to wink at the evasion of laws which are on the books. The practice and the enjoyment of fiction were sophisticated by the sentimental moralism which has also poisoned every other thing ever crossed by the trail of the serpent of Anglo-Saxon Puritanism — the Anglo-Saxon temper, so far as it is sentimental and moralistic, being the modern nemesis of 'all bright careless forms of life.'

Nevertheless, under its veneer of illusions and self-deceptions, English fiction remained strongly enough based in truth, to carry, without being entirely crushed, its burden of didacticism. It is a fortunate thing, for the bare existence at least of the novel, that no modern generation has ever taken its nominal faith seriously enough to let it curb the egoistic human love of dreaming dreams. The impulse to art is quite the strongest thing in any nature in which it is present at all; and the hold of revealed religion has usually not amounted to very much in competition with it.

Of the century of novelists from Fielding to Thackeray, very few applied their faiths more seriously to the business of writing novels than the average nominal Christian of the same period applied his Christianity to the business of ordinary living. Both Fielding and Thackeray, for example, safe moralists though they are in theory, derive from the contemplation of human naughtiness an impish delight, which must greatly have perturbed them, if their theories had really come first. No one supposes that the exquisite high comedy of Jane Austen is invalidated by the failure of its world to show any particular correspondence with the orthodoxy of her ultimate beliefs; or that the democratic vaudeville

of Dickens is greatly impaired by the Trinitarianism of Dickens.

These writers are humanists by intuition, and that is the most important fact about them. They are also supernaturalists by conviction — which is the relatively unimportant fact. Even the strong Puritanic bias of the common reader, which afflicted him with a feeling of secret sin whenever he could not help enjoying romances, was, in its way, a tribute of acknowledgment to the power of romance. The graven image of old time was no more hated than feared; for it was a very real and dangerous rival of the true God. Puritanism likewise felt the instinct to protect God by a censorship of the imagination; it perceived vaguely that the free imagination was more powerful than prescribed faith. 'All art, which strove to make the sensations of a moment soul-satisfying, was dimly felt to be irreligious; for art performed what religion only promised.'¹ Thus one modern character in fiction, himself an artist, in a passage of notable musings on the riddle of things.

Thanks, then, to what the Puritan code interpreted as the weaknesses and shortcomings of human nature, the novel did continue to exist, to wheedle a great public into enjoyment less and less covert, and to grow in truth as well as favor. The clash between the basis of religion and the basis of art was enough to keep the novel out of formal repute, enough to deny it the deep sanction of being frankly an embodiment of immediate truth about life, and to force it into a servile posture toward the prejudices which passed for ultimate truth; but not enough to evangelize its main impulse, or, more logically, to destroy it altogether. Writers who were intellectually anything but

humanists profited by the extent to which they were unconscious humanists in taste and sympathy — the extent to which their temperaments failed to square with their theology.

Now, the more serious disadvantage of naturalistic fiction is that all its deficiencies are integral and wholly sincere. There is no chance of its being saved by a contradiction between what it feels and what it believes, because there is no such contradiction. The irreligion of natural law has taken possession of the artist, as the religion of revealed law never had a remote chance of doing; and his assumption of the cosmic point of view now threatens his dignity and the whole meaning of his work as crucially as ever a creed has done in time past. The naturalistic acceptance of things has been incorporated into our modern life to a single end: enthronement of the destructive material competition to survive, to exist, to get, to hold, to dominate. There is, in the ultimate view, nothing else left as a goal, in a world of individuals, classes, races, whole species seen as tossed on the surge of blind force, blind will acting senselessly. The artist of to-day is a person who has perceived that this monstrous illogicality is, indeed, the supreme logic of creation. He has seen man reduced to 'a disease of the dust,' reaching, at the highest, too puny a stature to be greatly tragic or comic; he tends more and more to interpret the spiritual in man as sentimental egoism and illusion, and the physical, the material, alone as real; and in the end he uses art to celebrate the downfall of the very faculties upon which the existence of art depends. Just as supernaturalism either stifles art altogether, or else treats it as something to be tolerated along with other mortal frailties, so naturalism tends to circumscribe art by confining it to 'realism' — either the foul realism of those

¹ *The Cream of the Jest*. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.

who are panegyrist of the brute in man, or the sterile literalism of those who report what is, exhausting the material facts of creation while ignoring our anxiety about the possible sense of it. On the one hand, a Jack London illuminating the primordial struggle for survival, a Theodore Dreiser depicting the more civilized struggle for prestige; on the other hand, a George Gissing choosing his subjects, as we are told on good authority, because of 'his very repugnance' to them. And in our present patronizing condescension toward the arts, there is even an odd parallel to our ancestors' prolonged distrust of the novel on moral and religious grounds. The artist is trying, for the first time, to live in the same world with all the rest of us; we know instinctively that he will never be at home here, and that his rightful place is elsewhere; and we despise him for his futile resemblance to ourselves, almost as much as we used to fear him for his difference.

Naturalism develops, it would seem, a philosophical lucidity which is the negation of art. The civilized society in which art has a place of its own, is 'an organized revolt against nature,' a getting together by men to attain, as it were in defiance of the world-purpose, the things they jointly want; and the faith for art is the humanism which so affirms. It is the only philosophy which reconciles the opposed advantages, and escapes the disadvantages, of the other creeds and doubts. It is sincere and open-eyed in its acceptance of man's spiritual will as the focal point of everything, where supernaturalism is insincere and sentimentally blind. It is cognizant, as naturalism is, of the physical basis of life, without limiting its cognizance to that. Humanism is avowedly anthropocentric, as all thinking done by men has got to be; and by virtue of this very frankness of avowal, this em-

phasis on the ineluctable condition, it enters the infinitude of our freedom for art, exactly at the point of our one greatest limitation as sentient beings. Because we can know nothing except in its relation to ourselves, we can know everything in that relation. So humanism admonishes us, as the greatest in art has always done. Humanism may almost be called the artistic temper itself rationalized. Nor need we be greatly disturbed if any one point out that, as such, it is also a philosophy based on the negation of philosophies.

II

So far the generalizing theory, negligent, as it must here remain, of side-issues uncounted, and dogmatically set forth to make it pocketable, but meant suggestively for all that. Now, for rounding out the theory, a parable of humanism in art, chosen for a double duty: first, to illustrate how humanism is indeed the *continuum*, the universal element, in literature of the imagination; secondly, to advance the argument by propounding a pragmatic method for criticism of the artist as philosopher. And, that we may deal with a figure grand enough to provide a crucial test of any such sweeping generalization, let the parable consist of a restatement from this angle of some problems and principles in the understanding of Shakespeare. Shakespeare was not, to be sure, a novelist, even of the archaic Elizabethan modes; but any imagination can bridge the gap between the sorts of plays Shakespeare wrote and the sort of novels he would have written if he had lived in the time of Fielding. Besides, it is well to give these speculations enough scope to include the whole body of imaginative fiction, of which the novel and the romance are but specialized members, having to this generation something of

the importance which the drama had to Shakespeare's.

What I have in mind is this: every scientific attempt of textual criticism to identify the meaning of Shakespeare with the tenets of any age or sect has resulted simply in the belittling of Shakespeare. Assume him Anglican, and you have cut off a part of him that we should all like to keep; assume him Catholic, and you have made him only part of what he seems to us. He is not atheist, he is not theist; that is, he is not primarily either one or the other. In his pragmatism, the question whether God made man, or man made God, makes no conceivable difference to anything that can be known or experienced. Every critic who has attempted to define Shakespeare by a definite formula of faith or of doubt, has subjected Shakespeare to a limitation unsanctioned by anything in the total effect of the plays and poems. Now, when you scan, one after another, the special and restricting interpretations and pick out the weakness in each; and when, having done that, you search for the formula which escapes all the weaknesses and leaves Shakespeare meaning the utmost that he can mean when set free to interpret himself, you find that the only theory which robs him of no glory, the only one which leaves him in full possession of all that we actually find in him, is precisely the theory of his humanism. The Shakespeare whom we know through the plays and poems was a man who could have made the epigram, 'If God had not existed, it would have been necessary to invent him'; for Shakespeare had the supreme revelation that, whether God did exist or whether man did invent him, the effect on man's conscious life in the knowable world is one and the same. This is the revelation which makes our Shakespeare, not Anglican, not Catholic, not demonstrably pagan or Christian, Epi-

curean, or Stoic, but pragmatist by temper, and by intuition humanist.

The central disclosure of the plays to us is this: that they are the work of a man who understood — whether with the intellect as well as with the intuition makes little difference — that eternity, fate, God, the immortality of the soul, eventual punishment and reward, are in one sense, the sense of art, simply not man's affair at all; that they are fundamentally unintelligible to his finite mind, the most irrelevant, even if perhaps the most enthralling, of his concerns. These things are in the lap of the gods; and man's affair, to state it in some very modern-sounding words, is to 'will what the gods will, without, perhaps, being certain what their will is — or even if they have a will of their own.' We do not in the least know whether Shakespeare believed in the existence of God; but we do know that, if he so believed, the meaning of God was all in man's desire of him. We do not know whether he believed in the immortality of the self-conscious soul; but we do know that, if he so believed, it was the will to immortality that interested him, and not the immortality itself as a hypothesis. In every way he accepts, faithfully and joyously, the finite conditions of life here and now, the impassable bounds beyond which neither reason nor experience can penetrate. We cannot imagine him as being indifferent to anything that was human; but neither can we imagine him as being much interested in anything except *because* it was human. And when he listens to man's 'Fables of the Above,' it makes little difference whether he takes them as fables or as truths: either way, what touches him most nearly is that they are man's, wrought out of man's own desire or need.

All that need be insisted on at this moment is the extreme fitness and justice of our letting the plays read them-

selves in the light of certain ideas which greatly enhance their meaning for all time, even if we doubt whether Shakespeare understood those ideas. By way of good measure and of responsibility assumed, I like to add a personal conviction that he did understand them clearly. Either Shakespeare consciously believed those doctrines in the light of which the plays crave to be interpreted, or else he was the lightest, most irresponsible of mortals, a mere 'master of the revels,' with not a shred of consistency to identify Shakespeare the artist with Shakespeare the man. It is easier for me to believe that those two are one, than that Shakespeare was only a facile trickster, admitting no connection between the words he wrote and the man he was, and achieving by some queer accident forty complete works that just *happened* to focus themselves on an interpretation of life that he had never thought of, and on a belief that he had never held. This alternative seems precluded by the very nature of the relation between the creator and the creation, in art or in anything; and therefore, I say, the doctrines which make the plays mean most to us and, so far as we can judge, to all time, are the doctrines which Shakespeare believed. If any one likes to believe that the doctrines which do most for the plays are the doctrines which Shakespeare did not believe, he is welcome to that self-indulgence.

At all events, this hypothesis of Shakespeare's humanism can be defended historically, in terms of his own sixteenth century. The Renaissance came late to England, but with intensity. And when it came, it put England almost at once in possession, not only of the classical learning, but of all the modern humanistic embroidery thereon of a century of continental Renaissance. Every one who has studied, even superficially, the Cinquecento in Italy knows

how merely nominal was the subservience of philosophy to religion, and how orthodoxy was subtly corroded by speculative doctrines preached from within the very Church, and calculated to deceive the very elect. The Church was largely given over to materialism; and, so long as its temporal power was not endangered, it was not above housing and feeding the philosophers who gave it intellectual prestige even while they undermined its doctrinal foundations. The Church was avidly making to itself, as now, friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness; and it was an age when one could hear atheism and the mortality of the soul brilliantly preached in high places, in discourse which paid to the Church no other tribute than the use of its ritual and its vocabulary.

In short, it was an age of humanism and free-thinking; and one of its chief symptoms is the delight of intellectualists in metaphysical speculation for its own sake — that is, for the training of the mind in subtlety, agility, and poise, and for sheer rapture in the sense that the human intellect could get beyond revelation, beyond and outside everything. It was an age in which both scholarship and philosophy were nothing if not humanistic; and from a thousand references in the plays and sonnets, from the general exultation of Shakespeare in metaphysical hair-splitting, sometimes almost purely verbal, one can trace his profoundly sympathetic kinship with these developments, his joy in the intellect as an instrument capable of giving man sway over space and time. Nor need we, for the present purpose, extend the ancestry of humanism to classical Greece and Rome — the great harbors of ancient cultivation, in which all that is most to be prized in the Middle Ages has its origins, and in which, rather than in the Reformation or Pu-

ritanism, the best moral and spiritual life of our time has its secure anchorage.

When, finally, we come to the supreme works themselves, we find almost everything to corroborate, almost nothing to deny. Shakespeare everywhere shows a strong tendency to let his vivid realization of man's temporal life take the form of a complete and untroubled agnosticism about everything else. There is plenty of evidence that he conceived death as a sweet oblivion, a surcease from that of which life is full enough; and the finality of that repose, the deep immobility of that sleep, immune from even the dreams which should prove life not utterly extinguished, are lyrical notes sounded always with a tenderness which must have had something to do with Shakespeare's own desire. Death is to him a 'dateless night'; and again and again he expresses the purely humanistic notion of immortality, in contexts where, if he had believed in any other notion, he must have given some hint. All his sonnets of the love of men and women are haunted by the sense that there is beauty in the very finiteness of the experience. In the sonnets of remembered love there is nowhere expressed the hope of reunion after death, or of any renewal except that of memory re-creating out of its need the desired shape, the lost presence.

All of the phrases which, isolated, bear some seeming hint of orthodox faith, seem in their contexts to require another interpretation. The exquisite antiphonal dirge in *Cymbeline* speaks of a task done, a home reached, wages ta'en; but that home, it at once appears, is the grave's 'quiet consummation,' and the wages are oblivion for the consciousness and renown in the memories of others.

Thou hast finished joy and moan.

To thee the reed is as the oak.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!

— Such negative immortality is the reward, and the only suggestion of a positive immortality is that thoroughly humanistic faith that the living can confer perpetual life upon the dead by not forgetting their lives.

Even the famous and controverted Sonnet CXLVI, with its cry of triumph over death, —

And Death once dead, there's no more dying
then, —

seems on analysis to be a plea for intensifying the inward life of the soul by a process very like the religious ascetic's mortification of the body. This sonnet is one of many records of the duality of Shakespeare, of the perpetual conflict in his life and mind between a starry poet, dreamer, and idealist, and an earth-bound respectable citizen quite capable of taking thought for the morrow, both tenants of the same clay.

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon this fading mansion spend?

Rather, let the soul live on the loss of its servant, the body; let the soul, renewed in its own ardent extra-physical life, glory in the body's failure and decay; do not devote the powers that are at best short-lived to making costly provision for the worms which are 'inheritors of this excess.' Instead, 'feed on Death, that feeds on men'; that is —

Within be fed, without be rich no more.

The sonnet comes down, then, to the simple assertion that, when we live most spiritually and least materially, we rob death by leaving so much the less for palpable dissolution, and so much the more for the cherishing memories of other men to seize on; we diminish death by withdrawing his sustenance. This idealistic humanism

seems to be everywhere Shakespeare's principal thought about eternity.

In the ghosts of the plays we find, oddly, a further corroboration. It is true enough that Shakespeare may have accepted unthinkingly — or, for that matter, thinkingly — the superstition of his time. He may have believed in the reality, even in the corporeality, of spirits of the dead. But it is to be noted that that was essentially a pagan, not a Christian, superstition; a belief, not in immortal spirits, but simply in the *unlaid* ghost. Oblivion was coming; but there was some debt left unpaid in the flesh, some wrong unrighted, which stood between the tortured spirit and the longed-for 'quiet consummation' of the grave. The failure to have achieved oblivion was always in itself a disaster, and the ghost's one concern was to shake off those evil dreams of reality which had persisted even beyond the body's corruption. This done, it might lie down to an eternity of rest.

Whether or not Shakespeare did accept this superstition is a matter of the least consequence. His plays neither gain nor lose anything of moment, whether the ghosts are staged as visible apparitions, or as ideal and symbolical perceptions in the minds of the actors. For, whatever Shakespeare's own attitude toward the pagan concept of the unlaid ghost, he found the only way to cheat it of its grossness. The ghost always exists, not to show something about a life other than that of our senses, but to show something purely spiritual and moral about this life. Its revelation is of guilt or of duty here and now, not of a promised hereafter. The ghost of Hamlet's father exists for Hamlet, the ghost of Banquo for Macbeth; they exert a further pressure, the one upon a feeling of responsibility, the other upon a feeling of guilt, which feelings exist already as products

of causes by no means supernatural. And so it is everywhere in the plays. The meaning is the same, whether the ghost be understood by the audience as having an objective or a subjective reality.

In fine, we make out everywhere Shakespeare's pragmatic emphasis on what things are to man and how they work in human life, and his refusal to treat any cosmic doctrine whatever except as a leverage in human thought, emotion, and conduct. In the glare of light which this reading of Shakespeare throws upon the history of fiction, the artist ought to be able to decipher a broadly complete rationale for the philosophy therein, and his critic a rationale of criticism. It ought to be possible, for example, by the same pragmatic method which snatches Shakespeare from the supernaturalists, to snatch Mr. Thomas Hardy from the naturalists. Mr. Hardy is a pessimist. Is not pessimism unconsciously a humanistic protest against modern naturalism, as Shakespeare's seeming agnosticism was against the doctrinaire parts of the Reformation and the Puritan movement? The pessimist accepts the senseless universe of natural law as a fact, but he also cries out against it as a nightmare. In that cry of despair or rage, he has set man back at the centre of everything. The very feeling that a purposeless universe is evil proves that there is a purpose, evolved by man for himself in defiance of the gods, and obscurely present in all that man does. The rational kinship of the pessimist is with naturalism, but his temperamental kinship is with humanism; he is the humanist discouraged. This second fact is the more important, for the ultimate test of art is what it makes us feel. The pessimist makes us feel that civilization is indeed an organized revolt against nature, even though it be futile and foredoomed; and

thus he shows us in a tragic light, as Meredith's optimism shows us in a comic, not any affair of remote beginnings and endings, but 'what you are now weaving.'

This one certain reality of the moment, denied by theology because it asserts the omnipotence of man and the impotence of God, denied by science

because science has no instruments for measuring the imponderable phenomena of the spirit — this one certain reality is the substance and the end of creative art. And the humanism which extricates and reveals it in a clear light is the first causal principle of the creative impulse, the impulse to beauty — which is the greatest thing in the world.

FOR DEMOCRACY

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I

GREAT moments have a way of simplifying the thought and the emotion of a people, sifting out the essential from the unessential, and bringing into clearer light fundamental things. In the present winnowing by the winds of destiny, much chaff is being blown away from our minds, and questions of vital importance emerge. Our country's present need of concerted thought and action on the part of its citizens brings a new valuation of that which we have been doing, a new smiting of the conscience because of things left undone. This great cause of democracy, for which our youth are going out to fight, how have we served it, each and every one of us, in times of peace?

Why, one asks now, among the many kinds of propaganda carried on in this country, on lecture-platforms, in parks and on commons, at village post-office corners, wherever men meet with men, has there been so little of the one kind of propaganda that we most need — a

right and vital teaching of true Americanism? Never, except perhaps in ancient Athens, was country so belestured and harangued. Every new theory of faith or of practice has a hearing; every sort of wrong or grievance, arising from labor conditions or negligence on the part of officials, is set forth eloquently sooner or later, for the sun in its wanderings shines down upon no other people so patient under the lash of the human tongue. Work negative, work positive, is being done by economist, social philosopher, preacher, in investigating special complaint, or teaching special conviction.

But, among the many voices, the one supremely important voice has, in the past, been lacking. I do not know anyone, among the many preachers, teachers, reformers, to whom it is my privilege to listen, who has tried to teach the American public the essentials of our republican faith. Pole, Magyar, Czech, Turk, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Syrian, and innumerable others are gathered together here from the four corners of

the earth, to learn the meaning of the greatest experiment in democracy that the world has ever tried. Not only have we failed to help them in learning how to play their part in it, but we have left them, unprepared as they are for the measure of liberty which we enjoy, to become the prey of political bosses, of agitators exhorting from the cart-tail in regard to oppression, exploitation by wealth, and class wrongs, misleading their mediæval minds into the belief that something worse than old-world tyranny exists here; while no cart-tail whatsoever has revealed an equally ardent speaker, trying to make the masses understand what America stands for; what she is trying to achieve; what are the difficulties in her way. These new recruits have need of positive teaching to offset the negative doctrine of anarchist and I.W.W. leader, making them know that their whole duty is not to protest and fight; that they are citizens, members of the household, and, as such, responsible for its conduct; not angry and disaffected guests at an inn whose service does not satisfy.

A promise of better things comes in the new movement to Americanize the alien; in lending it our heartiest support we shall perhaps more effectually Americanize ourselves. We, like the newcomers, need to be enlisted in this great and still uncertain adventure of government by the people, for the people. What have we been doing, we citizens of longer standing, to whom has been intrusted the keeping of the starry flag? The luxury-loving among us, the idle rich, but also the idle poor, and the over-busy — scholars alert for the discovery of the remotest fact concerning ancient Babylon or the gases of Saturn's ring; literary folk, eager to say some new thing in some new way; business men, avoiding civic duty in order to have time for the great game of profit

and loss; the pleaders of special causes, the exploiters of special wrongs, are all alike guilty.

How many kinds of exemption from service we claim! That very liberty of thought and of action which we cherish as so precious a possession has begotten in us an irresponsibility which threatens the foundations of that freedom on which we pride ourselves. Slackers, deserters, we have shirked at home and in the market-place the high task of carrying on the work intrusted to us by our forefathers. We have failed to instruct these primitive folk in the first principles of citizenship, to impart a teaching that might, in some measure, take the place of the slow centuries of development that they and their ancestors have missed, while ours, blunderingly enough, perhaps, were working out the hard task of self-government. Do we really, absorbed in class pleasures or in the privileges of our several callings, believe in democracy? Do we not, following our fancy, or intent upon business or profession, forget that mere practical or intellectual achievement may be treason, in its narrow pursuit of individual aim, its ignoring of the common good?

Times of great tragedy may, for all their darkness, flash light upon the human way; this may perhaps show us where we stand, unveil our special opportunity, our special responsibility in the long line of history. It is indeed a supreme opportunity that the present crisis reveals; and a supreme duty confronts the citizens of this country, with its peculiar achievement in the theory and the practice of democracy. As our young men fight in the fields of France for an ideal, we should be fighting at home to bring into clearer vision of ourselves and others the nature of that ideal. To this task of enlightenment we need to bend every energy, for an unintelligent democracy is the worst foe

civilization has ever had. Every artist, thinker, professional man, scholar — our lost citizens, astray among their individual interests — should make it his task to see how his special medium of expression can serve the great need; what way he can find to make the ideal of liberty and the possibility of it as a working conception come home to every one of us with new cogency, and to every stranger within our gates.

Our professional men, thus bending some of their effort to the common good, would be drawn more into the main stream of life, benefiting themselves and others; our idle rich, our scholars, and our artists could in this service open up some of the lost ways of communication between them and their kind; the privileged classes must not stay withdrawn apart; they need to learn that, in all our endeavor, we must be one and indivisible, as much as the warring masses, fighting for class-privilege, need to learn it. In a republic, every man who does not discover the common aim, and work for it, is indeed a Man without a Country.

It is time that we all realized that we are passing through a crucial period like that of the French Revolution, only incomparably greater, and time that we wakened to a sense of what the great hour demands of us. Why are not our writers finding simple ways of setting forth for the eager, misled, uninstructed populace the principles upon which depends the permanence of our institutions? Why are not our lawyers, our scholars, our editors, men of sound and balanced minds and clear convictions, instead of lingering at desk or club, deriding agitators, out on commons, in parks, and at street-corners, expounding the nature of true Americanism, teaching the populace how to rule themselves? Our educational institutions and our higher professions have produced an extraordinarily large

number of critics of our civilization, in proportion to the number of those ready to perform their duties therein.

The most important of all civic tasks ought not to be left to spasmodic outbursts upon our national holiday; there is a great gap, which must be bridged, between the Fourth-of-July orator and the thinkers of the land. Our scholars, our professional men, still following the inherited tradition of their order under centuries of monarchical government, have not yet risen to the greater demands made upon them, as democracy defines their duties and their privileges in larger terms. Intellect should be made more available in this country, more disinterested, more fitted to the service of the many; the American mind should be turned, as never before, to the mental needs of the civic body.

A practical people should find little difficulty in finding practical ways to achieve this. Towns, villages, cities could organize lecture-courses, inviting the populace, and, perhaps not wholly without results, inviting the machine politicians to listen to lectures upon civic ideals and civic duties; and many another method would suggest itself to those who cared to find it. If the world could see such a phenomenon as an ardent propaganda carried on by men of sane mind and clear vision, trying to make citizens of the masses, teaching them what self-government means, this most difficult problem would already be largely solved.

We need a new kind of street orator, addressing the populace in slum district, on common, in factory towns, wherever men meet with men, pleading, with the intelligence of the scholar and the ardor of the political campaigner, the fundamental articles of belief upon which our national life rests. We need priest and prophet of democracy, if this is indeed our faith; we

need to practise this faith and to teach it, as we have never done before.

This should be expounded, not only upon the public platform: it should be the teaching, almost the most important teaching, of the schools. It is an amiable and a beautiful thing that the young should be taught to present plays, to carve wood, to do raffia work; but there is crying need of teaching that can serve greater ends than can this — ends not sufficiently recognized in present scholastic instruction. Why, with all the different kinds of knowledge imparted to them, is it taken for granted that training in the principles of citizenship will practically take care of itself, or that it can be safely left to the Fourth-of-July orator? The days that are opening out ahead of us have stern tasks for the young, both in thinking and in action, and they cannot be too early roused to a sense of their civic duty, and of the civic responsibilities that will fall upon them. Courses in civics already in existence in some schools should be increased in number and deepened in significance. Statement of fact and of theory, the mere intellectual appeal, should be blended with imaginative presentation of the difficulties and the possibilities in securing a working order for human society; conscience should be touched, and emotion quickened, to supplement the intellectual stimulus in the training of young citizens.

I know of many people agitated in various ways about the needs of the young, fearing lest they may not speak good English, lest artistic gifts may not be sufficiently cultivated; but I know of few who are profoundly concerned over the question whether they are being prepared to become worthy inheritors of democracy. Do they grasp the principles at stake in the present great crisis? Are they going to understand the long struggle of the human race toward

liberty, and be ready to take their place in it? They indeed have need to be taught of what country they are citizens — less of this blundering and failing America, which has seemed to be drifting into disintegrated consciousness of the desires and demands of different classes, than of the ideal America of the future, which it is for them to make good, to bring to pass.

II

It is a crucial moment in the working out of the undying impulse toward self-government, manifest in the flickering republics of ancient time of Greece and of Rome, shining out in the Magna Charta, betraying itself in struggle through English history toward more and more freedom, more and more responsibility for the common man; the impulse that burned with passion of energy that would not be denied in the French Revolution. In this great and tragic time, the fate of the human race as capable of self-government is on trial as never before, and America's place in human history is being more fully defined. It is to this country, with its mixed population, its hordes of folk from all countries and all peoples, that the world looks for answer to the great world-question: 'Are masses of men capable of living together in peace and harmony, under principles framed by themselves, accepted by all? This faith for which the world is fighting — is it a tenable faith?'

Democracy cannot be adequately taught by the shot and shell of war-time, however necessary these may be as a beginning, or by a *laissez-faire* policy in time of peace. Therefore, here where the hope of the world is being worked out on a scale of unprecedented vastness, the masses, the intelligent and the less intelligent, old citizens and new of this republic of ours, need direct in-

struction, in civic principles, in history, in the limitations of human nature; they need stimulus to understand. They need to know something of this struggle for liberty in other times and other countries: what they achieved; who strove; wherever they fell short; of the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, which, with all its mistakes and shortcomings, has succeeded more fully than any other in creating free institutions. They need to know how this has been done, wherein the race has failed, wherein it has made good.

Both in the schools and on commons this propaganda of democracy should be a propaganda of patience, should teach the over-eager many, clamoring to grasp the fruit where the bud has hardly been formed, the need of intelligent understanding and intelligent hope in dealing with this complex, unruly, blind and headlong thing, — yet capable of divine growth, — human nature. To counteract the voices of irresponsible agitators, and the voices of many short-sighted and impatient idealists, we need to have sounding aloud, wherever there are ears to listen, voices of men of common sense and of insight, who are aware of the inevitable slow growth in human affairs. Many an agitator, many an academic theorist, with that lack of understanding of human limitation which seems to be the gift of agitators; many an idealist, dreaming of great good for abstract humanity, have done untold harm by advocating methods of revolution. It is strange and ironic that this, the era of all eras most impatient for quick results, should be the one which, theoretically, has learned the most of that long nature-patience known as evolution. It is time that the new insight into growth and slow growth in all things, the knowledge of evolutionary process, which is the chief contribution of the nineteenth century to knowledge,

should be transmuted into wisdom for our use. We have need of such wisdom, and we should make haste to share it with the masses, especially with the young. In classrooms, and even in public parks, enough of history can be taught to show that the struggle for liberty is of necessity a long struggle; and something of Nature's own slow willingness to wait should go into constructive teaching that will nullify the outcries of those who berate America because the millennium is not yet here. Perhaps contemporary Russia may serve as a sad example of that which happens when the millennium comes with too great a rush.

These denunciators within our gates cannot grasp human nature in its slow maturing, cannot realize how short a time America has had to work out its democratic institutions. We have made progress, all retrogressions, evasions, and fallingshort admitted. Are there not potent masculine voices which can make known that, although we have failed in much, we have not wholly failed; although we have not fulfilled the perfect vision of spiritual and temporal liberty, still much has been achieved? Our disaffected citizens, our young, need to know that here in America our initial impulse was great; that our history is not contemptible; that our struggle, through unimagined difficulty, because of the vastness of the problem, has never been given up. Our agitator friends and acquaintances, who cry out that the republic is a failure, fail to realize that the republic has hardly been tried.

Recognizing the facts, it should be an humble propaganda, teaching the need of humility, confessing that in many ways we have woefully fallen short. The growing separation of interests in our country, manifesting itself in the labor troubles, in the heaping up of unjustifiable fortunes, in the self-absorption of the careless rich, of selfish

scholar or professional man, is proof enough of this. It is, perhaps, our loud self-applause, our congratulation before achievement, which has most stood in the way of our real progress in working out our full share of the problem of human destiny. Our Fourth-of-July eagle is too often given to triumphant screaming where it should be bowing its head in abasement; our loud cries of liberty, equality, and fraternity where liberty, equality, and fraternity are not yet, bewilder many of those lured by these beguiling cries to our shores. Confessing partial failure, but clinging to our unforgotten aim and our forefathers' aim, we should hold high so great a conception of America, to guide the many, that the attitude of all must needs be humble, recognizing the vast difference between possibility and present achievement.

We need thus to substitute constructive teaching for destructive, a sense of the necessity of slow development for a passion for quick change; most crying of all the needs is that of emphasizing civic principles, of educating the masses, young and old alike, in the knowledge that fundamental articles of political belief must be grasped and held, obeyed through good fortune and through bad. If there was ever a time when the world had need of a realization that government rests upon enduring allegiance to law, that a lasting faith should guide conduct from day to day, from year to year, that decisions of right and wrong should cover more than the single instance, it is now, in face of the unthinking opportunism that has governed American life in recent years.

There is crass opportunism in the financier's grasp of the immediate chance that may spell great gain for him and ruin for others; there is crass opportunism in much of the labor agitation, when the unions lose all sense of

the common good in their demands in behalf of a single organization or band of men; and both forget the future. If, as Mr. Schwab asserts, labor is to rule the world after the war, what hope can there be for America unless the union members learn that their gain to-day may mean their children's loss to-morrow, if momentary material advantage is won at the expense of lasting allegiance to a governing law of conduct? If arbitration is accepted as a principle in the matter of settling strikes, it must be adhered to as a principle, whether, in the individual case, it means gain or loss. One's moral code cannot become a matter of barter in the market-place. If the country is to endure, if free institutions, becoming still more free, are to be handed on, if permanent freedom is to be secured, the power which is to control us must rise above a hand-to-mouth method, a day-to-day, make-shift policy of adopting any course of action that means immediate advantage. No opportunist conduct can make an enduring America; we have need of abiding tenets of civic faith, recognized by all, operative for all.

This propaganda should be a propaganda of intelligence, emphasizing the need of clearer and saner thinking, of more far-reaching thought, teaching the masses to reach by intellectual vision through the mood of the moment, and to know how greatly the unborn generations need our present self-sacrifice, our present self-control, our present subordination of individual demand to the good of the whole. The supremely important thing for us all to learn is that we are indeed one and indivisible. As the greater part of the agitation and unrest has come from a disintegration, a falling apart in aim and in ideal, showing in increased demands for class rights or union rights, — perhaps only natural in a country whose resources have been so largely exploited by men with strong

sense of individual power and weak sense of citizenship, — emphasis in all this propaganda should be laid upon our unity; the fact that we serve a common cause, share a common destiny. That sorry term, class-consciousness, so often on the lips of alleged friends of the people, should be buried in the ruins of old kingdoms and become a part of forgotten history.

In the pleading of special causes which has greatly increased among us in recent years, in the presentation of minor claims, how little of a genuine sense of national well-being! How much regarding the parts! How little regarding the whole! Surely this great crisis in our history, this war waged for democracy, will help do away with the talk of classes, with special demands, the agitated laborers and the complacent rich alike coming to know that they are, first and foremost, citizens of the country, and members of special clan or organization later. The moment has come when we must indeed learn to cry, 'Ay, Ay,' with one voice.

Meanwhile, the patience which we counsel must be shown by us as we face divergences of opinion and of feeling among our citizens gathered from many lands. There are those among us who have preached violent and subversive doctrine; this we should examine carefully, while teaching a different faith, to see if there is in it something that we ought to claim as part of our larger hope. If agitators trample upon and burn the flag, it is because they have not yet learned what it stands for. Their ignorance is our sin of omission; we, citizens of a free country, do not trouble ourselves to share with them our belief, nor do we rouse ourselves sufficiently to see if there be right in anything they say. Through agitation and through violence truth sometimes enters; we must try to read the face of the standard they are attempting to

unfurl. Wise governments find out a way to use for great ends the roused emotion and passion of the half-thinking; Americans of longer standing and of graver mind than many of the newcomers should help in finding ways of wise restraint, of directing hope to a higher level.

III

The country is already somewhat lifted by the great war out of the region of special complaints and special demands, into a consciousness of a common duty that is beginning to unite us from shore to shore. It is a great lesson; would that it might have been taught in some less fearful way; but at least it is being learned. Now, when the sight of khaki everywhere on the street brings its symbolism of service, and the air is full of notes of exhortation and of song ushering in a new era, there is with us a consciousness of a need of reconsecration, of refreshing ourselves at the deeper sources of our national well-being, of defining afresh for ourselves and sharing with others the great and simple hope of democracy in its purity.

This is our opportunity; the country is stirred as it has not been for many years, and it will be stirred yet more deeply as our wounded come home. The moment of great and common sorrow is the moment in which to learn indeed the deeper meaning of a political faith based upon the idea of the common good. In this supreme hour we need to withdraw our minds from our old exultant sense of achievement in external matters, and our more or less unfounded sense of intellectual enlightenment as existing in this country; to strip away our prepossessions; to face, without discouragement, our failures, and without dismay, our hopes; to rediscover our American ideal in its pristine freshness, that we may carry

forward this ideal and make it a fairer hope.

Moments when we look forward are moments when, if we are wise wayfarers, we must first look back. It is increasingly evident that we need to turn to the earlier moments of inspiration in our country's life, to gain a clearer sense of those ideals for which our forebears strove; to share, in its hope and its freshness, their sense of liberty, equality, fraternity. Great is our satisfaction in what they dared and won; yet even here, in that which the advanced thinkers of the late eighteenth century said, and the best that they said, we discern a lack; for we have won some further enlightenment with the passing years, have learned through success and through failure. Adam Smith and the rights of the individual, Thomas Paine and the rights of man — surely the best among us have traveled a long road since that time! That generation did not realize that you cannot make liberty, equality, and fraternity out of the rights of man. Perhaps the French Revolution failed, bringing disillusionment to many, because its doctrine was too negative to satisfy, with too much of demand therein, and not a profound enough idea of service, of sacrifice, to meet what is, after all, the deepest need of human nature; failed, not because its hopes were too high, but because they were not high enough. For the stern fact is that — as isolated thinkers have here and there recognized, but never masses of men — true democracy is based, not upon the rights of man, but upon the duties of man. What pity that those revolutionary days did not raise up some one, — what pity also regarding our own! — to set forth with cogency the doctrine of the inalienable duties of human kind!

We of America, inheritors of the doctrine of the rights of man, have (though the finer perceptions of the

few have outstripped us) added little in our hundred and twenty-five years of prosperous existence. True, we have gone a little way, but we should have gone much further, in the faith and the practice of democracy. Our forefathers fought a great fight and left us a great hope; we have not carried the standard forward as we should have done. The slogan with which they began the battle is still ours; we are still clinging, in thought and in act, to the rights of man, using violence when we think we have not got them; sitting back in passive content when we feel that we have secured them. The light-heartedness with which the wealthy go to their pleasures, the scholar to his desk, the artist to his dream, with no thought of civic responsibility, proves this. The labor unions, instead of being, as they think, in the forefront of idealistic progress, are more than a century behind the times, still clamoring for the rights of man, as are we all, the mass of American citizens, instead of crying out in times of peace — as we do, thank God! in times of war — for our duties, our renunciations, the points of danger and of sacrifice.

We need a fresh shaping of the idea of democracy, and we have great need of thinkers who can voice with power that will inspire succeeding generations this principle which is deeper than the rights of man, this principle of his duties. Even our newest idealist-citizens do not greatly help us. Certain newcomers, alien folk, coming to our shores with the shadow of old-world oppression still upon them, have set forth with poignancy their imaginative vision of what America really is, uncovering the ideal of earlier days that our forefathers held, so that many a descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers is learning from the insight of the Slav more than he has ever known of what our republican faith was in its inception. Foreigners

though they be, they recall to us a sense of what we have almost forgotten, or have been too careless to learn, and we are grateful to them for a freshened sense of the greatness of our heritage. Yet here, too, we detect something of limitation, a lack of that which will make the great hope endure. Most of them come to receive liberty, not to make it; come with a sense that the struggle will be finished when they get here; greeting America joyously because of what she has to give, what they can get out of it. Both in the glad expectation and in the disappointment or the anger that follows the discovery that the struggle is still going on, there is an attitude of passivity. This is the democracy of the outstretched hand, and of the voice that cries, 'Give!'

Life is a passion of activity, or it is nothing. Genuine democracy rests, not upon an attitude of pleased expectation of receiving, not upon an irresponsible sense of liberty to work one's will, but upon unflinching self-surrender, unceasing activity in behalf of the common good. Services must be voluntarily rendered, often more strenuous than those exacted by superiors under the old feudal order. For democracy is a stern and lofty creed of willing self-denial, of responsibilities staunchly borne, or it is a chaos and a failure, a stampede of the masses for power or for gain. It is a positive something, a service as exacting as the army-service, a constant act of energetic devotion; not a state, a passive condition of *laissez-faire*. Each moment of its life needs the whole-souled search, in times of peace as in time of war, of its citizens for present duty, no matter at what cost, at what relinquishment of individual claim.

We, who talk glibly of our rights as citizens, must remember that no man has a right even to claim citizenship in a democratic country, if he fail to place

the common good above his own good, or fail to lend his utmost power to bring this to pass. For us the future should be filled, less with irresponsible grasping at our full privileges, our individual liberty, or our machine-organization liberty, and more with steady striving toward the ideal democracy of gladly rendered service and glad sacrifice for the larger good, in order that this great experiment in the rights of man, America, may be for the next hundred years, and who knows how many to follow, an experiment in the glad fulfilling of the duties of man.

Realizing, then, that liberty for the individual is a lasting act of self-surrender on the part of the individual, not a sheepfold, penning him in and protecting him from the tyrants of the world, we shall perhaps reach a deeper conception of what the battle for democracy means, and know that it is not wholly a struggle against outer things, but greatly and seriously a struggle with inner inclinations and conditions. No man can become a freeman in a moment, for the hardest tyranny of all is the tyranny of the undisciplined inner self, with its exactions, its pretensions, its blind demands. The basis of our political faith must be that teaching which wise mothers impart to their children as the first and most important lesson of life, which should be vigorously and constantly taught in the schools: that their first duty is to find how their wills can be brought into accord with the wills of their fellows; thus, through the slow training of young generations, mankind may meet the supreme problem of the human race, will subdued to will, all working out toward the common good.

By the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

In this deeper conception, democracy may indeed have in it something of a

religion, for the trust that it implies in one's fellows, the trust that it implies in one's better self, lifts it into the realm of the spiritual, makes of it a faith. Here in America we need to teach that service to the state that means subordination of self — not to the earthly state of Kaiser and Junker, but to that inner kingdom where freedom is secured for every man by every man's renouncement of special claim and his offer of entire service for the upholding, not of a dynasty, but of an ideal.

We must match our outer greatness with an inner greatness that may meet its mighty challenge. This ideal of utmost service is one which every native son or daughter, however grown insensitive through long privilege, which every alien newcomer, Pole, Magyar, Czech, Turk, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Syrian, may understand. It is simple, as all great things are simple; it touches profounder depths in human nature than could any doctrine of rights; to it the ever-generous instincts of the poor man would be quick to respond if it could be brought rightly home. Could rich and poor alike be inspired, even in times of peace, with the idea that achievement lies in what they can do for their country, not what they can get out of it; could they but know that the whole idea of democracy is trembling in the

balance, and that it is for them to help decide whether it shall live or no, the battle of democracy would be near the winning.

Hope cannot long live unless it grow greater; nor can the ideal of justice for all men, of liberty, equality, and fraternity, continue to exist save through constantly finer and finer manifestation, in theory and in practice, of the faith therein expressed. This house of life which we have inherited from our forefathers must indeed be built larger and fairer, if it is to stand; and we shall prove but unworthy descendants, if we have not grown with the growth of years and added unto it.

We have need to think of this now, and think of it all together — our more than one hundred million strong of American citizens. Making the world safe for democracy is not merely a matter of outer things, of breaking vicious systems, of removing existing tyrannical governments. The benighted and enslaved peoples of Germany will never learn from us the beauty of democracy until we, who have had the privilege so long, realize it more fully ourselves. The world will not be safe for democracy until democracy is safe within the minds of the great mass of men, in clearer vision than has ever yet been attained.

TEMPLE BAR THEN AND NOW

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

THE King of England is not a frequent visitor to the City of London, meaning by 'the City' that square mile or so of old London whose political destinies are in the keeping of the Lord Mayor, of which the Bank of England is almost the exact centre, St. Paul's the highest ground, and Temple Bar the western boundary.

It might be said that the King is the only man in England who has no business in the City. His duties are in the West End — in Westminster; but to the City he goes on state occasions; and it so happened that several years ago I was in London on one of them.

I had reached London only the night before, and I did not know that anything out of the ordinary was going on, until over my breakfast of bacon and eggs — and such bacon! — I unfolded my *Times* and learned that their Majesties were that morning going in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to give thanks for their safe return from India. It was not known that they had been in any great peril in India; but royal progresses are, I suppose, always attended with a certain amount of danger. At any rate, the King and Queen had reached home safely, and wanted to give thanks, according to historic precedent, in St. Paul's; and the ceremony was set for that very morning.

Inquiring at the office of my hotel in Piccadilly, I learned that the Royal procession would pass the doors in something over an hour, and that the win-

dows of a certain drawing-room were at my disposal. It would have been more comfortable to view the Royal party from a drawing-room of the Carlton; but what I wanted to see would take place at Temple Bar; so, my breakfast dispatched, I sallied forth to take up my position in the crowded street.

It was in February — a dark, gloomy, typical London morning. The bunting and decorations, everywhere apparent, had suffered sadly from the previous night's rain and were flapping dismally in the cold, raw air; and the streets, though crowded, wore a look of hopeless dejection.

I am never so happy as in London. I know it well, if a man can be said to know London well, and its streets are always interesting to me; but the Strand is not my favorite street. It has changed its character sadly in recent years. The Strand no longer suggests interesting shops and the best theatres; and I grieve to think of the ravages that time and Hall Caine have made in the Lyceum, which was once Irving's, where I saw him so often in his, and my, heyday. However, my way took me to the Strand, and, passing Charing Cross, I quoted to myself Dr. Johnson's famous remark, 'Fleet Street has a very animated appearance; but the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross.' As I neared the site of Temple Bar, however, I observed that, for this morning, at any rate, the tide was setting toward the City.

My progress through the crowd was slow, but I finally reached my objective

point, the Griffin, which marks the spot where for many centuries Temple Bar stood. Taking up my position just in front of the rather absurd monument, which forms an 'island' in the middle of the street, I waited patiently for the simple but historic and picturesque ceremony to begin.

Before long the city dignitaries began to arrive. First came the Sheriffs and Aldermen in coaches of state, wearing their scarlet and ermine robes. Then a coach appeared, out of the window of which protruded the end of the great mace, emblem of City authority; and at last the Lord Mayor himself, in all his splendor, in a coach so wonderful in its gold and color that one might have supposed that it had been borrowed from Cinderella for the occasion.

While I was wondering how many times and under what varying conditions this bit of pageantry had been enacted on this very spot, a slight wave of cheering down the Strand apprized me of the approach of the Royal procession. The soldiers who lined both sides of the street became, at a word of command, more immovable than ever, standing at 'attention,' if that is the word which turns men into statues. At the same time a band began the national anthem, and this seemed the signal for the Mayor and his attendants to leave their coaches and group themselves just east of the monument. A moment later the Royal party, in carriages driven by postilions with outriders, swept by; but the state carriage in which sat the King and Queen was brought to a halt immediately in front of the City party.

The Lord Mayor, carrying his jeweled sword in his hand, bowed low before his sovereign, who remained seated in the open carriage. Words, I presume, were spoken. I saw the Lord Mayor extend his greetings and tender his sword to the King, who, saluting, placed his

hand upon its hilt and seemed to congratulate the City upon its being in such safe keeping. The crowd cheered — not very heartily; but history was in the making, and the true Londoner, although he might not like to confess it, still takes a lively interest in these scenes which link him to the past.

While the City officials, their precious sword — it was a gift from Queen Elizabeth — still in their keeping, were returning to their coaches and taking their places, there was a moment's delay, which gave me a good opportunity of observing the King and his consort. He looked very like his photograph and equally like his cousin, the Tsar of Russia. The Queen looked every inch a very plain English gentlewoman.

The Lord Mayor and his suite, having resumed their places, were driven rapidly down Fleet Street toward St. Paul's, the Royal party following them. The whole ceremony at Temple Bar, the shadow of former ceremonies hardly more real, had not occupied much over five minutes. The crowd dispersed, Fleet Street and the Strand immediately resumed their wonted appearance except for the bunting and decorations, and I was left to discuss with myself the question, what does this king business really mean?

Many years ago Andrew Carnegie wrote a book, *Triumphant Democracy*, in which, as I vaguely remember, he likened our form of government to a pyramid standing on its base, while a pyramid representing Great Britain was standing on its apex. There is no doubt whatever that a pyramid looks more comfortable on its base than on its apex; but let us drop these facile illustrations of strength and weakness and ask ourselves, 'In what way are we better off, politically, than the English?'

In theory, the king, from whom no real authority flows, may seem a little bit ridiculous, but in practice how ad-

mirably the English have learned to use him! If he is great enough to exert a powerful influence on the nation for good, his position gives him an immense opportunity. How great his power is, we do not know, — it is not written down in books, — but he has it. If, on the other hand, he has not the full confidence of the people, if they mistrust his judgment, his power is circumscribed: wise men rule and Majesty does as Majesty is told to do.

‘We think of our Prime Minister as the wisest man in England for the time being,’ says Bagehot. The English scheme of government permits, indeed, necessitates, her greatest men entering politics, as we call it. Is it so with us?

Our plan, however excellent it may be in theory, in practice results in our having constantly to submit ourselves — those of us who must be governed — to capital operations at the hands of amateurs who are selected for the job by drawing straws. That we escape with our lives is due rather to our youth and hardy constitution than to the skill of the operators.

To keep the king out of mischief, he may be set the innocuous task of visiting hospitals, opening expositions, or laying corner-stones. Tapping a block of granite with a silver trowel, he declares it to be ‘well and truly laid,’ and no exception can be taken to the masterly manner in which the work is done. Occasionally, once a year or so, plain Bill Smith, who has made a fortune in the haberdashery line, say, bends the knee before him, and at a tap of a sword across his shoulder, arises Sir William Smith. Bill Smith was not selected for this honor by the king himself; certainly not! the king probably never heard of him; but the men who rule the nation, those in authority, for reasons sufficient if not good, selected Smith for ‘birthday honors,’ and he is given a stake in the nation.

And so it goes. The knight may become a baronet, the baronet a baron, the baron a duke — this last not often now, only for very great service rendered the Empire; and with each advance in rank comes increase of responsibility — in theory, at least. Have our political theories worked out so well that we are justified in making fun of theirs, as we sometimes do? I think not. After our country has stood as well as England has the shocks which seven or ten centuries may bring it, we may have the right to say, ‘We order these things better at home.’

While musing thus, the Strand and Temple Bar of a century and a half ago rise up before me, and I notice coming along the footway a tall, burly old man, walking with a rolling gait, dressed in a brown coat with metal buttons, knee-breeches, and worsted stockings, with large silver buckles on his clumsy shoes. He seems like a wise old fellow, so I approach him and tell him who I am and of my perplexities.

‘What! sir, an American? They are a race of convicts and ought to be thankful for anything we allow them short of hanging.’ And then, seeing me somewhat disconcerted, he adds less ferociously, ‘I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another.’ Saying which, he turns into a court off Fleet Street and is lost to view.

It is only after he has disappeared that I realize that I have been speaking to Dr. Johnson.

II

Just when the original posts, bars, and chains gave way to a building known as Temple Bar, we have no means of knowing. Honest John Stow, whose effigy in terra cotta still looks down on us from the wall of the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, published

his famous 'Survey of [Elizabethan] London' in 1598. In it he makes scant mention of Temple Bar; and this is the more remarkable because he describes so accurately many of the important buildings, and gives the exact location of every court and lane, every pump and well, in the London of his day.

Stow assures his readers that his accuracy cost him many a weary mile's travel and many a hard-earned penny, and his authority has never been disputed. He refers to the place several times, but not to the gate itself. 'Why this is, I have not heard, nor can I conjecture,' to use a phrase of his; but we know that a building known as Temple Bar must have been standing when the 'Survey' appeared; for it is clearly indicated in Aggas's pictorial map of London, published a generation earlier; otherwise we might infer that in Stow's time it was merely what he terms it, a 'barre' separating the liberties of London from Westminster — the city from the shire. It is obvious that it gets its name from that large group of buildings known as the Temple, which lies between Fleet Street and the river, long the quarters of the Knights Templar, and for centuries past the centre of legal learning in England.

Referring to the 'new Temple by the Barre,' Stow tells us that 'over against it in the high street stand a payre of stockes'; and adds that the whole street 'from the Barre to the Savoy was commanded to be paved in the twenty-fourth year of the reign of King Henry the sixth' (this sturdy lad, it will be remembered, began to 'reign' when he was only nine months old), with 'tole to be taken towards the charges thereof.' This practice of taking 'tole' from all non-freemen at Temple Bar continued until after the middle of the nineteenth century, and fine confusion it must have caused. The charge of twopence each time a cart passed the City bound-

ary finally aroused such an outcry against the 'City turnpike' that it was done away with. Whoever received this revenue must have heartily bewailed the passing of the good old days; for a few years before the custom was abandoned, the toll collected amounted to over seven thousand pounds per annum.

The first reference which seems to suggest a building dates back to the time when 'Sweet Anne Bullen' passed from the Tower to her coronation at Westminster, at which time the Fleet Street conduit poured forth red wine, and the city waits — or minstrels — 'made music like a heavenly noyse.' We know, too, that it was 'a rude building,' and that it was subsequently replaced by a substantial timber structure of classic appearance, with a pitched roof, spanning the street and gabled at each end. Old prints show us that it was composed of three arches — a large central arch for vehicular traffic, with smaller arches, one on each side, over the footway. All of the arches were provided with heavy oaken doors, studded with iron, which could be closed at night, or when unruly mobs, tempted to riot, threatened — and frequently carried out their threat — to disturb the peace of the city.

The City proper terminated at Lud Gate, about halfway up Ludgate Hill; but the jurisdiction of the City extended to Temple Bar, and those residing between the two gates were said to be within the liberties of the City and enjoyed its rights and privileges, among them that of passing through Temple Bar without paying toll. Although Lud Gate was the most important gate of the old city, originally forming a part of the old London wall, from time immemorial Temple Bar has been the great historic entrance to the City. At Temple Bar it was usual, upon an accession to the throne, the proclamation of a peace, or the over-

throw of an enemy, for a state entry to be made into the City. The sovereign, attended by his trumpeters, would proceed to the closed gate and demand entrance. From the City side would come the inquiry, 'Who comes here?' and the herald having made reply, the Royal party would be admitted and conducted to the lord mayor.

With the roll of years this custom became slightly modified. When Queen Elizabeth visited St. Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada, we read that, the herald and trumpeters having announced her arrival at the gate, the Lord Mayor advanced and surrendered the city sword to the Queen, who, after returning it to him, proceeded to St. Paul's. On this occasion, as on all previous occasions, the sovereign was on horseback, Queen Elizabeth having declined to ride, as had been suggested, in a vehicle drawn by horses, on the ground that it was new-fangled and effeminate. For James I, for Charles I and Cromwell and Charles II, similar ceremonies were enacted, the coronation of Charles II being really magnificent and testifying to the joy of England in again having a king.

Queen Anne enters the City in a coach drawn by eight horses, 'none with her but the Duchess of Marlborough, in a very plain garment, the Queen full of jewels,' to give thanks for the victories of the Duke abroad; and so the stately historic procession winds through the centuries, always pausing at Temple Bar, right down to our own time.

III

But to return to the actual 'fabrick,' as Dr. Johnson would have called it. We learn that, soon after the accession of Charles II, old Temple Bar was marked for destruction. It was of wood, and, although 'newly paynted

and hanged' for state occasions, it was felt that something more worthy of the great city, to which it gave entrance, should be erected. Inigo Jones was consulted and drew plans for a new gate, his idea being the erection of a really triumphant arch; but, as he died soon after, his plan was abandoned. Other architects with other plans came forward. At length, the King became interested in the project and promised money toward its accomplishment; but Charles II was an easy promiser, and as the money he promised belonged to someone else, nothing came of it. While the project was being thus discussed, the plague broke out, followed by the fire which destroyed so much of old London, and public attention was so earnestly directed to the rebuilding of London itself that the gate, for a time, was forgotten.

Temple Bar had escaped the flames, but the rebuilding of London occasioned by the fire gave Christopher Wren his great opportunity. A new St. Paul's with its 'mighty mothering dome,' a lasting monument to his genius, was erected, and churches innumerable, the towers and spires of which still point the way to heaven — instructions which, we may suspect, are neglected when we see how deserted they are; but they serve, at least, to add charm and interest to a ramble through the City.

Great confusion resulted from the fire; but London was quick to see that order must be restored, and it is much to be regretted that Wren's scheme for replanning the entire burned district was not carried out. Fleet Street was less than twenty-four feet wide at Temple Bar — not from curb to curb, for there was none, but from house to house. This was the time to rebuild London; although something was done, much was neglected, and Wren was finally commissioned to build a new

gate of almost the exact dimensions of the old one.

The work was begun in 1670 and progressed slowly, for it was not finished until two years later. What a fine interruption to traffic its rebuilding must have occasioned! Constructed entirely of Portland stone, the same material as St. Paul's, it consisted, like the old one, of three arches — a large flattened centre arch, with small semicircular arches on either side. Above the centre arch was a large window, which gave light and air to a spacious chamber within; while on either side of the window were niches, in which were placed statues of King James and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, on the City side and of Charles I and Charles II on the Westminster side.

The curious may wish to know that the mason was Joshua Marshall, whose father had been at one time master-mason to Charles I; that the sculptor of the statues was John Bushnell, who died insane; and that the cost of the whole — including the statues at four hundred and eighty pounds — was but thirteen hundred and ninety-seven pounds, ten shillings.

The fog and soot and smoke of London soon give the newest building an appearance of age, and mercifully bring it into harmony with its surroundings. Almost before the new gate was completed, it had that appearance; and before it had a chance to grow really old, there arose a demand for its removal altogether. Petitions praying for its destruction were circulated and signed. Verse, at least, if not poetry, urging its retention, was both written and printed.

If that Gate is pulled down, 'twixt the Court and the City,
You'll blend in one mass, prudent, worthless and witty.
If you league cit and lordling, as brother and brother,

You'll break order's chain and they'll war with each other.

Like the Great Wall of China, it keeps out the Tartars

From making irruptions, where industry barbers.
Like Samson's Wild Foxes, they'll fire your houses,

And madden your spinsters, and cousin your spouses.

They'll destroy in one sweep, both the Mart and the Forum,

Which your fathers held dear, and their fathers before 'em.

But, attacked by strong city men and defended only by sentiment, Temple Bar still continued to impede traffic and shut out light and air, while the generations who fought for its removal passed to their rest. It became the subject of jokes and conundrums. Why is Temple Bar like a lady's veil? it was asked; the answer being that both must be raised (razed) for busses. The distinction between a buss and a kiss, suggested by Herrick, of whom the eighteenth-century City man never heard, would have been lost; but we know that —

Kissing and bussing differ both in this,
We buss our wantons and our wives we kiss.

No account of Temple Bar would be complete without reference to the iron spikes above the centre of the pediment, on which were placed occasionally the heads of persons executed for high treason. This ghastly custom continued down to the middle of the eighteenth century, and gave rise to many stories, most of them legendary, but which go to prove, were proof necessary, that squeamishness was not a common fault in the days of the Georges.

To refer, however briefly, to the taverns which clustered east and west of Temple Bar and to the authors who frequented them, would be to stop the progress of this paper — and begin another. Dr. Johnson only voiced public opinion when he said that a tavern chair is a throne of human felicity. For more than three centuries within the

shadow of Temple Bar there was an uninterrupted flow of wine and wit and wisdom, with, doubtless, some wickedness. From Ben Jonson, whose favorite resort was The Devil, adjoining the Bar on the south side, down to Tennyson, who frequented The Cock, on the north, came the same cry, for good talk and good wine.

O plump head-waiter at the Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock —
Go fetch a pint of port.

This does not sound like the author of 'Locksley Hall,' but it is; and while within the taverns 'the chief glory of England, its authors,' were writing and talking themselves into immortality, just outside there ebbed and flowed beneath the arches of Temple Bar, east in the morning and west at night, the human stream which is one of the wonders of the world.

Meanwhile, the importance of Temple Bar as a city gate was lessening; 'a weak spot in our defenses,' a wit calls it, and points out that the enemy can dash around it through the barber's shop, one door of which opens into the City, and the other into the 'suburbs'; but down to the last it continued to play a part in City functions. In 1851 it is lit with twenty thousand lamps as the Queen goes to a state ball in Guildhall. A few months later, it is draped in black as the remains of the Iron Duke pause for a moment under its arches, on the way to their final resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral. In a few years we see it draped with the colors of England and Prussia, when the Princess Royal, as the bride of Frederick William, gets her 'Farewell' and 'God Bless You' from the City, on her departure for Berlin.

Five years pass and the young Prince of Wales and his beautiful bride, Alexandra, are received with wild applause

by the mob as their carriage halts at Temple Bar; and once again when, in February, 1872, Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the court go to St. Paul's to return thanks for the Prince's happy recovery from a dangerous illness.

With this event the history of Temple Bar in its old location practically ceases. It was to continue for a few years longer a 'bone in the throat of Fleet Street'; but at last its condition became positively dangerous, its gates were removed because of their weight, and its arches were propped up with timbers.

Finally, in 1877, its removal was decided upon by the Corporation of London, and Temple Bar, which, from time immemorial, has been one of London's most notable landmarks, disappears, and the Griffin on an 'island' rises in its stead.

'The ancient site of Temple Bar has been disfigured by Boehm with statues of the Queen and the Prince of Wales, so stupidly modeled that they look like statues out of Noah's Ark. It is bad enough that we should have German princes foisted upon us, but German statues are worse.'

In this manner George Moore refers to the Memorial commonly called the Griffin, which, shortly after the destruction of the old gate, was erected on the exact spot where Temple Bar formerly stood.

It is not a handsome object; indeed, barring the Albert Memorial, it may be said to represent Victorian taste at its worst. It is a high, rectangular pedestal, running lengthwise with the street, placed on a small island which serves as a refuge for pedestrians crossing the busy thoroughfare. On either side are niches in which are placed the life-size marble figures described by Moore. But this is not all: there are bronze tablets let into the masonry, showing in

basso-rilievo incidents in the history of old Temple Bar, with portraits, medallions, and other things. This base pedestal, if so it may be called, is surmounted by a smaller pedestal on which is placed a heraldic dragon or griffin, — a large monster in bronze, — which is supposed to guard the gold of the City.

We do not look for beauty in Fleet Street, and we know that only in the Victorian sense is this monument a work of art; nevertheless it has the same interest for us as a picture by Frith — it is a human document. Memories of the past more real than the actual present crowd upon us, and we turn under an archway into the Temple Gardens, glad to forget the artistic sins of Boehm and his compeers.

III

Ask the average Londoner what has become of old Temple Bar, and he will look at you in blank amazement, and then, with an effort of memory, say, 'They've put it up somewhere in the north.' And so it is.

On its removal the stones were carefully numbered, with a view to reërection, and there was some discussion as to where the old gate should be located. It is agreed now that it should have been placed in the Temple Gardens; but for almost ten years the stones, about one thousand in number, were stored on a piece of waste ground in the Farringdon Road. Finally, they were purchased by Sir Henry Meux, the rich brewer, whose brewery, if out of sight, still indicates its presence by the strong odor of malt, at the corner of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road. Sir Henry Meux was the owner of a magnificent country seat, Theobald's Park, near Waltham Cross, about twelve miles north of London; and he determined to make Temple

Bar the principal entrance gate to this historic estate.

So to Theobald's Park, anciently Tibbals, I bent my steps one morning. Being in a reminiscent mood, I had intended to follow in the footsteps of Izaak Walton, from the site of his shop in Fleet Street just east of Temple Bar, and having, in the words of the gentle angler, 'stretched my legs up Tottenham Hill,' to take the high road into Hertfordshire; but the English spring having opened with more than its customary severity, I decided to go by rail.

It was raining gently, but firmly, when my train reached its destination, Waltham Cross, and I was deprived of the pleasure I had promised myself of reaching Temple Bar on foot. An antique fly, drawn by a superannuated horse, was secured at the railway station, and after a short drive I was set down before old Temple Bar, the gates of which were closed as securely against me as ever they had been closed against an unruly mob in its old location.

Driving along a flat and monotonous country road, one comes on the old gate almost suddenly, and experiences a feeling, not of disappointment, but of surprise. The gate does not span the road, but is set back a little in a hedge on one side of it, and seems large for its setting. One is prepared for a dark, grimy portal, whereas the soot and smoke of London have been erased from it, and, instead, one sees an antique, creamy-white structure, tinted and toned with the green of the great trees which overhang it.

Prowling about in the drenching rain, I looked in vain for some sign of life. I shouted to King James, who looked down on me from his niche; and as I received no reply, addressed his consort, inquiring how I was to secure admittance.

A porter's lodge on one side, almost

hidden in the trees, supplied an answer to my question; and on my giving a lusty pull at the bell, the door was opened and a slatternly woman appeared and inquired my business.

'To look over Temple Bar,' I replied.

'Hutterly himpossible,' she said; and I saw at once that tact and a coin were required. I used both. 'Go up the drive to the great 'ouse and hask for the clerk [pronounced clark] of the works, Mr. 'Arrison; 'e may let ye hover.'

I did as I was told and had little difficulty with Mr. Harrison. The house itself was undergoing extensive repairs and alterations. It has recently passed, under the will of Lady Meux, to its present owner, together with a fortune of five hundred thousand pounds in money.

Many years ago Henry Meux married the beautiful and charming Valerie Langton, an actress, — a 'Gaiety girl,' in fact, — but they had no children, and when he died in 1900, the title became extinct. Thereafter Lady Meux, enormously wealthy, without relatives, led a retired life, chiefly interested in breeding horses. A chance courtesy paid her by the wife of Sir Hedworth Lambton, who had recently married, together with the fact that he had established a reputation for ability and courage, decided her in her thought to make him her heir.

Sir Hedworth, a younger son of the second Earl of Durham, had early adopted the sea as his profession. He had distinguished himself in the bombardment of Alexandria, and had done something wonderful at Ladysmith. He was a hero, no longer a young man, without means — who better fitted to succeed to her wealth and name? In 1911 Lady Meux died, and this lovely country seat, originally a hunting-locale of King James, subsequently the

favorite residence of Charles I, and with a long list of royal or noble owners, became the property of the gallant sailor. All that he had to do was to forget that the name of Meux suggested a brewery and exchange his own for it, and the great property was his. It reads like a chapter out of a romance. Thus it was that the house was being thoroughly overhauled for its new owner at the time of my visit.

But I am wandering from Temple Bar. Armed with a letter from Mr. Harrison, I returned to the gate. First, I ascertained that the span of the centre arch, the arch through which for two centuries the traffic of London had passed, was but twenty-one feet 'in the clear,' as an architect would say; next, that the span of the small arches on either side was only four feet six inches. No wonder that there was always congestion at Temple Bar.

I was anxious also to see the room above, the room in which formerly Messrs. Child, when it had adjoined their banking-house, had stored their old ledgers and cash-books. Keys were sought and found, and I was admitted. The room was bare except for a large table in the centre, on which were quill pens and an inkstand in which the ink had dried up years before. One other thing there was, a visitor's book, which, like a new diary, had been started off bravely years before, but in which no signature had recently been written. I glanced over it and noticed a few well-known names — English names, not American, such as one usually finds, for I was off the beaten track of the tourist. The roof was leaking here and there, and little pools of water were forming on the floor. It was as cold as a tomb. I wished that a tavern, the Cock, the Devil, or any other, had been just outside, as in the old days when Temple Bar stood in Fleet Street.

The slatternly woman clanked her

keys; she too was cold. I had seen all there was to see. The beauty of Temple Bar is in its exterior, and, most of all, in its wealth of literary and historic associations. I could muse elsewhere with less danger of pneumonia; so I said farewell to the kings in their niches, who in this suburban retreat seemed like monarchs retired from business, and returned to my cab.

The driver was asleep in the rain. I think the horse was, too. I roused the man and he roused the beast, and we drove almost rapidly back to the station; no, not to the station, but to a public house close by it, where hot water and accompaniments were to be had.

'When is the next train up to London?' I asked an old man at the station.

'In ten minutes, but you'll find it powerful slow.'

I was not deceived; it took me over an hour to reach London.

As if to enable me to bring this story to a fitting close, I read in the papers only a few days ago, 'Vice-Admiral Sir John Jellicoe was to-day promoted to the rank of Admiral, and Sir Hedworth Meux, who until now has been commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, was appointed Admiral of the Home Fleet.'¹

Good luck be with him! Accepting the burdens which properly go with rank and wealth, he is at this moment cruising somewhere in the cold North Sea, in command of a great fleet. Upon the owner of Temple Bar, at this moment, devolves the duty of keeping watch and ward over England.

¹ Since this was written, Sir Hedworth Meux has retired from active service.

THE BAND

BY ANNE UELAND TAYLOR

THE lovely old house in the faubourg Saint-Honoré spread its French magnificence around three sides of a square, its long windows giving on a garden. At half-past five of a Sunday afternoon, there was a coming and going of butlers and flunkies and potentes and slim girls and dowagers and animated young officers. In the left wing were spread long tables for the feast — steaming samovars, punch in deep glass bowls, wild strawberries floating in a golden liquid, golden crisp potato chips on shining salvers. On the other side, in an enormous awninged sun-room, a crush of people lis-

tened to the discourses of notables — Maréchal Joffre, the philosopher Bergson, and others. From time to time the sound of hand-clapping beat upon the still air. Along the paths outside, a dozen photographers were at their posts, anxious, haggard, and inelegant, lengthening and shortening their tripods, ducking under black cloths, climbing up on chairs.

Everything else, in the deep gardens of the Cercle des Alliés, was on a note of suavity and elegance. Purple clouds seemed to hang just over the tall tree-tops; an unearthly light imparted to the leaves and grass and rhododendrons a

metallic, jeweled brilliance. Still the rain held off.

A brightly colored garden-party waited there, dawdling and chattering, with much pretty bowing and saluting and waving of parasols, until the discourses should be finished, and music and refreshments be in order. It was a brilliant and cosmopolitan company, a mingling of fashion and the military, diplomacy, and war-work: gold-braided French generals, beautiful American countesses, tall Russian officers, aristocratic Frenchwomen in lacy black and pearls, decorated Serbs and decorative Italians, in their brigandish capes, high Red-Cross officials, embassy secretaries and their wives, military attachés, pretty American girls, some in gray uniforms and boyish black sailors, most of them in drooping hats and furs and slim silk garments, strolling with their young lieutenants in the upper reaches of the garden — the sort of people you see in the pages of the *Tatler* and *Sketch* and *Vanity Fair* and *l'Illustration*.

On a stretch of green lawn just beyond the path that separated house and garden, two bands were waiting amid a glitter of musical instruments: one, the band of the Garde Républicaine, in dark blue and silver, the other, the —th Regimental band, in khaki. The Frenchmen were middle-aged, correct, impassive, and elegantly dressed. The Americans were boys — young, excited boys in ill-fitting khaki coats, bare-headed. Looking at them, one felt their interest, their eagerness, their apprehension.

'They're North Dakota boys,' said Colonel S —, commander of the American troops in Paris. 'I talked with the leader this morning. He said they were all a bit scared at the thought of playing here next to the great French band. Said they'd do their best, and

even if they did fall down, it would be a great experience. Nice chap!'

The Americans played first. It was an elaborate and commonplace march, but they took it with a good swing, a vigorous banging of brasses. In that old-world garden I suddenly fell to thinking of a circus in a little Minnesota town — elephants with their swinging trunks, great round tents, cages of wild beasts, tawdry pageants, dust, delicious youthful excitement.

Then the Garde Républicaine. Ah! the circus vanished. Here we were in the old gardens again, stately, melancholy. Old dances, minuets, fountains, powdered wigs, voluminous silks — there was the rustle and scent of all that in the grave minor music, and the melancholy of long-forgotten gayety.

The enchantment ceased. The French conductor, an elderly, stiff little man, took his seat, and the boys in the American band clapped politely, respectfully. There was a long murmur of applause. Again the American leader stood before his men — a tall, rather awkward figure, with a long neck, dark rumpled hair, a tense pale face. *Br-r-oum—za—za* went the brasses. This time it was a medley of American tunes, that went from a lively jig into a long-drawn dirge, whirled into a rag, then burst into star-spangled banners.

For the French it must have been madness, but most of the homesick Americans liked it — loved it! It was barbarous, but it meant something to them. It was the Red River Valley — it was the village band — it was the college glee-club — it was a 'sing' on the river — it was a sleigh-ride party with jingling bells and oyster stew afterwards — well, say what you like, it was America!

'Great, is n't it!' I heard someone say.

I looked around. It was one of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera.

However, not all the Americans showed their pleasure, and some were more embarrassed than pleased. Some, standing with their French acquaintance, smiled and shook their heads. There was a faint sniff of superiority here and there. The presence of sophisticated Parisians constrained a few to deprecating manners.

When, for the third number, a big-chested stoutish boy stood up before us with a cornet, I confess I dreaded the performance, because I knew it would be 'variations.' It was, on every note. It was marvelous and it was terrible. It was humorous and pathetic and wonderful. I hated myself for minding it; I hated the American officer next me who kept murmuring under his breath, 'O Lord!' I was glad when, after each tortured peroration, some American youngsters 'gave him a hand.' After a long while it was over, and there was great applause. The boy, flushed and proud and tired, went back to his place.

There had been a moment of constraint and disavowal — a dreadful little freezing breath of snobbism. I can bear to speak of it only because of what came afterwards.

Presently, while our band was playing, the Frenchmen gathered up their things to go. Our leader was marking time in silence, when the leader of the Garde Républicaine went over to him across the grass, bowed politely, and shook hands. The boy from Dakota kept on beating time with his left hand. Then our band was alone in the garden.

At once everything changed. Perhaps they had played their most showy pieces, and could now fall back on rollicking familiar airs. Perhaps the departure of the French band had relieved them of a touch of stage fright. Anyway, now they threw themselves into their performance with enjoy-

ment and *abandon*. The leader, instead of standing stiff and grave before his men, went after them like a cheer-leader before a football crowd. He smiled, he coaxed the music out of them; now and then he crouched as if about to spring at them. They whirled into a Sousa march that made the blood leap.

This was n't performing — it was playing, gamboling, frisking. I thought of young, fuzzy-haired colts galloping around a pasture. How they bent to it, blew their hearts into it, let themselves go, in their youth and eagerness!

The regimental band. I knew what that meant. There's not much music at the front, and the men in the band, in the common course of warfare, are the stretcher-bearers. Their part is the most dangerous, their casualties the heaviest. I could not forget that, looking at those North Dakota boys playing in the French garden — with their ruffled blond heads, husky shoulders, big chests. There was something so gentle and young about them, so rude and fresh! So they'd be carrying the dead one of these days, carrying stretchers to the dying, over shell-cursed fields. That's what I thought of. It was n't to be all Sousa marches for them — not much more of this.

One came out before them to play the fife. I don't know why, but he stood for my young brother — for everyone's young brother. He had a fine golden tan, his fair hair crinkled back from his forehead, his eyebrows were quaintly turned, giving him a wild, elfin look. He was a young faun playing his reed in a glade. No, he was my young brother, and he would have to put his reed away.

The audience had been changing. The constraint, the embarrassment, the snobbishness were gone. There was nothing but lively friendliness and enjoyment in the air. The leader felt

it. He turned to us after the applause.

'I wonder if you'd care to hear a good old rag?' he drawled; 'how about it?'

Everyone shouted, 'Yes, give us a rag!'

Then, in spite of themselves, all those decorous, sophisticated, fine-mannered folk were in the grip of an intoxication they could scarcely conceal. A pied piper was making them dance — and if they never actually moved from the studied elegance of their positions (sitting in garden chairs, or dawdling in a circle about the grass), there was excitement and delight in their faces. They swayed ever so little, smiled happily — they were dancing inside to that savage, careless, devil-take-'em rhythm. Oh, the piper played and they danced!

They played 'Maryland, my Maryland,' and 'Old Black Joe' (singing bits of it in their husky deep voices), and 'Tenting To-night,' and 'My Old Kentucky Home' (that brought some homesick tears), and 'Swanee River,' and then the irresistible 'Dixie.' That was clapped all the way through.

A dignified old banker cried out, 'Do you know "Cheer, cheer, the gang's all here"?' The leader flashed around: 'Sure, we specialize in that'; and gave it to us.

By then most of the French people, and the Russians and the Italians and

the English and the Serbs, had melted away home. Indeed, it was getting on toward dinner-time — seven o'clock and after. But the Americans had been enchanted by their band. Wild Gothas could n't have dragged them away. They crowded around in a close semi-circle. Ladies swished over the low foot-rail to have a word with the leader. Gentlemen ran around the sidepaths — would n't they play this? and that? and do 'Dixie' just once more?

After each piece, and sometimes all the way through, the crowd shouted out, 'Bravo!' and 'Fine!' and 'Good work, boys!' and finally joined in and sang — and even *whistled* in places!

The French butlers stood on the steps of the mansion, looking down into the garden. They were in deep trouble. They had much to do. It was dinner-time. They had to bring the chairs in. Besides, it would rain presently. The party — the real party — had been over an hour ago. But these people would n't go home.

The butlers stood in a row at the top of the steps, looking down disapprovingly, indulgently, as on a flock of children. Then I caught the murmur so familiar in my ears of late, astonished and resigned, —

'Ah — ces Américains!'

ONCE MORE

BY G. O. WARREN

LADEN I come to that great Market-Place,
Where still unseen the secret Merchant waits
To take our wares, our hoarded joys and tears
And life and death. Not yet, not yet abates

That greed of his to sweep the harvest in.
Never a hearth or home or child or mate
But He must have it. Let one grain of sand
For hidden building be, one dream elate

With separateness from Him, and He will fold
That thrilling voice of his within the winds.
Sweeter than music, wild as lover's flute
Piercing the night, his cadence rises, binds

Our willing to his Will. Then, then like fields
Whose ripened grain bows down, like hurrying leaves
When autumn's magic woos them from the trees,
Once more we strip our wood, we yield our sheaves.

FOCH IN THE MIDST OF WAR

BY CHARLES DAWBARN

I

THE most tremendous moment in the life of Ferdinand Foch came on the night of July 14, 1918. He was waiting for the enemy attack to begin. It meant so much, the precise moment of that attack. It meant the success or failure of his plans; the safety of France was at stake; it was the crown of his career, the turn of the tide, perhaps. He knew when that attack was timed to take place. It was the mystic hour of H, which, being interpreted, meant ten minutes past midnight. He had established that fact by spies and prisoners. Only a few hours before, his patrols had caught Germans red-handed, putting the last touches to preparations. But could these indications be relied upon? Were they sure signs of enemy intentions? Of that he could not be absolutely certain. And so he asked himself a score of times during the long night whether he was right in relying on his information that the attack would take place at the hour of H. Suppose it should break out at another spot, at another time! Or it might be again postponed as it had been nine days before, his Intelligence Department informed him; and for an hour on the sixth he had rained shells of high explosive on enemy positions. These things filled the thoughts of the great chief as he interrogated his watch.

It was the night of the National Fête. A few hours before, the troops of the Allies, *poilus* and their comrades, English, American, Belgian, and Italian,

had defiled in the streets of Paris. Flags fluttered and garlands still swayed in the evening breeze. An atmosphere of festival softened the asperities of war. It was a moment when even the soldier would be off his guard. Foch, who knows the German, knew he would reason thus. Could any opportunity be finer for making the gigantic effort which was to impose a peace of conquest? Assuredly not. That was the pure essence of German psychology.

Moreover, Paris was not merely the core of Entente resistance, but the head centre of the armament of war. Troops moved from it to the Front, trailing their cannon along its roads; railways radiated from it: it was the heart of the French system. Again, it was set in the midst of a vast munition area encircled by 'dumps' and drawing its industrial nourishment from the mechanism of war. And it was the greatest fortified city in the world. So unimagined profit belonged to the Boche if he could capture it — prestige beyond compare among the nations of the earth. For beneath the camouflage of feints and secondary strokes, there was ever present in his mind, hardening into a fixed malignant purpose, the humbling of Paris.

Foch knew the undying hate, the unbending ambition of the Hun. It made the hour, the hour of H, pregnant with fate, with the future, indeed, of the liberties of the world.

Foch was brooding over these things in the silence of the night in the unpretentious setting of his headquarters:

the plain office, where he transacts the vast business of his military estate, the supreme ruler of a kingdom of millions. Watch in hand, he was counting the minutes.

If only he could anticipate the Germans' plans by an hour! That was his ardent wish. He would summon the storm, that it might leap and burst in the night, but always responsive to his will.

He sat deeply cogitating as the minutes ticked away. What if he were wrong? he again asked himself; what if no attack were contemplated? if he had been tricked by spies? All these doubts assailed him as he sat weighing possibilities with the fine balance of his mind. Well, his orders had been given — Boom! the first gun had spoken out of the night, from its dark hiding-place; the French counter-barrage had begun. Of course, it might be only a futile demonstration — the planned attack might be elsewhere. Meanwhile, Parisians, late returning from the fête, heard and wondered at the guns. Surely something tremendous was afoot!

The chief's watch was again consulted. Outside, beyond the shadows, he pictured the Germans waiting and watching: a dozen divisions in the line, as many more in reserve. Presently, new voices arose in the darkness, earth-quaking in their stentorian volume and intimidatory force. This time it was the German barrage. It was the sacramental hour of H. The volcano had been touched off and belched flame. It seemed as if the solid frame-work of the earth was rent asunder with dreadful thunder and lightning. This was the German preparation. Soon the field-gray waves would begin to flow over the ground.

It happened as had been arranged. The plan could not be altered at that late hour. It is one of the defects of the German machine, which grinds to pow-

der if all goes well, but which is apt to start and jar if the least obstruction is introduced. Besides, this starting of the French fire was mere guesswork; how could they know what was in the mind of the great Ludendorff? Moreover, it was not possible that they could resist. Suddenly to change a plan needs a spirit of improvisation, which the Germans do not possess.

And so the waves rolled on, only to break, uselessly, against the front trench vacated by the French, but the range of it accurately registered by the watchful, hungry guns. When the field-gray moved on again, sadly diminished, it found itself barred by the strong defense of the second line. The French had not only anticipated the German time-table but had adopted the Hindenburg plan, which means holding lightly the front line and concentrating in the second.

Nor need we insist on that other surprise that Foch prepared, when, on the third day of the offensive, the tables were suddenly turned and the French attacked with a splendid impetuosity, catching the enemy in flank as he was bridging the Marne. How Foch conquered the initiative is told by a hundred pens. Von Boehn's army felt the blow just as Von Kluck's had, when struck by Manoury, at the other battle of the Marne. Mangin, with his Moroccans and part of Degoutte's army, made a great haul of guns and prisoners on the Château-Thierry-Soissons front; but it would not have been possible, perhaps, but for Gouraud, the lion of the Argonne, the one-armed hero of Gallipoli, who had shone in a hundred fights in Africa against Moor and negro potentate. Gouraud, keeper of the rampart of Rheims (with Berthelot and Degoutte), blocked the road to Épernay and thence the road to Paris.

That other victory of the Marne must need no refreshing in the mind of

Foch, so large was his part in it. It was there that he showed his bold spirit in action, showed that he is no slave to rules, but can break them when occasion calls. In defiance of his own teaching he withdrew a division — the famous 42d — in the midst of action, and placed it in reserve, thereby weakening his line. But the case was desperate; it was worth a risk to better it; it could hardly be worse. It was then — before Fère-Champenoise — that he telegraphed to Joffre, 'My centre yields, my right falls back. Situation excellent. I attack.' And attack he did. The Germans had already installed themselves in the town. Suddenly, an apparently new army appeared in the plain. It was the imperturbable 42d, which had made a détour behind the front and reappeared at the critical moment. It was September 9. On the morning of the 10th, when the order for a general advance was given, the battle was already won. Foch established his headquarters at Fère-Champenoise and, on the premises, captured German officers overcome with wine. Characteristically, they had celebrated their triumph in advance.

II

Foch is prepared to take risks; he incarnates the fighting spirit of his countrymen, always better in attack than in defense. The slow-grinding waiting period, the uncertainty as to where the blow may fall, is wearing to their nerves. That is not the French way; it was not Napoleon's. And Foch presents, as no modern soldier has done, the tradition and, perhaps, the genius, of the Great Corsican. For a time it seemed as if his theories had gone awry, as if the war of movement had ceased to be. War had become a sullen, sedentary battle of position. But Foch consulted the past and scrutinized the present until he was convinced that the old

style of fighting, with, of course, the new instruments, would come to life again. And so he waited, confident that his hour would arrive.

He is essentially the combatant, — not the passive resister, — brilliant in sudden assault. His temper is of the sort which realizes that there must come a moment when it is absolutely fatal to give ground, when the highest prudence, as well as the highest courage, dictates a stark resistance, anchored to the ground. It is said that he told the King of the Belgians that he would lose his throne if he lost his foothold on the Yser; and everyone has heard of his midnight conversation with Lord French, in which he urged the impossibility of retreat, though the line had been pierced. The situation looked impossible, but Foch not only conjured fears of being overwhelmed by the very vigor of his words, but sent practical aid to the hard-pressed British.

That is the man. At the time of danger, when others despair, a stern unrelenting light shines from the gray-blue eyes which illumine his face. Under their deep arches they seem quiescent until suddenly aroused, and then they flame as with resistless force and resolution. And the spirit within, ordinarily so placid, because controlled by his great intellectuality, leaps to express itself in language of great energy. In these moods of fierceness, of unrelenting character and aim, his officers fear him as if they had affair with a superman. For at moments of supreme responsibility, when the last piece is thrown upon the checkered board, he tolerates no fumbling, no weakness.

Foch and Pétain, commander-in-chief and commander of the French forces, respectively, are an admirable pair: the one all fire and implacable resolve, with a masterly and yet measured serenity, as if there were moments when one must not be serene, and the other

full of the colder science of war, a man of method, an economiser of lives. But Foch, also, besides the gleam of purpose, has the quality of kindness in his eyes. They look with friendly interest and recognition on those he likes and trusts, but can be pitiless for those who have incurred his blame. A model chief: strong, resourceful, much given to reflection and solitary vigil, he is yet human and companionable and interested in many things. He is the sort of soldier the French Academy loves to honor: polished and erudite, a savant, an exquisite writer, a man who knows how to lead by force of character and brains, by a just appeal to the higher faculties.

The secret of his mastery lies, I think, not in the splendor of his talents, in the charm and persuasion of his class-room manner when lecturing (as a dozen years ago) at the High War School on strategy and the conduct of battles, but in the strength of his soul. He relies on the ascendancy of mind over matter. That is at the back of all his teaching. Battles are won because of moral qualities and lost for want of them. Nothing could be simpler or more tragically true. It was as if Napoleon were saying in our hearing, 'Vanquished those who believe themselves to be.' And the converse is as incontrovertible. He who believes himself to be invincible is likely to prove so in action.

Behind the moral is high principle — deep religion in our general's own case. He is a devout man, the son of pious parents. His life has been harmonious in its calm studiousness, in its freedom from intrigue, in its broad and lofty outlook. Somewhere he has written an exquisite page about his faith in God, and his consolation as a good Christian. 'I approach the end of my life with the conscience of a faithful servant, who reposes in the peace of the Lord. Faith in life eternal, in a God of goodness and

compassion, has sustained me in the most trying hours. Prayer has enlightened my way.'

One contrasts him with Ludendorff, his antagonist, as well in the field of battle as on the plane of culture and civilization. I have never met Ludendorff, but I have studied his portrait. There is something brutal and forbidding in it; it is that of a man without much soul. That accords with his character, with his mode of making war.

Other commanders may recognize limits beyond which one cannot go, but not so Ludendorff, chief of the German Staff. If the object is attained, everything is permissible, from espionage on an extended scale to propaganda brazenly mendacious or falsely suggestive.

Foch has not the personal popularity of Joffre with the common soldier, but a prestige and renown which in themselves produce a victory. His aspect is a little cold, a little detached, the face lined with thought and care. But the eyes, I have remarked, spiritualize the face and relieve the heavy impression of the jaw. There are will-power and great intelligence written in the facial signs.

For his great office he must thank the genius of Lloyd George, quick to note the lucidity of his comments on the course of the campaign. In frequent conference the British Premier detected the superior mind behind the masterly exposition. At a late moment — the latest, alas! that was possible — he agreed with M. Clemenceau to give Foch full command. Needless to say that that veteran statesman had already realized the power of his countryman. From the moment that unity was established, the result was no longer in doubt. Victory became as certain as to-morrow's sunrise.

As to the difficulty of conducting operations when each commander had to be consulted and his *amour propre*

propitiated, Clemenceau well described it by declaring with grim humor, 'Since this war, my admiration for Napoleon has declined. He had only to fight a coalition.'

Foch's task of fighting *with* a coalition has aroused his deepest sympathy. The Germans have represented the commander-in-chief as bowed down and overpowered by the enormity of his task. They have drawn a picture of Foch falling asleep over his maps, after several nights of continuous toil. But Clemenceau's picture of such a general, which he presented to the Chamber of Deputies as a signal proof of devotion to duty, did not refer to Foch, but to a lesser light. Foch, himself, takes care not to be overburdened and to keep his mind fresh for its vast occupations. Nor is he to be imagined as listening to distractingly varied advice of his French, English, and American collaborators. He keeps himself unfettered in his relations with his organism and quietly decides the most intricate matters by resolving them into their primitive parts. Some complain that his methods are too arbitrary, and that he makes mistakes by a too great simplification. Did he not hold too lightly the *Chemin des Dames* on a recent tragic occasion? Is he not too con-

cerned (insinuate Parisians) in helping the English at the expense of the French? But he has always regarded the Front as one and indivisible, not as belonging to the French, to the English, or the Belgians. That sound conception is part of the clear directness of his thought.

At his own headquarters you will not find a mass of gilded officers, but a staff of half-a-dozen specialists occupied with their departments. This is the simple lever which moves the world of the Allied armies. The advantage of the system far outweighs any likely defects from too abbreviated and sketchy plans. It is in direct contrast with that older system, which at one time prevailed, whereby even matters of diplomacy, affecting distant parts of Europe, were settled, or at least discussed, by the military chief.

Foch has not only the qualities of heart and head for command, but the sort of faith that moves mountains, however blackly set in the clouds. A year ago, Foch wrote that in every difficulty which besets a military leader there is but one sure and fruitful resource — the exclusive cult of duty and discipline. Brave words, which might well embody the fighting creed of a brave man.

THE WOMAN'S SIDE

BY AN OFFICER'S WIFE

September 20.

DEAR NAN, —

I've rented the house, sold the car, and paid that ominous installment on the mortgage. Actually! Then I drew a long breath of relief, packed four trunks with all our earthly possessions, and came on down here with Anne. Do you know, my adorable child kissed all her little chairs and her bed good-bye, and last of all hugged the porch pillars. For a youngster not yet six, she realizes things very vividly.

We are in the second-line trenches, thank you! — not the fighting line, but the supporting one, at least. I feel as if I too were at last a part of the Great War, only, as usually happens, this particular assignment is n't what I planned. We were so eager and happy to come to D—, so as to be near Jack, that details of living seemed quite unimportant. He had found us a tiny three-room apartment, and we were to get our meals at a boarding-house at the corner. I decided to knit dozens of socks and sweaters, and to teach Anne to read and write.

To my first query Mrs. Smith gave the astonishing answer, 'Dinner is at six. We don't serve lunch.' There is sometimes a providence in our disappointments. When I tasted the dinners, I was thankful they did n't serve lunches! But as Elijah's ravens were n't immediately visible, I hunted out the nearest grocery and meat-store before I unpacked the trunks. In three days I knew that, to keep Anne alive, I'd have to get all the meals. The West

has not yet learned the gentle art of *keeping* boarders. But on Wednesday and Saturday, when Jack came in and beamed contentment on us, I forgot that I'd been all the week cooking meals, trying to crowd everything into the drawers of one bureau, and taking Anne out to the park. Red Cross ambitions had faded into the middle distance. The problem of one small child was rampant.

You should see our 'apartment' — you with your Eastern ideas. My dear, out here they vacate two bedrooms and put up a sign, 'Apartments for light housekeeping.' An extremely elegant affair, where part of the second floor has been reconstructed, may boast a little kitchen with a real gas-stove and refrigerator. Such is ours. Not for worlds would I suggest to Jack that we are not satisfied and happy in our dingy little three rooms, with the torn wallpaper and battered window-shades. You know we've never talked to each other about there being any sacrifice connected with this war. We simply decided it was right for him to serve, and after we'd made that choice, all the other things to be settled simply fell into their places as subordinate. Of course, we had to give up the house, but we remind ourselves of how wonderful it will be to come back some day to its orderly beauty and charm — and forget about it meanwhile. D— and these three rooms seem home to me, with Jack only ten miles away; and so far as Anne is concerned, I have reckoned that a little less luxury and comfort

will be quite wholesome. There is even a sense of achievement in being able to give up the fleshpots of Egypt without once looking back.

But can you picture an active child romping in three little rooms — no porch or yard to play in, her only outdoors sedate walks to a park six squares away? And she has no one but me even to speak to all day long. Trying for anyone! If you could see her patiently cutting out paper dolls while Mother cleans up, or gazing dreamily out of the window, or waiting hopefully a long hour on the corner because Daddy is expected this afternoon, you would realize how little there is to fill her hungry mind. Quite suddenly, I have decided to put her in school. I'll find the right place somewhere, somehow. Supper-time! As ever,

MARGARET.

October 1.

MY DEAR NAN, —

Do you remember Thaddeus of Warsaw batting about London? That is how I felt in this strange town, knowing no one, but appreciating myself immensely as I went a-questing. The exiled prince was a modest creature compared with me. Of course, you smile. But, Nan dear, that feeling helps to keep one up, just as having one's hair neatly netted and one's shoes smartly polished helps. Also, it gets you what you want.

I found my school, the only private one in town (imagine a private school with my income!); but as its enrollment was complete, the principal did not wish any more pupils. Really, Anne is to be admitted because she is a soldier's daughter, and I am allowed to make payment each month instead of semi-annually in advance. Do I hear anyone suggest that patriotism does n't count? It is a quite wonderful place. Even in the primary they believe in

teaching the youngsters to love the Flag and to speak French.

My landlady has been so kind, bestowing chow-chow (which I dislike intensely) upon me and taking in groceries in my absence, that I had to summon all my tact to give her notice. I explained how much we liked her house and her, how delightful everything was, how unwilling I was to leave, till presently I began to wonder why in the world I was going to leave. Just as breath failed me, she broke in with calm deliberation: 'Well, Mrs. L——, I think perhaps it's just as well. This apartment was never designed for a child.' (Wherein one might imagine some hidden grievance of her own.)

And so, with mutual gratitude, we parted. Children are n't wanted anywhere. It reminded me of indignant Father years ago vainly trying to find a place for a wife and seven children to board for the summer. 'Children? Oh, no!' they all said, 'we don't take *children*.' This was hospitable Virginia, too. 'Heavens!' he finally exploded; 'if it was n't for the children, we'd never come to this forsaken spot. We'd go to Atlantic City and enjoy ourselves.'

I've just heard of a young married woman, with a six-months' baby, who has followed her lieut. here. She is quite worn out looking for a place where they don't shut the door on a baby. You see, it is n't at all like the regular army, for whom the government always provided quarters. You simply scour the nearest town for a place you can afford. I have \$105 a month for Anne and myself, and I am mad enough to spend \$20 for her school. Take away that \$20, \$30 for rent, \$10 perhaps for fuel, and see what is left for ice, gas, laundry, milk, food. No, it does n't scare me; it inspires me. It is a challenge to fight. I'll manage it yet. And I won't go back to a stuffy

unhealthy little apartment, and I won't put Anne in a public school with colored children and the mentally depressed.

But oh, I am sorry for the little woman [with the six-months' baby — who could n't manage it!

October 7.

DEAR NANCY, —

We have cleaned house and settled. The neighborhood is unique. We are one square from the finest street in town, and on that you may observe the children's ponies quartered in the front yard, and cows contentedly pasturing in vacant lots. It gives a delightful air of informality — a kind of neighborly friendliness. You can reach in and pat the ponies. But, oh! how different from my three-room section!

We are on the fringe of this neighborhood. Ours is a car-line street, at present much torn up because they are 'improving' it in some not easily discernible way. We have a straggly unfenced yard, but to have a yard at all is unique just now. At least, it is a place for Anne to play. Such a tiny funny little cottage — semi-detached, as the English say, with five rooms, or, to be exact, four and one half, for the kitchen is minute. Of course, as is usual with a furnished house for rent, it is very complete as to luxuries, such as ornaments and fine china and family photographs, and very lacking as to necessities, such as laundry-tubs and garbage-pails. But to have achieved it at all is a triumph. The comfort and joy and sense of home that this little gray house gives us you can only guess.

October 18.

We've been out to the cantonment and stayed, of course, to mess. It was in the nature of a mad dissipation for Anne and me. In the mess-hall the furniture might be called built-in. Pic-

ture a table of well-scrubbed boards a hundred feet long, more or less. You know everything that is n't a yard or forty inches looks about a hundred feet to me. Each side of this is a board nailed firmly to supports two feet from the floor. You sit down and swing your feet over, or else you ascend and then descend to get on the tableward side. Of course, the men — and they were built for men! — can simply straddle them. Even this awkwardness, and the undeniable oleomargarine, took on a glorified tinge for us. To our surprise we were absolutely unnoticed; everyone was too busy to do anything but eat and run. Then we went over and inspected the quarters, each of the young officers eager to display to us how 'nifty' his little room looked. None of them are heated yet, and as October has been a cold month, I remembered with thankfulness the wool-wadded blankets I had started Jack off with. But, my dear, they've put the shower-baths in a separate building. Imagine the penalties of cleanliness when the thermometer gets below zero!

If I could make you feel the spirit under it all — a thing glimpsed on this little visit and better comprehended from things Jack has told me! You see them in all stages — the crude awkward young farmers making a joke of their mess-kits and banging each other's heads sportively with the collapsible frying-pans; the alert ready soldiers who enlisted before the draft and have seen two months' hard training in some older camp; the old-timers, sergeants of experience, who know enough to screen with tact the ignorance of their new officers.

One young chap Jack was rather interested in because he showed such intelligence and effort.

'How is it going?' he asked him the other day.

The boy's face lit up with real enthu-

siasm. 'Fine!' he said; 'the army for me every time.'

Another youngster, who has been in four or five weeks, Jack is going to make a corporal. When he was told he was eligible at this early date, tears of amazement started to his eyes.

'How can you do it so soon?' I asked.

'Well,' he answered, 'whatever I give that chap to do gets done and well done. He is the most dependable man in the company.'

You see? Not cleverness or physical strength or military knowledge, but just character.

Of course, there are disappointments. Young Tom Travers, after six months in a training camp in Kansas, was shifted to a company here. He came fresh from gas and bomb practice, confidently expecting to teach a squad himself. He was put in charge of the *laundry* account. I think of this boy and I think of Jack, captain of an ambulance company and mired in military detail when his soul craves surgery. I know each will find his level soon. You can't keep good men back when opportunity beckons. But think of this tremendous organization! How could it come out perfect, its first struggling year, and fit each man into the place where he can do his one best work?

We are very proud of our ambulance companies, chiefly, I think, because they have such pride in themselves. An inspecting colonel who is making the rounds of the cantonments saw them at drill. 'Well,' he said, 'I've seen them all, and there's only one other ambulance unit that can touch yours, and that's the one at C——.' You can guess that the men all heard it before the day was over. On the ground, at one side of the entrance to their barracks, is a great spread eagle, with the medical reserve insignia painted in color upon him, all done in cement. On the other side of the door-

way the company number is emblazoned. It's not the artistic ensemble, but the thought and care with which the work is done, that touches you.

There's a marching song these Western boys are fond of, with this touching refrain:—

Good-bye, Ma! Good-bye, Pa,
Good-bye, mule, with yer old he-haw!
I may not know what the war's about,
But you bet, by gosh, I'll soon find out.
And, oh, my sweetheart, don't you fear,
I'll bring you a king for a souvenir;
I'll get a Turk and a Kaiser too,
And that's about all one feller can do.

Saturday, November 10.

Sometimes I have moments of depression—only moments, my dear. They don't come because of cleaning and cooking and washing and ironing. That is all part of the game—a game to learn, if I don't know it well enough already. No! They come with the thought of France, and the vision of what Jack must see and do there. I have sometimes been so glad he is a doctor and not in the fighting line, because it is surely better to heal than to kill—even for one's country; and yet he sees the grimmest, most terrible part of it all. He misses the fierce excitement of the attack, but gets all its tragic aftermath.

This news from Italy and Russia is depressing. I know perfectly well what it means for Anne and me. A year, or even two years, added to the long separation we have already reckoned. What a great girl she will be when he comes back! And oh, what a long, long time of hardship and danger and discouragement for him!

But I rarely look ahead. I keep my mind fixed on making this little home comfortable and gay, and try to think of the pleasant things that will happen this week. I've been married nearly ten years, and yet there is a wonderful thrill to Wednesdays and Saturdays,

when Jack comes home to dinner. Saturdays he always brings two or three others with him, and we have a gay evening and a good dinner, with the best china and linen to refresh their too-much-disciplined eyes. The sense of the impending future colors all the present more richly. We have never enjoyed things together more than now. To get all the fun we can out of the next few months, so as to pile up happy memories — that's my creed at present. If I can live each day now without weakening, I won't falter when the hard time comes — the separation, and the long, long days of waiting and suspense. Courage is something of a habit.

But, oh, Nan, I'd be ashamed not to be doing my share. When I think of those wonderful Belgian and French women, or read Viviani's message in our Second Liberty Loan appeal, everything we can give seems only too little. Our men have the easier task; their land is not ravaged, their homes wrecked; they can defend us with the sure conviction that we are safe and protected meanwhile. And we women live in ease and plenty in comparison with those over there. When I think of little children starving, I am absolutely ashamed of myself for having so much. I think of this war as chiefly for the children, that they may be safe and sheltered and gay — that children may never again be touched by such agony and suffering. Of course, I try to keep all the shadows from Anne, but sometimes she feels hidden things very vividly. She broke upon me yesterday with this — out of a clear sky: 'Mother, if the Germans should win this war, I think I'd feel safer up in heaven with God!'

November 20.

Did you know that finance can be a matter of deep and absorbing interest to others of us than the Hetty Greens of life? In extreme youth, I never cared

much for mathematics; but when there is a personal side to a problem, it has a new appeal. There is a certain zest in finding out into just how many parts you can divide \$105. Lordly sum! It looked large to me, and perfectly adequate. Moreover, last month I came out even, or rather \$2 ahead. I forgot that the milk company had failed to send in their bill, and that there were no charges against me for fuel. In the generous and magnificent glow that comes from a sense of sufficient funds, I spent \$1.88 for theatre-tickets, and was even mad enough to buy a pair of shoes for Anne and gloves for myself. Last night I sat down and figured up, and the day of reckoning has surely dawned. It is like a puzzle that won't work out: rent \$30, fuel \$11.50, school \$20, laundry \$6.50, gas, electricity, and 'phone \$5, milk \$8. That leaves \$24 for food and all incidentals; but owing to my extravagance, there wasn't \$24 left. You know you can't let the incidentals devour the food-supply. So with a penitent heart I drew \$10 from my tiny bank reserve, and like the knave of hearts, vowed I would steal no more.

Seriously, Nan, I've realized the truly poor as never before, and have faced straight the shadow that dogs their footsteps. The fear of sickness! They know they can get along if the worker of the family does n't fall ill or lose his job. Now, I am all right so long as I keep on my two feet. Oh, of course, you say at once that I can always draw on you or Jim. I know it. And I won't, unless I am actually down and out. Nevertheless, it is a very real comfort to know that I have you two there like a solid wall at my back. And that is something that the poor do not have. I know too that, if I were practical and sensible, I should save money instead of spending my whole income just living. Of course, that would mean giving up Anne's school, or else giving up this

little house, and boarding. No sacrifice on my part, but a very big sacrifice for either Anne or Jack. I won't do it. For as long as he is in this country, I'll make a home for him, at any cost. Whatever the future holds, we'll squeeze the present dry. Sounds American, does n't it? But I have a canny eye on the future, too. He is captain now, you know, and can give me a little more money to manage on next month. I'll probably buy a Liberty Bond!

December 20.

I must tell you the great news. The luck is with us. The government is stretching out long tentacles, feeling for the surgeons even in the ambulance section. Each company is asked to send one officer for a month's special intensive work in fractures. So, of course, Jack goes. The suspense is thrilling. It may be Philadelphia or New York, or somewhere in the dear East, and I shall see you again very soon. For, of course, Anne and I go, too. Jack wants me to go to Aunt Clara's and have a month's rest. Picture it!

January 28.

I had only time to send you my cousin's address when I found it was to be Chicago. My dear, I am no unspoiled child of nature. As between country and country town and a fair-sized city like Chicago, I'd choose Chicago every time. Things are so easy. I simply waved my wand (i.e. advertised), and found at once a charming furnished flat, and here we are having the most idyllic time. Of course, I loathe flats ordinarily, but this is the month of January and a fuel famine is on. So I look abroad over a waste of apartment houses, graciously pitying the people who must live in them, and at the same moment hug to my heart the happy vision of that warm sunny little place that is our temporary home. But for

Anne we might be a newly wedded pair. To have Jack come home every evening makes me foolish with delight. He has been so happy. 'Why I have n't *thought* surgery for six months,' he said to me the first evening; 'it's like water to a thirsty man.'

And so our four weeks have come swiftly to a close. It seemed fantastically unreal that we should have to go back to D——; we were surprised at our own reluctance. After this taste of his own work, Jack was like a balky horse at the thought of the military harness of the ambulance company again. And then to-day the impossible happened! Our first week in Chicago he had put in an application for transfer to some surgical service; but nothing had come of it, and the other men in the class were inclined to chaff him for his belief in some change. On this, our last day here, he went to work with railroad ticket and trunk-check in his pocket. Just before work began, the director glanced up and said casually, 'Oh, I've a wire from you from Washington, Captain L——.' A little stir of curiosity and interest ran through the class. He is transferred to surgical service at Camp C, and leaves to-morrow for the new work. Anne and I will join him as soon as he can find us a place to stay. Are n't we really the luckiest mortals?

LITTLE RIVER, March 25.

What an odd lot of experiences I am accumulating! We are actually living in a little hotel, *née* boarding-house. Of course, it must be cheap, or we should n't be here, but the food is amazingly good. Our table is strictly military in personnel, except for an elderly female to whom we all try to be nice so that she won't feel out of it. The town has a main street three blocks long, a few shops, and many moving-picture theatres. Everyone is engaged in the lucrative business of taking

roomers and taking in the army, and they rather strike you as looking on the war as a sad affair, but, for all that, beneficial to Little River. Business is certainly booming.

It is n't because of the cramped conditions and inconveniences that I am sometimes shaken into a sudden consciousness of the strangeness of our life here. They are accidental and temporary, and do not touch the spirit. But there are trivial racking little occurrences that really distress me. One Sunday evening Major B—— came in a little before seven for supper, and was challenged by the dining-room maid for being late. She mistook her victim. He turned on her with fire, and rebuked her impertinence in a tone that brought the shamed color to her face. Only the day before, another maid had peremptorily ordered three of the boarders who work in Little River to get their breakfast at a café, because 'we are short of help and I can't do it all.'

You wonder that such things can be? Poor creatures! They themselves are often harried and hustled beyond patient endurance. The landlady is an unamalgamated Swede, who works in the kitchen with the grim determination of feeding sixty boarders and employing as little help as possible. The only thing which she regards with interest and devotion is the Almighty Dollar. One maid, a slip of a girl hardly 17, left her because she would not work for a mistress who swore at her. The good old soul who cleans our rooms said to me with tears in her eyes, 'I don't mind the work, hard as it is; if she were only a little kinder, I'd stay on.'

In the head of such a house as this, a little dignity and poise, a little tact and consideration, might make a real pleasure out of hard necessity. It is so easy to smile, so little trouble for us to make our beds and win Lena's quick gratitude for the trivial help. It is the

spirit of unkindness to others which chafes and distresses me and makes life here seem unhomelike and strange.

Of course, none of these things happen to me, and I feel sure that none ever will while I stay here. I hate to have them happen to those helpless to protect themselves. Yet when the landlord opened my door yesterday to put on the window-screens, it fell to me to explain to him the necessity of knocking. He seems a simple soul — and a bully. His attitude toward Jack is that of a well-disciplined schoolboy — perhaps a German schoolboy — toward an all-powerful master; and to me he is scarcely less docile. To a harmless and well-meaning civilian I have seen him boisterously overbearing.

Why do any of us stay, you wonder. My dear, there is no other place to go. There are practically no houses to rent. The only real hotel is financially inaccessible to the likes of us. So we live on at the Gladd House — is n't the name a delicious joke? — and try to breathe wholesomely in an atmosphere of loud and thoughtless incivility.

April 7.

I feel as if I had lived here for years and nothing new would ever happen to me. And yet the people here are a continual source of surprise. There is the prosperous owner of the Élite Laundry, who constantly talks shop to his wife at meal-time. It is difficult now to get even enough girls to help in their greatly increased business. They shake their heads over the shortage of labor and deplore the war as inconvenient and disturbing. The owner of a millinery shop is anxious to sell out, and scolds at the unreadiness of investors who have put their money into Liberty bonds and hesitate before such a gilt-edged opportunity as she can offer. A young married woman discusses the kind of car she wishes her husband to

buy her this spring, and thinks young couples should not be forced to pay an income-tax. It seems as if the war had barely ruffled the consciousness of such Americans as these. I look at people absorbed in the business of getting and spending, unaware of these tremendous times, and they seem grotesque and unreal, shadowy caricatures of men and women.

Then the recollection of the Army people here comes over me with a sense of relief. I never think of them as commonplace, however they seem outwardly. The Cause has set them apart in a common sacrifice, and there is a strong sense of kinship. There may be a little jealousy of someone's quick promotion, some little bickering and divergence among them, such as come to folk too long associated in the unnatural atmosphere of a hotel; but that is all really superficial. They all recognize the hidden bond. When newly arrived little Mrs. Lansdowne told us with singular naïveté that this was not what she was accustomed to, the smile went round the circle. Pray, does she think we have always lived in a garret? But in spite of our superior recognition of her pretty Southern helplessness, everyone had a sympathetic sense that a lieutenant's pay must be stretched to tenuous and impossible thinness to provide clothes and food for four. She brought two children with her. So everyone is relieved and glad to hear that his captain's commission is coming.

These Army women don't complain. I have yet to meet one who is not a thoroughly good sport. They know well enough why they are in the struggle, and the knowledge is a kind of wholesome and sustaining spiritual food. They stiffen to their heroic best. One mother—and she hates sewing—makes all the clothes for herself and her little girl. The Southerner, too, has risen to the occasion and taken half a

house for the summer, and plans to do all the work for herself and her family. We've never known her to do anything but dress herself prettily, read novels, and take the children to the movies.

And the men? A few nights ago a major in the field hospital said to me ruefully, 'I'm held here doing work a \$30 clerk could do as well.' He had given up a big practice in New York to go to the Front, and he is to all appearances considerably farther from the Front than he was six months ago.

The economic waste of it all strikes one forcibly. The Medical Reserve have put aside their busy civil life and gone freely and gladly into the service, in overwhelming numbers. From no other ranks have men come in such high proportion. The money sacrifice in itself is unimportant. But all these men have spent six years, and many of them far more, in highly specialized training to fit themselves for an exacting profession. Conceive them at a military camp. One man serves as a kind of headquarters adjutant, whatever his military title may be; another has charge of the hospital exchange and sells cigarettes, candy, and puttees; a third is in command of the laundry; others, who for years have done operative work themselves, are now assistant internes in the base hospital. Surely just here lies the reason why many more medical men hesitate to join the service. Those who went in to heal wounds are kept busy tying red tape or doing desk-work instead of scalpel work. Meanwhile the greatest battle of history is raging, and these men whose help over there is so badly needed are all on the wrong side of the water.

How does Jack look on it all, you wonder. I fear he is much like all the rest: he wants to get over and get into it. For our first two weeks here he was an animated Image of Gloom. They put him in the contagious ward first, by

mistake, then the nose and throat. I confidently believe he risked court-martial for neglect of duty! But after ten years of surgery — please consider! And now at last he has charge of a surgical ward, and is like to stay there some months. The new work waked him up; here, at least, was something he could do. They have averaged a death a day this past month, and Jack is bound he will reduce that percentage and is working tooth and nail over his cases. He is trying a new solution too, that Dr. M—— is using for shock over in France, and it is really doing wonders. Fancy these fine husky chaps dying of an empyema, after pneumonia, in a base-hospital here, before they've even had a chance to go over the top! There's a kind of silent enduring heroism about it that does n't mean war-medals and the Roll of Honor, but brings a catch in your throat just the same. All the officers who know call them a sandy lot. But why need they die? says Jack to himself. It's not the operative surgery he wanted, but it is a very definite demand for skill and care. And certainly it is as high-hearted a service to save men in an American hospital as on a French battlefield.

The spirit with which he takes up his task is the spirit I see everywhere. They may chafe inwardly; outwardly they face each day with a heartening smile. And seeing these men of forty, who have already won success, putting it all by with cheerful courage and taking up their round of petty duties, do you wonder that I am out of patience with the Gifted Youth? The Gifted Youth is twenty-three. He has a complete education — chiefly in languages; he has a fine spirit and a sensitive soul. Consider his feelings on being thrust into barracks with uncongenial Italians and Swedes, men intellectually beneath him! There were even rough soldiers, who swore. This, too, is undoubt-

edly an economic waste. He disliked drilling, shrank from the vulgarity of the men, would have preferred a job as interpreter, to use his ready French and German. Finally he proved his superiority by refusing to obey some slightly irregular order of his lieutenant. More than this, he told his fiancée and one or two sympathetic friends all about it. The story came finally to the wife of an officer and to the officer himself. Then there was plenty of publicity. Captain and lieutenant both received reprimands for the irregularity. My chap — he had been corporal — was reduced to the ranks. The major who settled things debated long the question of a court-martial, and chose this lighter punishment. He plans soon to have a long talk with the boy, entitled the 'Spirit of the Service,' and then transfer him to another company for a fresh start. Can you guess how ill-used and unfairly rated this Gifted Youth considers himself? And all for a little matter of disobedience. It is so easy to lose sight of the big idea we are all working for, when you are unhappy and uncomfortable and have had the luck against you.

How many people I've seen, ready to do their duty provided their duty is what just suits them! The best thing about most of these boys in camp is that they take the small dull tasks and dignify them by a fine accomplishment, and to the tune of a merry whistle.

April 25.

I was playing a bed-time game of parchesi when the news came. Somehow I'd got the feeling that we'd stay on here for months, and had settled down mentally. I live so little except vicariously, experiencing myself Jack's hopes and depressions, or swayed by the emotions of the tremendous days we are going through. But I feel as if it is always a big exciting life, though

nothing happens to me. On this evening something did happen to me. My sudden joy when Jack opened the door on an unexpected Friday night quieted when I saw his face. Because of Anne he scribbled a little note, 'Base-hospital unit of 35 men recommended to-day for over-seas service, by wire. I am one of eleven for surgical service.'

Queer how you go on finishing your play and sending your child to bed, with all the blood in your body thumping in your head, and all yourself an eager cry to know more. We don't know more and shan't till the final summons comes. He is to go soon. That is all. So we are getting ready. Jack is sitting up nights over his empyema report, and I am singularly idle trying to make the most of the last flying days. Every fine day Anne and I take a jitney to camp, and spend our time in and out of Jack's tiny room. The officers' quarters and many of the hospital buildings look down on a lovely little lake at the very end of the cantonment. We dig trenches in the sand, launch fleets of ships in the lake, or, if the day is cold, cross a tiny stream on a single plank and take a bracing walk through an oak grove on the hill beyond. Through the day we see Jack only at mess; at five he is at last free for two hours. It is worth all the time of waiting to have him at the quiet end of the day. Anne goes home a tired and happy little girl.

I have much leisure to think over these two happy months past and wonder about the future. Little things keep

jumping up in my memory. There was that Sunday afternoon when Jack came in to Little River at four, and we had time for a long walk and talk before supper. 'The War has brought us even closer together, has n't it?' he said. 'Did you ever think that we might be at home, merely making more money and buying more beautiful pictures and rugs, and now, in spite of the lack of money, all the really beautiful things are coming to us without any effort on our part?'

Perhaps it is that one's sense of what is really beautiful has grown so sharp and clear, has pierced beneath the surface-pleasant. I remember so well my old idea of duty as of something very ugly and disagreeable, a calamitous necessity. And now the life I find myself leading is n't merely the only right one: it brings pleasure and deep enjoyment.

The only question in my mind is, how I can help most after he goes. The important thing, Jack thinks, is n't what you are doing in the service, but that you are doing it well. After the War is over, the only lasting regret any of us will have will be not to have helped our utmost. I knew a girl at home too capable to waste her time knitting socks, the duty of the commonplace person, so she is still wondering to what lofty task she can consecrate herself — and doing nothing. I dread following in her footsteps. So perhaps when he sails I shall just go on knitting — and loving Anne twice as much, to make up for what she misses.

THE TALE OF TOTI

BY GINO SPERANZA¹

I

I WORKED my way forward through the shifting crowd of people gathered in front of the little postcard shop in the Via Nazionale, and presently reached a position from which the window-display was visible. In the centre of the window was a neutral-tinted drawing of a Bersagliere charging over the tumbled sandbags of what had once been the parapet of a trench; and all around were rows and piles of postcard reproductions of the larger original. It was only when I drew near that I saw that the soldier had but one leg, and that the object which he was represented as throwing in the direction of the retreating enemy was a crutch.

Then I understood why the people around me were giving voice to such exclamations as '*Gamba sola!*' '*Mutilato!*' '*Poverino!*' '*Fantastico!*' and the like; but how it was that Italy was in such straits for men as to have to employ one-legged ones in the front line was not so clear. I bought one of the cards and found on the reverse the following paragraph in Italian, evidently an order accompanying the award of a medal of valor: —

ENRICO TOTI

Volunteered despite the loss through accident of his left leg; after rendering important services on Hill 70 (east of Selz) during the military engagements of April, he took part in the battle of August 6, which resulted in the capture of Hill

85 (east of Monfalcone), fearlessly advancing on the intrenched enemy although twice wounded. Mortally struck by a third bullet, with heroic exaltation he hurled his crutch at the enemy and died, kissing his helmet, with a stoicism worthy of his superbly Italian soul.

(Monfalcone, August 6, 1916; gold medal awarded, *motu proprio*, by His Majesty the King.)

Toti — the name had a familiar sound, and I even seemed to connect it with a one-legged man. But where? As the grappling-hooks of my memory were still dragging vainly for the fugitive recollection when I returned to my hotel, I sought the omniscient concierge, on the chance of uncovering a clue.

'Who was Enrico Toti, the one-legged Bersagliere who was awarded the Gold Medal for valor?' I asked; 'and tell me also, while you are about it, if it is really true that Italy has used up her men so fast that she has to recruit from the *mutilati*.'

The concierge looked at me with the same hurt expression that had come into his face when I asked him — not without reason, I thought — if the telephone system of Rome was really a contemporary of the Coliseum.

Of course the Italian government did n't recruit Enrico Toti, and of course Enrico Toti went and volunteered. And of course they told him he could be of no use in the army, and then — being Enrico Toti — of course he went and joined the army willy-nilly. The concierge was surprised I had never heard about him.

'But I think I *have* heard something about him, somewhere or other,' I

¹ Written in collaboration with Lewis R. Freeman.

said; 'tell me who he was and what he did.'

'I only know what the papers have printed,' he said; 'for though Toti was a familiar figure in his own part of Rome, — he was a Trasteverino, — it was a part that I never had occasion to go to. He lost one of his legs — in a railway accident, I believe — when he was about twenty; and yet, so strong was he in spirit and in what was left of his body, that he went right on with his life just as if nothing had happened. He had won quite a reputation in a number of branches of sport before his accident, notably in bicycling, swimming, and boxing. He still continued to ride his bicycle (though not to race, of course), and in the water he is said actually to have won a number of medals — in contests with some of the best swimmers of Rome — in spite of his lost leg. And though he was no longer able to box, his arms became so strong that he could tear in half two packs of cards. Four or five years ago he started on a tour of the world on his bicycle, and actually did manage to kick his machine through most of the countries of Europe, before he got into some kind of trouble with the Austrian authorities in Vienna and was sent back to Italy. After a few months in Rome, he again became restless, and this time went to Egypt, with the idea of cycling to the Cape through the heart of Africa. He started —'

'Egypt!' — 'Cape-to-Cairo!' — 'One-legged Italian cyclist!' — at last I had 'connected up' my train of memory. I was looking from the cool, awninged deck of a Nile stern-wheeler. To the right rose the lotus-crowned columns of the Temple of Philæ, reflected in the impounded waters of the lake backed up behind the wall of the great dam at Assouan; to the left were brown-black rock hills of Upper Egypt, radiating in fluttering scarves of pulsing air

the beating rays of the mid-afternoon sun. Across the face of the desert range was the gash of a road — and up this were creeping three figures which my glass revealed to be men plodding beside pushed bicycles. Two of the figures moved evenly and naturally, if a little wearily; but the third — the leader, who was setting a by no means leisurely pace — bobbed and swayed with the unmistakable action of the vigorous cripple vaulting along on crutches.

The fluent streaming of the mirage dimmed the detail of the image in my binoculars as the leader of the little party bobbed up into silhouette against the sky-line, and I felt rather than saw the resolute set of a pair of powerful shoulders, which not even the 'hump' given them by the crutches, or the loom of a bulky pack, could quite conceal. He waited a few moments for his companions, — settling himself on his bicycle (propped up, apparently, by one of the crutches), — then shoved off and coasted out of sight where the track dipped toward the desert valley beyond.

That was my first — and indeed my last and only — glimpse of Enrico Toti, the one-legged Italian cyclist of whom I had been hearing ever since I arrived in Egypt a fortnight before.

'He is one of the most astonishing characters I have ever met,' an official of the Egyptian State Railways said to me one day in Cairo. 'He is brimming with confidence, burning with enthusiasm; more the kind of type you might imagine the early martyrs were, than a common globe-trotting vagabond. He does n't seem to care in the least for money; — beyond enough to live on, — and, with one leg and empty pockets, he is setting off as coolly for the Cape, *via* the deserts and jungles of tropical Africa, as I would start for home by the P. & O. Keep your eye open for him,

as you'll doubtless overtake him somewhere along your way to Khartum. Take my word for it, he's a chap you'll find well worth talking to.'

Toti had gathered seven recruits — all on bicycles — for his Cairo-to-the-Cape pilgrimage when he finally pedaled out past the Pyramids and off along the ribbon of macadam that leads up the Nile. At Luxor — for the roads grew soft as the metaling grew patchier — I heard of them as five; and out of Assouan only three had ridden away the night before on the burned desert track that winds up toward the barrage and Shellal. Two of them — as I learned afterwards — dropped out on the way across Upper Egypt, and it was only a famished Italian with one leg who pushed doggedly on to the Sudan border, where a kind but inexorable British official deemed it his duty to turn back a penniless cripple from a desert which even Kitchener — pushing to avenge Gordon — had refused to lead his army across before a railway had been built.

The lone pilgrim had taken the disappointment in very good part, so they told me at Atabara; but had promptly countered with a demand for 'compensation' in the form of permission to swim back to Cairo by the Nile. With the current, he had urged, he could easily make from forty to fifty miles in a ten-hour day; while as for crocodiles, he was sure his remaining leg was far too tough to tempt even the hungriest silurian. Besides, one good kick with that same leg —

'He really seemed a good deal put out,' the commissioner had told me, 'because we would not undertake to ship his bicycle and let him go ahead with the mad idea.'¹

¹I was inclined at the time to take this story with a grain of salt, but have recently seen a postcard from Toti to his mother, stating that he had this very plan in mind. — THE AUTHOR.

And now, it appeared, this stout-hearted cripple had just died, the most spectacular and acclaimed of Italian war heroes. Surely, if there was any way of getting the facts, an account of the way it had come about would be worth writing for the world outside of Italy. I resolved at once to make the attempt, and now, after four months, I have at least the skeleton of the record complete. My search began with a visit to a humble fourth-floor flat in a tenement near where the Porta Maggiore pierces the wall of Old Rome, and ended in a dugout amid the rocks of the shell-battered Carso.

II

In the days to come, the tourist in Rome, when visiting Porta Maggiore, will have something more interesting to see in that rather squalid quarter than the oven-like tomb of Marcus Vergilius Eurysaces, 'baker to the State' in the ancient days of the Roman Republic; for to-day, almost in the shadow of that remnant of the Claudian aqueduct rises a large, modern building wherein, until recently, lived a man of as humble origin as the millionaire baker of a past age, but of more heroic stature.

I confess that, as we climbed the whitewashed, drearily hygienic stairs of this model workmen's tenement I felt a doubt as to whether we were really on the track of such a romantic figure as Enrico Toti. But the name was on the door of the fourth flat back; and in the somewhat gaudy *salottino* into which we were ceremoniously ushered was the single-pedal bicycle of the one-legged Bersagliere; there, too, was the crutch with the sharp lance-head stuck in it, which he used to drag around on his night-prowlings on the bloody Carso, in search of adventures with the enemy.

Even this evidence, however, was somehow not convincing; neither were the medals, the diplomas, and the newspaper clippings regarding the thousand and one adventures of this singular and happy rover, which the father wished particularly that we should see. Surely all this, I thought, is not the stuff out of which was moulded that heroic soul, that daring spirit, and that almost Franciscan sweetness which blended so strikingly in Enrico Toti.

I turned rather hopelessly to the old mother.

'What sort of a boy was he when he was little?' I asked. And the somewhat bent figure in black, which had remained in the background while the men of the family were occupying the centre of that modest stage, looked intently at me, hesitating an instant before answering.

Then the tenderest smile crossed her brown face, with a real flicker of mischievousness in it, as she said slowly, 'He was — he was, my dear signore, — well, what you might call a most vivacious boy!'

And then I knew that we were at last on the golden trail of romance.

'He had a new idea every day, or planned a different adventure,' she went on; but instantly, as if a little remorseful, she explained, 'Ah! but such a good boy, and so attached to his family!'

I did not dare ask her how it came to pass that, devoted as he was to his home, he went to sea at fourteen, enlisting in the Italian navy, and roamed the ocean spaces for nine years, hoping to measure himself with some terrible pirate crew in strange, far-away waters, as he finally did in a naval engagement in the Red Sea, of which he has left us a delightfully breezy account in his travel-notes.

I did not dare ask this, but the eyes of that mother were reading clearly through my silence.

'Do you know why he tried to run away from his ship?' she asked me as if we had been speaking of his long naval career. 'He and his chum had planned to swim to land, work their way to Tierra del Fuego, and bring the light of civilization to the savages there.'

Even she smiled as we followed her gaze to the wall opposite, where hung a crayon portrait of Enrico as a gentle-eyed sailor of His Majesty's Navy.

'I have a good photograph of him — somewhere,' she said, as she went unerringly to that 'somewhere,' which she knew as exactly as she knew everything else relating to her son, and produced a group-photograph of the crew of the old cruiser Emanuele Filiberto for our admiration. She searched for her Enrico on the picture, which she held upside down.

'I can't see very well in this light,' she explained, as she passed the picture to me; 'but you can pick him out easily; he is the little boy sitting close to a big cannon.'

We talked of a hundred things about the boy, especially of his restless desire to try his hand at everything — at writing and drawing, at carving and cabinet-making, at electricity, mechanics, and chemistry.

'And he was a pretty good hand at painting,' commented the father, as he spread before us water-colors and oil canvases of Madonnas, seascapes, and African scenes.

'But as an artist,' observed the mother, with the same mischievous flicker in her eyes, 'he liked best to paint his pictures upside down; it was a different way of doing from the method of other painters.'

'When he was hurt,' I said, 'when the locomotive ran him down and — and cut off his leg — after he pulled through and came home — was he — depressed?'

The father sententiously interjected,

'He could not die; his country needed him.'

'The railroad had sent a casket for his burial,' commented the other male member of the family, who felt very seriously his rôle of official historian of his heroic brother-in-law, 'so certain was everybody that he would die. But a glorious destiny —'

'Ah! he was very blue and very sad when he came home!' sighed the little mother.

'No! No!' argued the more monumentally inclined father. 'It was like his other accident, when he was wiring the halls of the exposition buildings at Macerata and got a shock from a short circuit which knocked him down a twenty-foot scaffolding.'

'They closed the Exposition in his honor,' the mother readily granted.

'As a sign of respect for his death,' corrected the family historian; 'but after three hours of artificial respiration he came around and was back on his work in a few days.'

'He was reserved for a greater destiny!' concluded the father.

'And he did so enjoy that Exposition!' came softly from his better half.

I do not know what made me do it, and especially what made me do it with the certainty that she would not misunderstand my act, but I took her hard-worked hand very gently in both my own and said smilingly, 'Signora, it is useless, of course, to ask whether your son had any fault —'

She looked at me so seriously that it killed the smile I had scared up, as she replied, 'Oh, he had one fault, one bad and persistent fault!'

I felt indescribably ashamed at my villainy in making the mother disclose the clay feet of this idol of a nation at war.

'A persistent fault!' I queried, frightened at the thought of seeing the skeleton in the family closet.

'Yes,' replied the mother, gravely, 'I could never make him go to bed early and sleep as long as he should!'

'Two hours a night were often quite enough for him,' the father explained.

'He read works on philosophy,' added the historian, 'and thought out his inventions.'

'Don't you want to see his patents?' asked the father; and as we looked over the various devices of Enrico Toti's insatiable inventiveness, we wondered what truly helpful contrivances might have been evolved by that quick, sensitive brain if better disciplined and more fully schooled.

'I think he liked this best of all.'

It was the mother who was calling our attention to a photograph showing Toti working a combination tricycle and aeroplane of his own devising.

'He could make it fly at will,' explained the father.

'To be exact,' corrected the historian, 'at the imperfect stage at which he left his invention, it could only rise a few inches for a few seconds.'

'But that was enough for him to skim over the little streams he met in his long, solitary travels,' retorted the mother a trifle aggressively.

'Mountains were no obstacle to him, anyway,' the father commented, as he showed us a long rope with a mountaineer's hook at each end. 'He always carried this with him on his bicycle trips about the world; and when a rocky ledge tempted him as a short cut to the top of a hill, he'd cast this rope up till it caught, and then pull himself up by it instead of going around by the road.'

'You no doubt realize,' urged the family historian, 'that his inventive faculty was many-sided —'

'He was going to make us rich on this!' said the mother, with a sad little smile.

It was the advertisement of a partnership between her son and another

happy soul for the manufacture and sale of a wonderful washing-powder which her Enrico had worked out chemically. Perhaps the thought of her hard-worked hands had made him dream of it in the restless snatches of his disobedient nights!

It was at her own suggestion that we went to what had been Enrico Toti's bedroom. 'You must see his books,' proudly said this woman who could not read. 'Those on the upper shelf he bought when he was a boy; on the lower are those he got after the accident which cost him his leg.'

Even without such physical division, one could easily have guessed which beckoned his blithe spirit in the years of his physical perfection, and out of which he drew for strength in his brave adversity. Homer's *Odyssey* looked big and joyous on the upper shelf, and Plutarch's *Lives*, and a treatise on *The Rights of Nature and the Rights of Man*. But it was from the lower shelf of neatly kept volumes that his indomitable spirit seemed to ring out. Smiles's *Will is Power*, and *Character and Duty* by the same author; and, in close, upright formation, *How to Succeed in Life*, *Arise, Take up Thy Bed*, and *The Art of Renewing One's Soul and Body*.

Both upper and lower shelves contained the works of poets and books of adventure; but while the upper included burning visions of loveliness, such as D'Annunzio's *Laudi*, the lower ones held such as might tend to stimulate the delicacy of the imagination, like Carducci's *Odes*.

We see here, then, how the accident which had crippled Toti's strong body seemed to have added a new and inspiring zest to life. Success with such a handicap would now mean more than ordinary success. What he had read, what he had visioned, and what he had dreamed, shaped themselves through his adversity into a definite plan of

life, and into a workable ideal; he could be an example unto men, an example of that self-will and self-strength to which all men could attain, since he, who was heavily handicapped, had achieved them wholly from within.

Thus we find him traveling on his one-pedal bicycle in Europe and in Africa, starting often without money, paying his way by exhibitions of athletic feats or by drawing and painting pictures with lightning strokes, or, as he loved best, upside down. We find him in Russia, in Holland, and in the far North, where a conscienceless German impresario robs him of all his little savings. Perhaps, in the letter he wrote home describing his loss, — a letter so pathetic that it made the mother cry even to-day at the mere remembrance of it, — we may find the seeds of that burning resentment and indignation against the lack of the sense of fair play in the Teutons, which later germinates into a throbbing hatred for the *Tedeschi*, who held unredeemed Italy in bondage.

Yet neither this incident, nor more significant ones, such as the refusal of the Austrian authorities to allow him to pedal through Vienna unless he removed the flaming tri-colored sash he wore over his bicycle jacket, to display his nationality — not even this incident, which cut short his trip, as he refused to submit to the Austrian demands, could for long depress his roving, glad spirits.

Indeed, this sense of example grew, with time, into almost an apostleship; the lovable egoism of his ardent nature turned, more and more, into as ardent altruism.

Thus, in a railroad men's union, where political machinations are driving a good man out of office, he goes to the rescue of right against might with a carefully prepared address in which philosophic and social theories blend

with a burning indignation. 'The defense of truth,' he tells his opponents, 'is the task of the just; to aspire to its triumph is the duty of the strong.'

The young, especially, appeal to his apostleship, the young with the handicaps of poverty. For them he writes a little book telling how 'the world needs men who are strong and know how to endure,' taking his *motif* from Bacon's dictum that 'man hath not the full consciousness of his powers until he tries, thinks and *wills*.'

Wishing to add example to precept, he gathered about him the boys of the neighborhood, the down-and-outs and the loafers of the streets, and started a toy industry for them.

Then came the war, and one thought, one supreme thought, possessed the restless soul of Enrico Toti: to avenge the Italian martyrs of Austrian oppression, and to raise the Italian tricolor on the historic San Giusto at Trieste.

It was the mother who gave us the picture of what happened.

'Even when Enrico applied, he knew they would refuse a cripple on general principles; so he promptly bought himself the uniform of a private in the Italian artillery, loaded his wheel with seventy kilos of everything imaginable, carefully tucked away an Italian flag under his coat, and — *addio!*'

'This,' he once allowed himself to explain, as he pointed to his crutch, 'has never taken courage from me; now I should look upon it with horror if it deprived me of the chance to fight.'

It was due to the sympathetic intuition of the Duke of Aosta, to whom Enrico Toti managed to present himself, that he was finally allowed regularly to enlist as a cyclist in the dashing Bersaglieri corps, and was assigned to the Lower Isonzo sector.

'And then,' as his mother said when she showed us his letters from the front, 'then life *really* began.'

As the men chosen for an attack file before his avid eyes, he writes, 'All walk forth with the pride of having been called to go under fire to avenge the martyrs who generously gave their life-blood for the loveliest and the highest of all ideals — the greatness of Italy!' In his watches on the Lower Isonzo he gazes on Trieste, near but still enslaved, 'Trieste, white and mystic in the sunlight, beauteous and desired! My thoughts turn again and again to her and I look and look — tremblingly.'

'When I see one of my companions obliged to do sentry-duty while suffering from physical weariness,' I find in a letter full of human compassion, 'I smile so as to hide my own weariness, and take his place with my spirit, somehow, all aglow. Then through my mind seems to unfold all the history of Italy, and my heart goes forth to her heroes and her martyrs, and nothing, nothing seems too hard to endure.'

News comes of the martyrdom of Cesare Battisti, the *Irredento*, whom Austria captured and hanged as a common criminal. Toti's long-simmering hatred breaks forth furiously, and he intensifies his propaganda along every imaginable line. To friends who cannot fight he writes, urging them to subscribe to the war loans. 'War is carried on with money,' he tells them, 'and this time we must win at any cost and no matter what the sacrifice.' To his parents, who urge him not to expose himself unnecessarily to danger, he defiantly replies, 'Those who love us should think only that for the honor of their country men die with the serenity of saints, happy to immolate themselves to an ideal which humanity has always cherished.' And to all he knows, to friends and to soldiers, he passes on the war-cry, '*Fuori i Barbari! Fuori i Barbari!*' — Out with the Barbarians!

Fortune soon smiles on him. Easter

Day sees him not only a soldier of Italy, but wounded in her holy cause. 'Wounded but not daunted!' he writes to his mother; and in five days he is back on the fighting-line. 'I am stronger than ever,' he explains; 'I have ceased to know what fatigue means. All the hardships of the trenches seem as nothing when *'Savoja'* sounds, and we throw ourselves upon the enemy, wresting from him, bit by bit, the land which is Italy's.'

'I feel like a little Napoleon,' he informs his mother, with bubbling boyishness, 'but a Napoleon useful to his country.' *Avanti! avanti!* rings through his letters now. 'My next note I shall mail you from Gorizia. Peace is certain. My railroad pass will be useless, as it will be a quicker trip home from Trieste by boat!'

It is coming, it is coming, the day of days! 'My daring shall conquer over the cunning of the enemy. . . . I shall hold my post with the last life-throb of my being. I shall be a light and a warning to all who dare speak of human cowardice and fear. And when I come home, there will be a medal pinned to my breast; even if only a bronze medal, it will be worth bringing to you.'

Two days afterwards, when he fell, thrice wounded, dying with a gesture which will become legendary, it was the King himself, Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of fighting Italy, who decreed to Enrico Toti the highest military honor for valor on the field of battle.

The gold medal is shining in its case before us on the crowded table of the ugly *salottino*.

'When the general pinned it to my breast,' explains the father, 'I cried aloud, "My son only performed his duty. *Viva l'Italia!*"'

'The vast crowd at the ceremony,' added the family historian, 'took up

the cry; it reverberated all over the park.'

But she who had loved him best, plucking the little red-white-and-green flag he had carried, — riddled and blood-stained, — and kissing it with the fervor of an ardent girl, cried out in brave anguish, 'I don't feel that he is dead! I don't feel that he is dead!'

III

I met many who could tell the story of that fantastic final charge with fine dramatic effect. One distinguished officer, who has done notable work in removing irreplaceable objects of art from the danger zone, put a poker through the plate-glass mirror of the *sala di ricevimento* of the hotel at G——, when showing me how the crutch was thrown; but in the end, it always transpired that the version had come to them third-hand or fourth-hand. Of the trench-mates of the hero I encountered none, and hope had run low, when it appeared that the last afternoon of my visit to the Isonzo Front was to be spent in going to a certain exposed sector where not much could be done in the way of inquiring after comrades of Toti.

But I reckoned without a certain watchful enemy artillery-observer, who evidently resented the careless way in which three figures were sauntering along a stretch of road which he had ranged to the last inch. One does not stand on ceremony on the stony Carso, when the progressive approach of shell-bursts gives fair warning that the enemy has deemed the interruption of one's promenade worth the expenditure of a few hundred pounds of T.N.T. Luckily, the Carso (far more dangerous though it is than any of the other fronts) provides its own antidote; for that rocky plateau is pitted with natural sink-holes, called *dolinas*, the par-

tial protection afforded by which becomes complete when the caverns opening from them have been converted into roomy dugouts.

Into the nearest one of these natural 'funk-holes' the three men, no longer sauntering, — I was one of them, — scampered at the first outburst of firing as the rabbit dives in the whins. A score or more Bersaglieri, who had been at work consolidating this particular *dolina*, had taken refuge before us, and among these, an officer told us presently, were several who had served with Enrico Toti in the lines beyond Monfalcone. It was that one of these men who knew the hero best who, sitting on a ledge with his knee pressed close against my own, spoke of such things as would come most readily to mind in the twenty-minute interval during which we waited for the shell-shower to blow over.

'I should not say that I knew Enrico Toti well,' he replied in answer to one of my first questions; 'he was a friend of everyone, but hardly an intimate of any, not even of those who slept and worked with him. He was, naturally, very much of a privileged character, — with both men and officers, — and yet he never took advantage of it. His relation with us was more like that of an elder brother, — or, I might even say, of a very stern father, — than a comrade. He was always talking to us about our country and our duty to it, and to complain of work, or hardship, or danger in his hearing was to come in for a good scolding.

'It was very amusing to see the great pride that he took in the green plumes which marked him as a Bersagliere. The hat he wore when he came to us had been bought in a second-hand shop, and the feathers were worn and moth-eaten down to faded dirty stubs. But after a while he got a new set of plumes, and these he wove together so that they

could be taken off in a bunch and attached to his trench-helmet. He never missed a chance to add a new feather to the lot, and, as he took great care of them and never threw any away, it rapidly grew into a regular mop. He had twice as many plumes as any one else, and he insisted on wearing them at all times, even when they were a trouble and a danger to him. Of course, he was wearing them on the day of his last fight, and they say that he picked them up and put them on his head again before advancing, after each of the first two bullets struck him. I did n't see him do that (though a man usually does lose his *elmetto* when he is hard hit); but I did see him lying with his face buried in his plumes in the bottom of the last trench we took.

'In spite of the lost leg, he was a better soldier than any two-legged man among us. He was a first-class sharpshooter, could dig himself in with the best of us, and at crawling out at night, for scouting and wire-cutting, there was no one to compare with him. His determination, especially in carrying out some task that had been set for him, was almost terrible. I remember particularly one night when he volunteered to go alone and cut out a section-entanglement, so that it could be grappled and dragged away for a raiding-party at daybreak. He was gone so long that another man was sent out to find him. After a while they both crept back together. Toti's face was streaming blood from cuts about the mouth. Soon it came out that he had snapped off one of the handles of his wire-cutter, and rather than come back without completing his job, had been trying, not to bite the wire in two, though I have no doubt he would have tried to do that if there had been no other way, but to work the broken cutter by holding the stub of the handle in the vise-like grip of his powerful teeth. He

claimed to have been actually making some headway.

'He had made one of his crutches into a sort of bayonet, by putting a long sharp lance or spike of steel in the end; but I don't think he ever had a chance to use it.'

Unfortunately (for my story) the crash and jolt of the Austrian *arrivées* died away at about this juncture, and, with only enough time left to reach our motor before dark, we had to be getting on our way. My last question was put as, blinking in the daylight, we straightened up outside the dugout.

'You were near Toti when he fell, I believe,' I said; 'did you hear him shout "*Viva l'Italia!*" as the papers say he did?'

'I was in the bottom of the captured trench,' was the reply, 'and had just missed a jab with my bayonet at an Austrian climbing out on the other side when Toti toppled over the parapet. I have heard since that he was shouting encouragement to those around him and cheering for the King and for Italy all the way, even after he got his first two wounds; but all I have any recollection of hearing was "*Fuori i Barbari!*" I am sure that that was what he was shouting when he threw away his *gruccia*. It must have been covered

up by a shell-burst, for we only found the one which he held on to when he fell.'

'Was he quite dead when you reached him?' I asked; 'did you hear him say anything?'

'Not quite dead, but very near it,' was the answer. 'His face was a terrible thing to see as he fell, all twisted with fury as he cursed the *Tedeschi*; but it was quite peaceful when I turned him over, and his lips were moving.'

'And could you make out what he was saying?' I cut in eagerly.

'It was something about his mother, I think. It seemed to me as if he said, "*Baccia alla mamma.*"'

That was the one thing which, most of all, I had wanted to verify; for the little old mother, with a tear trickling crookedly down a seam of her parchment-brown face, had told me that this was the message that had been sent to her in Rome. She was showing me a bundle of Enrico's cards, post-marked from a hundred towns and cities between Lapland and the Sudan, and on each of them the terse, inclusive message had ended with 'Kisses to mamma.'

'So, of course,' she had said, 'that would be his message from the battlefield, too.'

FEEDING AN ARMY

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

To the ordinary layman war is a picturesque function. Your troops are landed, they take their place in the line, and then they fight. To the soldier, however, one of the foremost questions — if not the very foremost — of a campaign resolves itself into those two prosaic words, 'Transport' and 'Supply.' Without a satisfactory solution of this dual problem, your immense modern army might just as well have stayed at home. Supply, of course, means food for man and beast, while transport is your vehicular or other means of carriage.

In the old wars, of relatively small armies, the question of supply was often solved by the natural process of 'living on the country.' Your victorious and advancing army helped itself to food; and so, the more victorious and more advancing it was, the better it fared. The defeated army starved and surrendered, unless it could retire on new armies. The question of transport, therefore, was also simplified, and the generals of those days had little need to go beyond the animals, carts, wagons, and so forth, which had been diverted from their peace-time occupations. The story that Xerxes led a million men against the Greeks, is manifestly an exaggeration. The supply and transport of such a body, even did the ancient Persian manage to subsist for twenty-four hours on a loaf of bread and an onion, would have proved a physical impossibility.

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To-day, however, we have to face this problem, and even a far larger one; and in so far as the United States and the British Empire are separated by water from the common foe, the matter as it presents itself to the English-speaking Allies is more or less identical. In both cases the subsistence of the Expeditionary Force is based on sea-power, and the lines of communication start several thousand miles from the scene of action.

But let us land in France to begin with, and stand open-eyed in what is called a Base Supply Dépôt. Every one of the Allies has its bases, and the more of them there are, the easier it is to deal with our vast armies. From the base you send men and material to the Front by rail; and so, if you increase the number of your bases, you are able to double, treble, or even quadruple your effectiveness as a belligerent.

Your base supply dépôt is on the coast, and alongside the quays, piers, and wharves of a great harbor. Day and night the great ships come, unload, and disappear. They bring with them a new problem, that of Labor; and so it has come about that, beyond your army in the firing-line, and your army of transport-drivers, and your army of supply men, you need a new army to clear the holds of these great ships, to check and stack the cases, bales, sacks, drums, and barrels that are put ashore, and, further, to load the railway-trains that are for ever passing out of your dépôt.

Every one of these considerations

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applies likewise to clothing and equipment, to munitions, guns, rifles, tentage, hutments, fuel, mineral and lubricating oils; to barbed wire, sleepers, rails and bridging material for the engineers. I am dealing, however, only with the food-problem, which, though all-important in itself, is but the part of a far vaster matter.

I had qualified as an interpreter in French and German, and for that reason I was suddenly requested to leave the gallant regiment I had newly joined and to proceed forthwith to France. We were untrained, we had neither rifles nor equipment — it was in the first six months of the war, when everything, though seeming chaos, was in point of fact a wise and far-seeing preparation. In two days I could get out to France, and that was exactly what I wanted. Like many another, I had the feeling that the war would be over pretty soon, long before we of 'the first hundred thousand' were fit and ready. My exact job would be to tackle the French railway authorities in their own language. Beyond that I knew nothing, and, truth to tell, cared less.

I landed at a base and was immediately posted to the supply dépôt. It was only then that I began to realize the place of food and forage in modern warfare. The French had done us handsomely, giving us ample store-room and abundant cover — acres of it, in fact, and we needed it all.

Our ration in France in those days was, and probably still is, composed of meat (canned or frozen), bread or biscuit, bacon, jam, preserved milk, cheese, tea, sugar, salt, mustard, and pepper. To these may be added butter, fresh or dried vegetables, compressed soup-tablets, rum, lime-juice, and a tinned delicacy, familiarly known as a 'Maconochie,' — such is the most popular maker's surname, — but officially called an M. and V. ration. It is a stew

of meat and vegetables, — hence the M. and V., — and like the other intermittent rations, adds a spice of variety to our menu.

The horses and mules lived then on oats, hay, bran, and maize — bulky and mountainous articles that suffer more than case goods from rain and weather.

To all this must be added fuel; for without wood, coal, or charcoal, how are you going to cook your food or make your tea?

In addition to these staple articles, and carefully protected from a pilfering world, one found a lesser dépôt devoted to what are known in the army as 'medical comforts.' In this holy of holies are stored the noble meat and drink supplied to hospitals. Cases of champagne are here, of port wine, and of stout; of tinned chicken, sago, arrow-root, jellies, soups, and what not.

Articles have been written about these base supply dépôts, their dependent bakeries, and the immensity of their dealings; about their wonderful organization, and the busy fellows who move and labor in them.

The men employed here are comfortable, but often bored. They are out of danger, as a rule; they have permanent quarters; and rumor has it that, being where food is, they have first choice of whatever comes to hand. But against this must be set off the perpetual sameness of the work, the eternal vista of beef and biscuit-boxes, the monotonous accounts, the unvarying hind-quarters and fores in the cold storage. There is romance at first, as one pictures the whole wide world converging on this centre. One comes across strange and unknown grasses in the bales of hay that have crossed oceans; Chicago, South America, Australia, and even Madagascar, have slaughtered cattle for us; one discovers that the honestest and most varied jams in the

world come from British Columbia and Tasmania. But as time goes on, uneasy fellows like myself grow sick and tired of the same old story. The work here should be given to men well broken to the routine of offices and counters; the big and little business men are well at home here; with a difference, it is the same job that is done in London by a Lyons or a Lipton.

From the dépôt the loaded trains go out to railhead. At first a train was allotted to an army corps, but on my second stay in France I found that the unit had changed to a division. We had only the existing railway tracks and railway material to work with, then; to-day there is an undreamed-of network, and wagons to match. The food and forage of a division is weighed and counted out. You have your scale, and each day you are told the number of men, the number of mules and horses. These vary with the casualty lists or the drafts sent forward. A big battle may decimate your division, or reinforcements swell it. A wire comes to your dépôt, and it is up to you to collect the goods.

At first an officer and five men went with each train as escort, and I was one of those officers. We led a roving life, much like that of a ship's captain. We dealt with the French railway authorities and a host of 'dugouts' known as R.T.O.'s. Railway transport officer is the long of those initials. From them we took orders and to them reported progress. Now train-traveling officer and middle-aged 'dugout' are alike abolished, and the stuff gets to railhead more simply.

In theory a railhead stands well behind the reach of the enemy's guns, and so, more often than not, you can unload your train in peace, if not in quiet. But every now and again the German will surprise you with a long-range weapon, or his aviators will try

and make a mess of you. The long-range gun is easily answered. You shift your railhead farther back, till the gun is knocked out or abolished. The aviators are a necessary evil. But all these excursions and alarms are the exception rather than the rule, and spice a life that tends to grow too civilian. It is well to remind a supply officer once in a while that he takes risks, otherwise he grows too confidently meticulous and full of worries.

Your railhead may feed its two or three divisions, and so one must picture an extended front as dotted with these centres of activity. But the division itself is the main unit; so, next, the contents of your train are packed into motor-lorries and borne away to the divisional dump. From all the roads that lead to railhead these lorries converge, in clouds of dust when the roads are dry, in indescribable mud when the days are wet. The supplies are checked, receipts are given, and off go the lorries in long strings again. We are now quite definitely in the war area, and sailing those crowded roads depicted in the picture-papers. The guns are thundering, the aeroplanes are up, the resting infantry is swinging back to billets, and reliefs are going forward.

You, however, are bound for the divisional dump. Follow the motor-lorries, and you come across it at a convenient spot, where traffic can enter at one side and depart at another, without much turning. As with the railway-train before them, the lorries are unloaded, and next their contents are sorted into heaps, each heap the property of a brigade. For a brigade is your next unit.

Matters are now becoming intimate. The people at the supply dépôt have no personal contact with the troops. The motor-convoys are almost as remote as they, but each division has its

divisional train, which in turn is divided into companies, each of which is attached to a brigade. The divisional train consists of horse-drawn or mule-drawn wagons. Company after company it rolls up, takes its load, and goes off to its various refilling points. These are lesser dumps, controlled by the brigade supply officer. This officer has to deal with the smallest unit on our list. His heap is subdivided into little heaps, each one the property of a battalion; and to his rendezvous comes daily the battalion transport, still horse-drawn, which makes the penultimate stage to the first-line trenches. The quartermaster is now in charge, and when night falls, the fatigue parties manhandle the food and drink that goes on its last stage to the men in front. Down the communication trenches they go, loaded and welcome. And so the company is fed, the dim platoon, right down to the last and hungriest Tommy.

II

Thus roughly I have attempted to describe the various processes that prevail in an ordered country like France, where communications are good, roads are in being, and all the ground explored. I have omitted all mention of the endless checks and counter-checks: how the battalion quartermasters send their figures to the brigade supply officer, how the latter summarizes these figures and passes them on to the divisional supply officer, who in turn sends his calculations to someone more important. A vast deal of arithmetic and paper work goes on behind the physical phenomena of supply; and here again you are up against the value of a business training.

The good supply officer is the mother of his brigade. Down at the dump he does his best for man and beast; at his

own refilling point he watches over the interest of each particular unit; and I have even known him to go into the trenches, and assure himself with his own eyes that the men of his brigade are faring well and plentifully. The particular officer I have in mind was cheered by the men as they went back to billets.

In addition to the regular supply from home, the army consumes a vast amount of material purchased in the country. There are fresh vegetables, — notably potatoes, — fruit, and wine, — a hospital item, — bran, yeast for the bakeries, live sheep and goats for our Indian troops, and many another article.

During part of my stay I attended to such purchases, and officially was known as local purchasing officer. This business brings one into notable contact with the civilian, and especially the civilian who is out to make money by the war. He or she — in France, especially now, with so many of the men away, it is often she — are among my most entertaining memories. I think I thoroughly enjoyed pitting them one against the other, and still more my dealings with the right sort, who were out to help, and not to exploit, the soldier.

The French market-gardener is a wonderful fellow. Often rich as Cræsus, he receives you in his earth-stained blouse and wooden shoes. I sought him where I could, and avoided the middleman. We were, in fact, brother artists, for generally he seemed far more interested in growing his leeks, carrots, potatoes, and turnips than in selling them. The middleman or woman has no such idealism but I must except a certain dear old lady who, the moment she knew that the fruit I was buying was for our wounded in the hospitals, suppressed her husband and came down to rock-bottom prices without further

palaver. They are wonderfully frank, these Frenchwomen. Madame A——, whom I called on in quest of bran one morning, received me in her dressing-gown and explained with circumstance that she had taken a *purge*. I had to be very severe with some of these ladies who were not above using their fine eyes to further a bargain. 'How hard you English are!' they would say, when one stuck out for a fair market price; and often one's unwillingness to lose time, besides being described as *dur*, was called *brutale*. They had the leisure to bargain and discuss; I had not. One singular piece of 'brutality' on my part consisted in reducing the price of live sheep by a good percentage. I remember going off in triumph to my chief with the great news.

'To hell with you and your sheep!' he cried; and burst into tears. He had just got word that his only brother and a cousin had been killed at Loos.

I enjoyed those months and the many homes I peeped into; for here in the provinces the Frenchman usually did his business in the middle of his family. Sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, nieces, would all chime in, wine and biscuits would be produced if the affair was one of importance; yet often I had to retire empty-handed. The prices would be excellent, the delivery as good; but how lay hands on a sufficient quantity? The consumption of an army is enormous and staggers the small contractor. How many fortunes might have been made if the material at issue had been available! And in such buying, the man more deadly than all is the contractor who will promise you everything, but, when it comes to delivery, makes excuses. One had to beware of these opportunists. Even worse was a man I heard of in Greece, who sold the same parcel of hay to the buying departments of three armies, received the money thrice

over, and was about to depart with his mistress for the Fortunate Isles, when a brutal embarkation officer discovered him.

The main requisite of an officer buying for an army, besides ordinary common sense, is a rather more than ordinary honesty. Half the people he deals with will try to corrupt him, by bribery, by flattery, or means more insidious. And I think, too, that I have been cured, by my experience in this direction, of any leanings towards Socialism that I may have had. The average man's attitude toward the state and its property seems not far removed from my own toward a railway company. Like most people, I have often traveled first-class with a third-class ticket, and felt that the action was rather meritorious than otherwise. The state, too, seems — especially to the civilian — fair game and outside the pale of ordinary morality. What is everybody's business and everybody's property often seems to be regarded as nobody's business and nobody's property.

So far I have discussed only the feeding of an army under conditions that are more or less constant. It is, however, when you must deal with an advance, or a retirement, or a retreat, that the problem grows really exciting. Everything is in flux, your railheads may be wiped out, uncertainty dogs you. The supply officer then does the best he can, pushing up stores, following the advance in darkness or in rain, snatching sleep where he can, and harrying the tired transport. The roads have been destroyed, his units are scattered; if he is wise he will keep a smiling face and accept disappointments and chuckle over his successes. The men have their emergency or iron ration to go on with — beef, biscuit, oxo cubes, sugar, and tea. Or, in a retreat, he may have to pack his stores and get them away, or even destroy them

or leave them to the enemy. He has a car in France, a horse elsewhere, so is spared much that discomforts the infantry; but work hard he has to, often the clock around, keeping his men going, dodging in at an opening, or saving what he cannot pass forward. There are compensations, however, even in a retirement, for I have known a supply officer and his sergeant-major hold their end up to good purpose with a mixture of champagne and stout — hospital comforts salvaged from the advancing enemy.

Perhaps the most joyous days of all are those in which your division moves from one section of the line to another. In summer, with fine weather and starry nights, there is no trek more exhilarating. The French front is businesslike, and you entrain; but in Macedonia, where much of my time was spent, you struck camp overnight and were away at dawn. The day's march was conditioned by the water-supply. You had a good horse, no cares, and saw the sunrise; your meals were a picnic on the bank of a shallow river; you slept out under the stars. Once a day, at an arranged spot, you would pick up the division's food, come up by rail or lorry. Your transport would carry your share of it to an improvised dump; your men would sort it out in readiness for the battalion convoys. These dealt with, you were free to bathe, to sleep, or, better still, to watch the jeweled dragon-flies. Every shady streamlet was bright with them — green, blue, red, gray, black, and white, they flashed in and out of the shadows. There were large frogs here, with which our French comrades supplemented their rations, and lizards and tortoises, and once or twice I saw the swift passage of a snake.

Two, three, or even four days you might trek through a beautiful country where only the squalor of the villages

distressed you. Some of them, destroyed in earlier wars, were hardly more than a few ruined walls and an empty church; the Turkish villages were cleaner than the Christian. You would leave the bare, intolerable plains, the marshy lakes, and go up into wooded hills which in some regions are almost Swiss. Macedonia is ever varied, and each changing light or season marks it. The spring is a gorgeous tumult of wild flowers; the summer withers this carpet and strews it with the black patches of grass-fires; the winter brings mud — mud inconceivable, and a perpetual dewdrop at the end of your cold nose.

But one spot I shall never forget. On an August evening we topped the ridge above Lake Doiran. This lake and town are often mentioned in the newspapers, but I am going to take shell-bursts for granted; also the aeroplanes and dropped bombs. You stand high up; the lake is a circular sheet of glass below you, the little town with its white minaret tucked away in a corner; and all the wide valley to your right gives on to mountains that look like the end of the world — bare, unbroken, and impassable. A wall of iron confronts you, and only miles away you catch at a break in it — the Rupel Pass, which now guards the road into Bulgaria. You realize then why the Saloniki army has marked time in this sector.

But suppose it rains? Then the rivers that you thought to ford so easily swell to torrents, and you may even be cut off from the men and animals whose mother you are; or your sugar spoils, your bread gets spongy, your vegetables a pulp. For shelter you have a waterproof sheet supported and pegged down — it is known as a 'bivvy.' You are not exactly comfortable, but good-fellowship and the habit of the open air make light of a situation that in

pre-war days would fill one with forebodings of sciatica, rheumatics, and other damp-bred evils. And very often you strike a friend who will give you a corner of his tent; and by 'friend' I often mean a perfect stranger.

There is a *camaraderie*, a heartiness, in the front line that is occasionally to seek in the more sheltered areas. I have dropped down on many unknown hosts. There was H——, an ex-trooper of the N.W. Mounted Police; there was G——, who let me sleep on a pile of blankets in a corner of his mess after a right royal supper, and who gave me a bath in the morning; and poor C——, now bombed into the next world, who gave me a stretcher in a tent where mice (or was it rats?) played round me in the dark till I found a couple of boxes and so got off the floor and their playground.

On the march, as in fixed positions, you go buying what extra luxuries the land affords. Macedonia, unlike France, was a very poor country for such diversions. The country is depopulated, its agriculture backward, the Greek-speaking capitalist a difficult customer. The villages I struck seemed to be governed by this potentate, who might keep a wine-shop, and certainly owned the only pair of scales. I found peasants who were only too glad to accept the price I offered them in ready money; but there was usually a more important fellow, who would interfere, and who had the whole day before him. However, he would collect the hardworking and prematurely aged females of the place and set them to pick beans, collect marrows, watermelons, and cucumbers. When my limbers were full, out came the scales, and Plato would start his argument, which amounted to this. Forty miles away, at Saloniki, beans were fetching 20 lepta an oke (2½ pounds) more than I was offering him.

'But you've got to get them to Saloniki.'

'Yes,' he grudgingly admitted.

Meanwhile my men were weighing the stuff, and I had already settled with the one or two independent growers, who were only too glad to see me and simple enough to show it. I finished with Plato as soon as I knew the weights, and rode away with my men to the dump, rather pleased at getting fresh green stuff for the brigade. To the edge of the village Plato would pursue me. His parting thrust was always, 'What about the sixpence for the Samos you drank when you came in?' Samos is a kind of wine made out of figs, and has the merit of being wet.

You may have noticed that the wagons that we used to use in France are changed to limbers. On these bad roads and in this hilly country we found that the limber, with its two halves and simple yet tough construction, could go where the wagon failed. I do not know how many parts there are to a wagon; it is really complex compared to a limber; and in winter, and in the more mountainous country, even the limber gave way to the pack-mule, pure and simple. Our first-line transport drivers here were turned into muleteers. I often wished a cinema operator had taken pictures of the convoys as they came winding along, each animal with its load, and a picturesque ruffian to every pair. I would pass them as they crossed our road, they going away into the hills that our wheeled transport could touch only at certain places. But my own journey then was jolly enough, as we climbed upwards on the new-cut highways that Italian engineers had made. I had a sure-footed blue roan, and rode at the head of the column to avoid the choking dust we made. Often the road was precipitous, and we looked far down into the villages or up at the wooded mountain-

sides. At the dump we unloaded, then watered and fed the animals; and I used to stuff figs off the trees that grew here. Other officers strolled or rode or motored up; somewhere or other we found tea and cigarettes; the hour would go only too quickly.

Riding back in the dark, I usually left the horse to pick his way. He could see where I could not, and the old fellow knew that the day's work was done when we struck homeward. Tired, yet wonderfully fit, one rattled in with one's convoy; and before going off to one's own supper, one first of all saw that the animals were well looked after. We had been out since two P.M., and now it was past nine. You sleep the peaceful sleep of an angel after such a day. With luck you can lay in till seven; but maybe you have to take early stables at six. Still, you have no convoy on that day and can get a good nap in the afternoon.

III

So far I have dwelt mostly on supply-work, but the question of transport is ever involved in it, and is so much a part of it as to need a few pages to itself. You have your stores, your meat and drink, and what not; but, unless you can move them to the desired point, they might almost as well be non-existent.

In France this problem is now at its simplest. Railways have been doubled and even trebled, good roads are ready to take your motor-traffic and your horse wagons, and there are Decaueilles, where your trolleys can run in strings on narrow rails; and, last but not least, there are the Labor battalions to mend roads and keep the whole mechanism in order. The matter in France, except when an offensive was working with or against you, presented most of the features of an old estab-

lished and finely organized business.

In Macedonia and Egypt, where I served as well, it is not so easy. There the machine is frequently replaced by the beast of burden, and the transport officer is as often as not a donkey, mule, or camel-driver.

Till I went to Saloniki I had known the mule only from hearsay; 'obstinate as a mule,' is a remark whose full significance I was yet to gather. The first one I rode — no pony being available — was a mouse-colored creature and very docile. We went along together in search of locally grown vegetables, across scorched and barren country, of which the only permanent resident seemed to be the black and yellow tortoise. I came across some French gunners at last, camped in a ruined village. When I mentioned vegetables, they laughed. There was nothing nearer than Kukus, outside the region I was supposed to ransack. They invited me in to have lunch, however, and I remember this particularly well, because one of them was a champagne-grower and a most useful fellow to have in a mess. After lunch the mule and I came to the sandy bed of a dried-up river. Instantly the mule knelt down, and almost as instantly I was off, demanding the why and the wherefore. The mule did not leave me long in doubt. There was sand, and the chance of a good roll. He let me get the saddle off him, but roll he would and did. I had not previously been aware of this habit.

Another mule I had was a confirmed convoy-follower. In company he was all right; but get him alone on the road, whether I liked it or not, I had to join up with any chance convoy that happened along. He had a mouth like iron and a will to match. I might tug at the snaffle till my hands bled; the best I could hope for was to make him go round in a circle till that convoy had

disappeared. But there were far too many of them; and after a long and painful morning I said I would rather walk. Thus I acquired Rupert, my first real 'officer's charger.'

Rupert was mine all one summer. The dumps we visited, the troops we fed, the long marches we made together! To be quite frank, Rupert was a greedy beast, with all his passions centred in his tummy. If he ever reads this, — I think I am quite safe, — I fancy he'll admit that his sole distraction in life was a good feed. Like his rider, he was middle-aged, and middle age is often the season of gluttony. He was a lazy old beast, too, and as we rode along, I would say, 'Now if I let you have a whack at yonder maize-field, will you buck up and save me the trouble of kicking you along?' He would promise anything, and bite off head after head, until I began to feel sorry for the poor Macedonian we were robbing; and even then he would reproach me all the way home for not letting him eat up half Macedonia. The only thing that could really set him going was a sharp-set morning, or a cloud of flies worrying the life out of him on a hot day. The poor beggar would try running away from them, and he had a real good trot on these occasions.

One other mount of that summer was a chestnut mare, lent me by a brother officer who omitted to inform me that she had not left the lines for three days. I set off gayly, with a loose rein, and she, seeing how matters stood, put her head between her knees and carried me over a few miles of broken country at what seemed a mile a minute, but was probably less. She took any blessed thing in her stride, and where most horses would have broken both our necks, she finished smiling, as if enjoying the blue-and-white funk of her rider. A curious commentary on the

value of evidence is the fact that my servant, who had started out with us, returned to camp alone, declaring that the mare had bolted with me and that he had actually seen me thrown; which proves that imagination is far more real than lagging truth.

Here in Egypt, or rather on what is now called the Palestine Front, the problem of feeding and watering an army was complicated by the intervening desert. The Sinai Peninsula is 150 miles across, from the Suez Canal side to Rafa on the Palestine frontier, and there was no railway and next to no water. The Turk was driven back and the railway built, and a pipe-line was laid down bringing Nile water all the way to Palestine. The railway is now connected with existing lines, and from Kantara on the Canal, you can go straight on to Jaffa or Jerusalem.

So far so good; but away from the line, how are you to negotiate the sand, which changes, farther on, to dust? Someone thought of the camel, and to the camel has been added the donkey. Without the aid of these two quadrupeds, the Turk might still be in Jerusalem.

Thirty-five thousand camels, so I am told, were collected, and a legion of donkeys. The latter worked mostly in the hilly country, the camels in the plain. These accompanied the army, driven by Egyptian fellaheen. In a waterless country, they were the very thing, and they could go where wheeled transport was useless. All their equipment was a stout pack-saddle, with two stout nets slung from it, one on each side. These you filled with food or water-cans, and a good camel can take his four hundred pounds.

My last job in the field was with the camels and their Egyptian drivers. Speaking no Arabic and knowing the camel only as a beast you see in the Zoo, I was nonplussed at first. However, a

wise system gave me a week to get going, during which I lived camel, thought camel, and was completely cut off from all other interests.

I learned that the beasts ate only twice a day and drank only every third day; that they required little grooming, and thought nothing of picking you up with their teeth and shaking the sand out of you. I have never met anyone who liked a camel. He will go on till, literally, he drops dead — that is the best thing that can be said about him. Socially he is an ill-conditioned churl, and treacherous into the bargain. A mule will save up an honest grudge for months, and then take it out of you with a well-planted kick; but a camel will go for you simply because he feels like it. Our Egyptians put up with him and seemed to understand him. I had 75 of them and 150 camels. The men were the best-humored fellows I have ever worked with. They were not much to look at — so many were cross-eyed or even one-eyed; but when they stripped and gamboled in the sea, they were well-shaped and muscular enough. And they could sing in a way. The reis, or leader, used to improvise a line, and the rest of the troop would follow with the chorus. A favorite method was to make remarks about their officer, thus: —

The Reis: The officer is kind and loves us.

Chorus: So he is; so he does.

The Reis: He is strong as a lion and fears no foeman.

Chorus: So he is; so he does.

The Reis: He is beautiful to look at and gives much backsheesh.

Chorus: So he is; so he does.

The Reis: He is loved by maidens and sings like a nightingale.

Chorus: So he is; so he does.

There need be no end to this song, or to the something similar which used

to accompany our work in the desert. One plaintive chorus, reminiscent of forced labor and the days of the Pharaohs, ran, 'How many days, how many nights?' It was a favorite, and must have been sung for hundreds of years. The men, in truth, had little to complain about. They were clothed, well-fed, and well paid. Their contract is for six months. I asked one of my three reises what he would do when his time was up. He would go back to his village, he said, and sit in the shade and smoke cigarettes. I can picture him, squatting outside his mud hovel on the Nile, his mind rather a blank, his body comfortable and warm, his women ministering to him. Occasionally he showed symptoms of wanting to begin in advance of his time.

The attitude of the driver to the camel often amused me. The man would put his head alongside the beast's, and drink out of the same trough. I remember one man who preferred a tin can of his own. 'You think you're too good to drink out of the same trough as your camel,' the others reproached him; and of course they had quite an argument. The camel was so much one of themselves that they would curse him as they cursed each other, beginning with the modest 'son of a dog,' and ending with '*ein al dinak*' which expresses the speaker's contempt for the camel's religion!

I show, perhaps, too great an inclination to linger over my camels and my last days of active service near the firing-line. When the push came that was to end with the defeat of Falkenhayn and the capture of Jerusalem, we old subalterns were weeded out. One seemed rather like a woman who has been made to feel that the days of her beauty are over. M——, who is fifty, and I, who am two years less, were set aside for younger and more damp-resisting bodies. Yet one thing

will always stay with me — the dun sand and the blue sky, and, silhouetted against the blue, the endless lines of camels, dun-colored as the sand. On every sky-line one saw this picture, and never tired of it. Barely it moved, and one might fancy it had stood thus for century on century, since the first caravans had gone out of ancient Egypt into the hills and deserts of Philistia, and away to distant Assyria and the far lands of Hittite kings.

I have said nothing of the risks run by your supply and transport men, except that at the base they are negligible, while farther up country, in the early part of the war, a tacit understanding seemed to prevail on either side. In those days, 'Eat and let eat' was our motto. To-day, however, all that is changed, and aeroplane and high-velocity gun do their best to cut off the supply man and the transport driver. They take their risks, and have not even the satisfaction of answering back. Of course, their dangers are never comparable to those of the infantryman; but certainly, at Gallipoli, with everything in the open and the beaches continually under shell-fire, they were not far short. At those times many a good man crawled into his forage-dump and envied the infantry in their trenches. I have been bombed from the air, and shelled at very long range. In the latter case, you soon got to learn the line the shells would take, and so you kept outside it; in the former, I was at one time glad because of my partner. He was one of those over-zealous individuals who are forever worrying about nothing. A fair bombing made him realize that he was a soldier, and I admit to having taken a malicious pleasure in watching him contemplate the unpleasant possibility

of a sudden extinction. It used to sober him for quite two days.

Just now, with the great German offensive on in France, the supply and transport men are getting their opportunity. They are all class B men, that is to say, men who are not good enough for the first line; but they are sticking it like heroes, and taking their convoys up, no matter how broken the roads, how severe the bursts of the big shells and the bombs dropped by the gothas. They get little credit for their work and never a chance to show their mettle in the hand-to-hand of actual conflict; there are no V.C.'s for them and precious few other distinctions. Still, they are carrying on, and munitions go up, and man and beast are fed; and if some poor devils are blown to bits, they have at least had a pretty lengthy run for their money.

I have no wish to be statistical, and figures are dull reading, but the essence of supply-work is this. Every man you have in the field means about three pounds of food a day, seven days a week and three hundred and sixty-five days a year. Every horse eats twenty-four pounds of forage a day, and eight pounds more for the big teamsters. You have to collect this material, you have to waste as little of it as you can, you have to carry it and distribute it to perhaps a couple of million mouths — day after day, week after week, month after month. It is the one job that never ceases. You want honest men for it — food and forage just now are easily what literary folk would call 'the best sellers'; you want men who are good at figures; and, thirdly, you want men who are patient and not afraid of doing to-day as they did yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

'FOOL JONES'

I WAS not surprised, only proud anew, to hear of the beautiful way in which our soldiers saluted the bereaved French mother as she stood on a street in Paris. Perhaps there was more outward and courtly ceremony in their standing and doffing hats to the French lady than had ever come within my sight; but I knew well that our rank and file, whom I have seen every day for almost a score of years, had it hidden in them.

There was that soldier in Cebu some eighteen years ago, for example. I was rather new to the Army then, had much to learn about the Service, and was just beginning to get it straightened out that I must order brooms from the quartermaster and soap from the commissary. I was all the way round the world from home, the clanking of the insurrectos' chains in the Fort San Pedro frightened me into shivers, and I was learning through sickening experience that the odorous little town of Cebu was one of the hottest spots on earth. Jones, private soldier and tiny cog in our army machine, knew all these things, and being quite old enough to be my father, stood *in loco parentis* as ably as circumstances permitted.

Jones was 'striker' to the household, and a striker, as perchance all the world now knows, is that indispensable man chosen from the ranks to serve the needs, tastes, habits, and whims of an officer and his family. His jeering comrades call the striker 'dog-robber,' because of an ancient tradition — myth or not, who can say? — that the man filches from the household pet the luscious tidbits once indisputably his

very own. Be that as it may, the striker becomes in some mysterious way, however tactfully concealed, the most considerable member of an army officer's household, to whose vagaries all others gracefully yield.

A long time and many, many strikers have intervened since Jones held sway in my home, but I recall with perfect precision the 'cut of his jib,' as our navy cousins have it. I had just come into the port of Cebu across a too turbulent sea, had been tossed about on an unspeakably dirty Spanish steamer by the lashing tail of a typhoon, had brushed elbows with an amazing array of poultry, goats, evil-tempered Filipino ponies, and evil-looking Filipino persons, as fellow passengers. Sights, sounds, smells, the very feel of life itself, were strange beyond description. And now I was climbing the three flights of ebony stairs leading to my eyrie in the crumbling ant-ridden house, where I was to live through exciting days and more exciting nights of Philippine insurrection.

I can truthfully say that nothing I had yet encountered seemed any more remarkable than the soldier I cornered at the top of the stairs. I am not aware that he was known to be the ugliest man in the United States Army; but I am sure that Jones could have claimed the title justly. I could scarcely believe my eyes, that anything human could possess such tallness, such thinness, so crooked and long a nose of a red beyond naming, and withal a gargoyles mouth seen nowhere this side of Notre Dame.

The agony of the cornering was so manifest, that I had the instant desire

to assuage it by pretending that there was really no soldier there. The poor trapped creature, in addition to being the homeliest of men (possibly because of it), was likewise the shyest in the presence of women. But though I took no outward cognizance of Jones at that our first meeting, I called him back to me a little later in a very fury of need.

Left alone in my new home, I was gazing out an open window at my unbelievably curious surroundings. I was finding it rather different from Tennessee. Here, in the bamboo trees beside me, were jewel-colored birds flitting about as casually as if they were humble little wrens. Out there, in the shining hot sea, was the island where Magellan had once landed, knelt, and prayed. Down below me — but what *was* below me? Hideous screams arose from the ground far beneath my window; and looking shudderingly down, I beheld the Philippine version of butchering a hog by plunging a red-hot iron down its throat. Then I screamed, and I screamed for Jones. He was on the floor below, and his extraordinarily long and crooked legs brought him leaping up the stairs.

'Oh, stop the fiends!' I implored him.

Jones stopped them. He whipped a revolver from his belt, pointed it at the group of butchers, and then yelled in things. He threw them language, mingled American-Spanish-Visayan — language with magic in its curdling accents, for a profound silence fell upon the Filipinos and they scattered like chaff before a wind.

'I would n't cry no more,' Jones suggested timidly, as he put his revolver back in his belt. 'I've fixed them Gugus a-plenty. I 'lowed I'd be compelled to shoot 'em plumb full of holes if they ever went to killing a hog that-a-way again. I — well — I'm here to look after you, ma'am, and ding-bust it if I

ain't going to come mighty nigh doing it.'

That was the longest speech Jones ever made me, but how the man served me! Very soon he was made cook of the establishment, and set up his kitchen under the banana trees in the garden. He scoured sea and land for choice dainties, and brought home the most succulent shell-fish and the largest mangoes. He concocted dishes which I could not eat, but which he thought I could. He kicked the stupid *muchacho*, in utter disregard of my protests, to give celerity to the poor boy's service. He rounded up the Filipinos who were most expert in carving the lovely shells of Cebu, and those who wove the finest *patates*, and led them to me by the ear, if need were.

One night, when most of the troops had left the town to attend to a little business out in the hills, a band of insurrectos came in and fired upon our barracks. At the first shot I covered my head with my pillow. At the next I leaped out of bed, ran into the *sala*, and stood at the open window to see what I might see. It was brilliant moonlight, and across the plaza it was easy to pick out the white-clad Filipinos firing wildly in our direction. But before I could see the last of our soldiers rushing out of barracks to disperse the impertinent enemy, I was snatched by hard firm hands and deposited in a far corner, while Jones, in almost as complete negligée as I, was saying, imploringly, —

'For Gawd's sake, ma'am, keep clean away from that there winder, and stay where I put you!'

A moment later a stray bullet went whistling through the window from which Jones had unceremoniously borne me, and buried itself in a wooden pillar inside the house. I remember vividly how Jones swiftly melted away before my gratitude. A mere nothing, saving lives!

Another night of violent storm I was again alone and was taken very ill. Never shall I forget Jones's ministrations. He tended me as skillfully as a woman, and as a tender, gentle woman at that. When he could do no more for me, he ran out into the frightful tempest and brought back from some distance a rather sulky doctor, who opined that the case was not as urgent as 'that fool Jones' had described it.

'The blithering fool had his gun in his hand when he came in to get me,' the doctor growled. 'It was one of those murderous automatics, too. The army will go to the dogs if such idiots are turned loose in it.'

When I left Cebu for good, Jones, in an agony of confusion, shook hands with me, and to my utter astonishment and distress puckered up his gargoyle face and wept aloud.

Dear faithful old Jones! I hope — and believe — that there are tens of thousands of just such soldiers as you in this vast new army of to-day.

HOW ONE BOY WENT

On the terrace late in the afternoon, under the immensity of the evening sky, and encircled by mountains, peace engulfs one in wave on wave of ineffable tranquillity. It floats from the sky, distils out of the dark mountains, breathes up from the earth, and carries one away upon a boundless flood of life, of growth, and beneficence. The sheep with little tinkling bells crop slowly over the lawn, looking, somehow, like woolly buttons embellishing a green mantle, and tempting one to count them with the murmured tag of 'Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief'; a bird gives voice to a little half song; the swallows dip and twitter, chasing one another through the evening sky; every now and again there come wafts of spicy fragrance as the

cattle trample through pennyroyal; and there, just beyond the frontiers of sight and hearing, is another world, an unseen element, which we just may not grasp. The little sheep are moving delicately to its unheard rhythm; the larkspurs stretch their blue spires up to it; the lovely tendrils of young vines fling themselves into it in an abandonment of ecstasy; and the mere faint glimpse of it so twists the heart out of the breast in a transport of love, that one would fain press the cheek against the vines, or cup caressing fingers about a flower-bell.

And what about humanity, one wonders? With nature's children, the grass and the sparrows glimpsed as so miraculous, can it really be true that we are of more value than they?

As if in answer, there is a click at the gate, and a young man stands there in the soft evening light. Looking at him, we remember with a throb that he has just received his draft call. All day, in his blue overalls, he has been at work in the fields; and then, late in the afternoon, he drew the official summons from the roadside letter-box. He must leave to-morrow morning on the early train, and he is glad. 'Yes,' his sister-in-law says, 'he's been a-wantin' to go right along. He never said nothin' on account of the old folks, but I know if it had n't 'a' been for them he'd have gone long ago.'

His blue overalls are changed now; he has on his best suit and looks extraordinarily clean and fresh, and in the poignant grace of his young manhood thrown sharply up against the horror of a world at war, extraordinarily beautiful as well. Did young men ever before seem so beautiful and so precious as they do now in these grim fighting years? He appears very gay and confident also; yet when one takes his hand to say good-bye, and wish him luck, — achingly conscious of how

little words ever really say, — his fingers are ice-cold to the touch, and it comes over one, with a grip of understanding, what tides of tumultuous emotion are racing down there just beneath the surface of that gay and confident exterior. No matter how glad a boy may be to go, it *is* upsetting to have his accustomed world turn over so suddenly beneath his feet — to be working in the tranquil fields all day, and at dusk be called upon to beat his ploughshare into a sword.

Confound the Anglo-Saxon convention of the stiff upper lip! Why must we forever cover up all emotion? Why must he pretend, and we pretend, that there is no wrench and no excitement about it, that it is all just in the day's work? Well, he really is glad to go — proud and elated and happy that Uncle Sam should touch his shoulder and say, 'I need you, my boy'; and if, in spite of himself, those icy fingers reveal other emotions as well, he would not have us guess it. 'That boy's got nerve,' his older brother exults. 'In all my life I never seen a tear in his eye!'

What he is feeling himself is his own private affair; but he has come to our gate with a request on behalf of his parents — a request so appealing, so young, so American! It seems that his father and mother — 'the old folks' — are 'all broken up' over his having to go so suddenly, and so, to comfort them, he has come to borrow our Ford car to take them to a moving-picture show in the village.

For sorrowful old hearts, a Ford and a movie!

I wonder if that fine old mother of his, in the midst of all her grief, has a moment's respite of tender mirth over youth's remedy? I suppose not. She must be too plunged in the anguish of parting from this her youngest child, whom just a few months ago she nursed

back to life again through a desperate illness, to experience any of the detachment of amusement. Besides, both old people would be too loyal to their boy's offering to permit themselves even the faintest or tenderest smile.

And so, with loyal old age on the back seat, and youth and hope on the front, our little old flivver goes racing away up and down the hill-road to the village. A treat of motor-ride and show for father and mother, flung confidently, gallantly, against the tragedy of a world's disaster!

Well, we go back to the terrace and Nature's mysterious peace; but now the wonder of the sheep and flowers has dimmed a little, for one has glimpsed a more poignant beauty — that of undaunted, heroic, humanity.

Oh, yes! of more value than very many sparrows, or than a whole wide world of grass!

THE RIGGER

Swinging quickly across the yard comes the Rigger, unobserved, perhaps, by the throng; overalled like the rest; but easily singled out when one looks below the surface appearances of the flowing stream of men. Chief among his brand-marks are his keen-eyed, rollicking, fearless alertness; his belt with its single steel tool; his ability to send to a fellow workman, far above or far below, signals, simple in themselves, — a twist of the wrist only, — that convey through the hammer-din and steam or mist, most intricate directions for the arrangement of tackles of the selection of loads; and his infinite capacity for fierce, tense work and equally wild play.

Often his overalls and jumper are in one piece, and almost always stained with red structural paint. At his waist, thrust in the leather belt, is the tool of his calling, pronged at one end, pointed

at the other, fifteen inches or thereabouts from prong to point; the prong fits the steel nuts of the many tackles the Rigger uses, the point pries steel plates apart, and opens up obstinate kinks or knots in the tackles.

When called into an office before the bosses and the powers that be, he is just as alert and fearless, his job means nothing if he cannot have fair play; he may be a little quieter here but that is action thrown into thinking; he is taking in all that goes on in that office with the fearless, keen dignity of an eagle.

He is in demand all over the yard, and this makes his foreman as elusive as quicksilver when he has to be found in a hurry; for he slips from one job to another in three dimensions, gives orders, and swings off or up or down to the next.

What does he rig? Everything.

But his special joy seems to be the life overhead in the great steel structures of the craneways. There you may see him working like a tiger at some piece of construction work, with steel or wood or cable, hanging by one hand and a foot while he pulls, pushes, and pries with the others; or, in the scant time between spells of work, wrestling or sparring with a friend on a thin spider's web of a girder, with a sheer drop to the steel, ice, concrete, and hurrying dots of humanity a hundred feet or more below.

And though he never seems to think what holds him up or what margin of strength it has, he never seems to fall.

Here are three of them, straining at a taut cable that bends down over the edge of the slender platform of a crane cab; they are guiding and fending off a heavy shaft that is being hoisted into place from ninety feet below. The platform vibrates wildly under the struggle; the whole cab structure sways violently; another rigger slides over some edge above and joins them; their weight is thrown now here, now there; the load shifts and the cable slides up and up, and works back and forth on the railing. Up into sight comes the shaft, the riggers redouble their efforts, pull it this way and that, and tug it into place.

Not one has a thought of danger, or would admit that it existed even; it was an ordinary job, and it was done quickly and with a wild fierce joy in the doing.

Even on the ground he must play hard, putting a plank across a railroad iron and joyfully challenging a fellow rigger to step up. Up he steps without delay. Then, poised on the end of the balanced stick, each tries to throw the other. It is quick work, and if you're the loser you go down hard; but you won't mind, you'll just *bounce* up again — for you're a Rigger.